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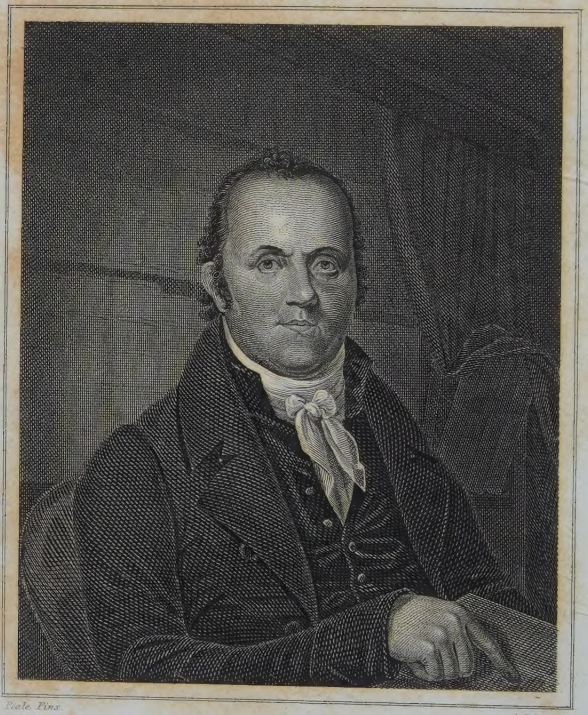

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REV. WILLIAM STAUGHTON.

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OF THE

REV. WILLIAM STAUGHTON, D. D.

BY

REV. S. W. LYND, A. M.
Pastor of the Sixth Street Baptist Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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PREFACE.

The usefulness of biography does not remain to be tested. The pleasure afforded by a knowledge of the incidents that have occurred in the life of a distinguished individual, the satisfaction imparted to the circle of friendship while retracing the features of the honored dead, and the influence which is shed over the community by such exhibitions, are advocates whose appeal is irresistible.

Biography teaches by example, and example is, in many respects, infinitely superior to precept. It is a pleasant mode of imparting instruction, and rectifying the obliquities of the heart. It may be contemplated as a mirror, in which the beholder has a view of his own defects, and by which he may be assisted to judge of the measure of his improvement. It gives less offence by the secrecy of its corrections than any other method, and may be considered more animating in its influence. That which *has been* accomplished, *may be* accomplished. The diligent student of medicine reads the life, marks the toil, gazes upon the eminence attained by former professors of the science, and nobly, enthusiastically determines, under the smiles of a

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favoring Providence, to reach the elevation of Harvey, and Goode, and Rush, and Wistar, and others, immortalized by fame. The youthful aspirant to military renown, studies the lives of Alexander and Cæsar, among the most celebrated of antiquity—of Buonaparte, whose rapid and successful warfare astonished and paralyzed the energies of continental Europe, and in the fervors of lofty ambition is animated to press on to the same eminence. The minister of God to fallen man, who feels a lively interest in the salvation of the heathen, surveying the labors of those distinguished men, who have sacrificed *all* for the sake of Christ, is encouraged to follow their footsteps; assured that He who has been the sustainer of Brainerd, and Carey, and Ward, and Judson, and other devoted missionaries, will be his supporter under the most perilous circumstances.

When the late Dr. Dwight was a boy, his father's house being the resort of intelligent and educated men, he listened with the deepest interest to their conversation, on the great men of the age, both in this country and in Europe; and it is said by his biographer, that "he then formed a settled resolution, that he would make every effort in his power to equal those whose talents and character he had heard so highly extolled." While the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, since deceased, was preparing for those missionary labors in India, in which he afterwards abounded, his journal records several instances of the effect of biographical reading. At one time he writes—"I have been struck with wonder in reading the life of the pious Mr. Edwards.

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What holy resolutions! What a sweet fervor of mind! O may I imitate his example, especially his guard over his words, his grave deportment on the Lord's day, his early rising, and his habitual close thinking!" On another occasion he observes, "I have been reading the life of that dear man of God, John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. O that I was of his spirit! What love to God and man, what indefatigable zeal did he manifest!"

In the present instance, the exalted talents of the subject of this Memoir, give him a claim upon public attention, and the public voice demands that his valuable services in society, and especially in the Christian community, should not be suffered to live merely in the recollection of the passing generation. A large circle of friends, who mourn his departure, are anxiously desiring that some tribute of memorial should exist through succeeding days. His eloquence, his public labors, his zeal for every noble institution, which the philanthropy of the age has reared, and the powerful influence which he exerted, in elevating the moral dignity of his species, imperiously call for an illustration of his history. The thousands who have listened with rapture to the messages of salvation that flowed from his lips, the numbers still living, from whose eye he has often chased away the tear of affliction, those gentlemen, who have been trained up by his hand for usefulness in society, and especially those whose gifts in the church he aided and cherished by his instructions, will review his life with peculiar satisfaction, and recall to mind, with sal-

utary effect, the maxims of wisdom and piety which he was in the habit of imparting.

The sources from which the materials of this work are supplied, will be found, partly in his own letters, and partly from official documents associated with his public duties; but much of the information designed to be communicated, is the result of personal observation, and familiar intercourse with him in the bosom of his family, for many years. Many of the facts, however, have been elicited from his particular friends, to whom the Editor tenders his unfeigned thanks.

Solicited by friends of the deceased, and urged by a sense of duty, this work has been undertaken; and it is now presented to the public with the hope that it will meet with a favorable reception, and prove useful to all who may examine its pages.

Cincinnati, Jan. 10, 1834.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

By particular request, the Rev. Dr. Sharp, of this city, has supplied us with an interesting letter, addressed to the Editor, expressing his approbation of the work, and containing several pleasing reminiscences of the late Dr. Staughton. It was received too late to be incorporated in the body of the work; and it is, therefore, with the consent of the Editor, placed at the commencement of the volume.

We highly value his testimony to the desirableness and importance of the Memoir of his much esteemed tutor and friend; and sincerely thank him for the striking facts which he relates.

Boston, March 1, 1834.

DR. SHARP'S LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Boston, December 19th, 1833.

Dear Sir,

I am extremely gratified to learn that you are preparing a Memoir of your excellent and honored father-in-law. It would have been discreditable to the denomination, of which he was an extensively useful and distinguished minister, had he been permitted to descend to the grave without a particular record being given of his character and labors.

Had my health allowed, it would have been a pleasure to me, to have complied with the wishes of his friends in performing the service which you have undertaken. I am glad, however, that the task has been assigned to one, who is both qualified and disposed to do justice to a man, who is entitled to "everlasting remembrance."

The name of Dr. Staughton awakens in my bosom the most delightful recollections. He was one of the most amiable, talented, noble-hearted, and useful men, with whom I have ever been acquainted. I was first introduced to him in the spring of 1807. The circumstances which gave rise to that event, and his invariable kindness towards me subsequently, were, I believe, in perfect accordance with the feelings which governed his whole life.

Hearing, by a mutual friend, that I had been licensed to preach, but was desirous of increasing my little stock of literary and theological knowledge, before I devoted myself exclusively to the work of the ministry; he addressed me in a most affectionate letter, in which he confirmed my views and purposes, invited me to his habitation, and gave assurance of his readiness to aid me in a course of study to the best of his ability.

So soon as I could arrange my concerns, I accepted his invitation, and in the evening of the twenty-first of March, in the year already named, I found myself in his hospitable dwelling. I had the honor of being his first theological student. Although his engagements were numerous,—for besides preaching three times on the Sabbath, and twice

during the week, he gave instruction in two of the most respectable female seminaries in Philadelphia,—yet I recited to him once or twice every day, except on the Sabbath. In addition to the regular course of study which was prescribed, the almost unreserved intercourse which he permitted me to enjoy with him, was of no small advantage. His intelligent remarks, the result of his own experience and observation, concerning ministerial and pastoral duties; his amiable deportment in private life, and his able and eloquent discourses in public,—for he was then at the zenith of his ministerial career,—were not, I trust, wholly lost upon me. I am sure, while I possess the power of memory, these seasons of delightful and instructive intercourse, can never be forgotten. They are treasured recollections, which, even at this distance of time, cheer many a solitary hour.

The interest which Dr. Staughton felt for his pupils, did not subside when they were removed from his immediate care. His letters followed them to their scenes of labor, fraught with expressions of friendship, and the counsels of experience and wisdom. He felt for them a paternal regard. If they were faithful, successful, and respected, they were his glory and his joy. He loved to speak of them as his sons in the ministry of reconciliation.

In return, his pupils felt for him a filial veneration and love. The mention of his name, has often operated as a spell in charming away the melancholy, which the coldness and selfishness of others had produced, by calling up vividly to remembrance, those sunlight seasons in which they held intercourse with one, whose dignity as a teacher, was so blended with the affability and kindness of the man, as to inspire the most timid with confidence, and the most bold with respectful regard.

Dr. Staughton possessed an uncommonly active and vigorous mind. I now feel admiration and surprise, while I think of the amount of his intellectual labors. Although his sermons were not wholly written, yet they were by no means extemporaneous effusions. They were the result of much and varied reading, and of deep and patient thought. In the earlier years of his ministry, such was his intense anxiety in preparing for the pulpit, that it frequently produced a serious derangement of his health. During the period

I was with him, I never heard him on the Sabbath, more than once or twice, when he had not notes of his discourse, more or less copious. These, however, he used so expertly, that persons who did not see them, had no suspicion of any paper being before him.

But his intellectual efforts were not confined to his preparations for the pulpit. He composed and delivered lectures on Botany, Sacred and Profane History, to the young ladies at the two seminaries already mentioned. He was also constantly extending his knowledge in different branches of physical science; and for two years at least, while I was with him, he was *virtually*, although not *nominally* the editor of a monthly periodical, "published under the patronage of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America." A large, if not the largest portion of the original and selected matter in the work during that period, was contributed by him. From that publication, and the Latter Day Luminary, a very interesting volume, containing the productions of his pen, might be compiled. It would be a treasure of able essays, ingenious criticisms, striking anecdotes, and beautiful poetry.

Dr. Staughton was a truly benevolent man. He was so, both from feeling, and from principle. I have accompanied him many a time to the habitations of the poor, and to the couches of the sick, and the dying; and he never seemed more happy, than when he was ministering to their wants, and when, by the utterance of the tenderest feelings, in the tenderest language, he evidently soothed their sorrows. I need say nothing of his untiring, powerful and disinterested support of the religious charities of the age. Every one acquainted with their rise and progress, knows that he most readily gave his time, his talents, and his whole influence, in advancing their prosperity.

Whatever might be his occasional errors in judgment, he always appeared to me to be actuated by high, moral, and religious considerations. In his most favorite plans, I believe he had never his own aggrandizement in view. Some of them might have been impracticable, but they were not selfish. I have known him suffer wrong, in patient silence; but although I knew him intimately, and long, I never knew him do a mean, unkind, or unjust action.

Of his preaching, I have said nothing. You had the privilege of hearing him for a succession of years. I shall, therefore, leave it to you to describe the manner in which he illustrated and enforced the great truths of Christianity. This will be a difficult task. You may easily repeat what he said, but you will far surpass my expectation, if you succeed in conveying to those who never heard him, a correct idea of his action, so suited to his word, or of his countenance, so expressive of what was passing within, or of the intonations of his voice, which penetrated the chambers of the soul, and awakened in his hearers emotions of joy or grief, of terror or transport, at his bidding.

There were occasions, however, when it seemed to me, that he had more action and voice, than his subject required. But when he appeared in the pulpit, prepared by suitable reflection, to discuss some great truth, as his imagination kindled, and his soul expanded with his theme, he would pour forth such strains of lofty and yet melting eloquence, as I never heard from any other man. Many a time, I have seen a crowded assembly, now held in breathless silence—now all in tears—and now scarcely able to remain on their seats, while listening to "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," delivered with such sublime and heart-thrilling pathos, that if angels were spectators, they must have been enraptured with the scene.

He was not more happy in his manner, than in his selection of subjects. He was an attentive observer of passing events. Whether they affected nations, families, or individuals, if they were of a character to excite public attention, he felt that,

"To give to them a tongue, was wise in man."

His texts on these occasions were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Every one perceived their appropriateness. Attention was awakened, and the instruction thus imparted could not easily be erased from the mind.

I will give you some instances of his peculiarly happy talent in this respect. When intelligence was received from Spain, of the downfall of the infamous Godoy, who was styled the "Prince of Peace," he delivered on the following Sabbath a most interesting discourse from the passage in Isaiah, "He shall be called—the Prince of Peace." I dis-

tinctly remember, that after alluding to the event, he described in brilliant contrast, the infinite superiority of the Lord Jesus, over all earthly princes, as to his personal dignity, the extent and duration of his authority, and the blessings of his reign. At another time, when a great encampment in Europe had been surprised and routed, by one of the contending armies, he preached a sermon from the words, "The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them," which almost electrified his hearers. Placing them in imagination in sight of the camp, listening to the clash of arms, and the roar of cannon, and witnessing the carnage which ensued, he then directed their contemplations to the peaceful tents of the righteous, and to their certain and complete protection, afforded by the unlimited and encircling power of the Almighty. In the summer, Dr. Staughton preached in the open air, in Southwark, on Sabbath mornings, at 5 o'clock. I heard him there, just as the orb of day was ascending above the horizon, announce for his text, "Unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." In that discourse he drew a beautiful parallel between the glorious effects of the sun on all animated nature, and those which are produced by Him, who is "The light of the world and the life of men."

I might easily adduce many other instances of his felicitous manner in seizing on the incidents of the times, and improving them so luminously and impressively, that the truths which he taught could scarcely ever be forgotten.

On baptismal occasions, Dr. Staughton exceeded himself. The power of the Holy Spirit seemed to rest upon him in a signal manner. Never did I hear that precious ordinance, so ably explained and vindicated. There was no bitter invective in his remarks. He spake the truth, in relation to this rite, boldly, but in love. He beautifully exemplified the advice which he gave to one of his students; "at the water side," said he, "ever be calm, affectionate, and firm—show the people that you respect them, and they will manifest respect for you." There was a calm dignity in his appeals, which commanded respect. He was affectionate in his expressions concerning Christians of other denominations. But he was firm in asserting and maintaining the primitive mode

of Christian baptism. He was indeed so peculiarly interesting in the administration of this rite, that persons of different persuasions, frequently went out of the city to witness its performance. I have seen thousands of solemn spectators on the banks of the Schuylkill, all evidently "wondering at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth."

But although he commanded general admiration and respect and was indeed a public man, yet no one could feel greater sympathy in the pains and pleasures of private life. The following letter to my daughter, who was pursuing her studies at the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, is a striking illustration of his affectionate interest for those who were the subjects of affliction.

My dear child, *New York, April* 28, 1826.

I have seen with great satisfaction some specimens of your handwriting. I am surprised at the degree of improvement. Only go on to improve, and, with your neat hand, you will write a letter equal to any of us.

I presume you remember me. If you do not, look at my picture in the parlor of your dear parents, and then take up your pen and write the words "That is a friend, that loves me."

By the return of your father, if the Lord spare my life, I will write you a full sheet. I am rather much engaged this morning; but I cannot help expressing my joy that you seem desirous of knowing and loving the Lord Jesus. Pray to him—though you do not speak to him, he can hear the language of your heart, and make you his own dear child for ever and ever. He will take you when you die to his bosom, and you will sing his holy praises to all eternity.

Give my affectionate regards to your beloved mother, and to your brother and sisters. The Lord bless you.

I am, my dear Ann, yours very truly,

MISS ANN SHARP. WILLIAM STAUGHTON.

You will perceive, my brother, that, cherishing the sentiments which I have so fully expressed for the memory of Dr. Staughton, I cannot but believe, that a volume, portraying his character and labors, will be very acceptable to his friends, and very interesting and useful to readers generally.

I am, very affectionately, yours, &c.

REV. SAMUEL LYND. DANIEL SHARP.

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

His ancestors—incidents of his youth—early developement of talent—education—conversion—prosecution of his studies at the Bristol Institution—his usefulness in neighboring churches—call to the pastorship of the Baptist church at Northampton, as the successor of Dr. Ryland—Juvenile Poems, written at the age of seventeen.

The Jews esteemed it their glory, that they were descendants of Abraham, the father of the faithful, though in the steps of their father they walked not. The honors which royalty confers have been the means of inflating the minds of thousands, who had no claim to elevation in the scale of being, independently of such honors. But the subject of these pages merged all distinctions in this, that he was born, "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." This was the only distinction which his ancestors, through several generations, coveted.

His grand-parents were William and Anna Staughton. They were reckoned among the excellent of the earth, in

whom the Lord delighteth. Mrs. Anna Staughton, his grandmother, died in the year 1810, at the advanced age of ninety. At eighteen she professed faith in the Son of God. For more than seventy years she walked with God, distinguished for the peculiar fervency of her devotions, and the piety of her conversation. She fell asleep in Jesus, and was interred in the Baptist burial-ground at Long-Buckley, in the county of Northampton, England, by the side of her husband, who died triumphantly, in the year 1780.

His parents, Sutton and Kezia Staughton, were followers of the ascended Saviour. To them were born seven children, two sons and five daughters, of whom William, the subject of this biography, was the eldest. He was born at Coventry, in Warwickshire, England, on the fourth day of January, 1770. His father and mother were exemplary members of the Baptist church in Coventry, under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Butterworth, author of the Concordance, that bears his name. For upwards of thirty years, his father discharged, with fidelity and acceptance, the office of deacon, thus purchasing to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith. At each deacon's house, in succession, a prayer meeting was held every Tuesday evening. He was always among the first to be present, and nothing but absolute necessity could induce him to be absent. His talents were of no ordinary character, and though a man naturally modest and retiring, a sense of duty impelled him to exhort at the meetings. He afterwards removed from Coventry, and settled with a church in London, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. Rippon. His constant aim and fervent prayer were, that his children might fear God, and that all the virtues of social and religious life might grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength.

Their former pastor, Mr. Butterworth, preached twice on the Lord's day. In the evening, Mr. Staughton collected his children around him, and explained to them portions of the inspired records. This he did with great simplicity and holy fervor, having chiefly in view the practical influence of divine truth upon their hearts and lives. He encouraged them on these occasions to propose questions to him, so that no secret objections unanswered might afford the tempter of souls a foundation for his unholy devices. William, the subject of these pages, exhibited, at a very early period, that depravity which is found to possess every human breast; for, when his father invited inquiry, he would call up the most singular and difficult questions, with a view, as he has often confessed, of perplexing his beloved parent, and gratifying his own pride.

His youth exhibited a delicately moulded and vigorous mind. At twelve years of age, he wrote, from Goldsmith's Animated Nature, poems, which, at the request of his friends, were published, and considered, by all who saw them, promising indications of future talents and usefulness. It was the opinion of many, who were competent judges, and had seen some of his hasty poetic compositions in subsequent life, that if he had directed his attention to the cultivation of Poetry, he would have stood as distinguished in that department as he did in Theology and Pulpit Eloquence.

At the age of fourteen, he was placed in the family of Mr. Claybrooke, a pious man, in Birmingham, to be instructed in the business of a silversmith. This adds another to the list of celebrated men who have adorned and elevated society, but whose origin was derived from the humble walks of life.

At Coventry, the place of his birth, he received a plain

English education, but with this he was by no means satisfied. He panted for knowledge, as the hunted hart for the cooling stream. He was possessed of a memory, which, by its peculiar tenacity, enabled him to store up for future use every fact with which he became acquainted, every scene he witnessed. In his studies he was exceedingly diligent, not discouraged by difficulties, nor turned aside by opposition. For some time after his engagement with Mr. Claybrooke, his heart was fixed on vanity. He composed, in his leisure moments, a great number of light pieces, and in these appeared to take great pleasure. But when, subsequently, he became the subject of deep conviction for sin, they caused him so much affliction of spirit, that he devoted them all to the flames.

His parents designed him for mechanical employment; but the Lord intended that he should be engaged in services of a different character. While living with Mr. Claybrooke, he was awakened to a sense of his ruined condition, by hearing a discourse delivered from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God." For eight or nine months, he was so distressed by a view of his guilt, so appalled by the curse of God's righteous law, that his hours of rest were turned into hours of anguish, and his constitution yielding to the intensity of his mental conflict, it was feared that his existence would speedily terminate. The best medical advice was procured, and many fruitless efforts made to revive his sinking frame. They at length pronounced it religious frenzy, and endeavored, by various means, to rouse his feelings, and divert the current of his thoughts. One of his physicians recommended to him the perusal of novels and romances. This counsel struck his mind with so much horror, he desired *that physician* might never again be permitted to visit him. One day, as he lay upon his bed, in the greatest agony, fearing to close his

eyes to sleep, lest he should awake in torment, that cheering passage was presented to his mind: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." To use his own expressions, "It was as though heaven had been opened upon my vision." Then he could adopt the strain, "I have found him whom my soul loveth." Then he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. His health being still feeble, it was deemed advisable that he should visit his grandmother, Mrs. Anna Staughton, residing at Long-Buckley, in Northamptonshire. While here, his health gradually improved, his faith increased in vigor, and encouraged by the Rev. J. Cole, he gave public testimony of his zeal in the cause of Christ, and his desire for the salvation of sinners. When his health was confirmed, he returned to Birmingham, and was joyfully received by baptism into the Cannon-street church, under the pastorship of the Rev. Samuel Pearce.

About this time, being seventeen years of age, he wrote a book, entitled "Juvenile Poems," which, contrary to his own wish, at the request of his father and many friends, was published. His talents now began to develope rapidly, and with a view to prepare him for greater usefulness, by a suitable education, he was sent to the Institution at Bristol, where he prosecuted the studies assigned him with ardor and success. He there came out vigorously in the service of his Lord, supplying many of the neighboring churches on the Sabbath day, and occasionally preaching through the week. His labors proved highly acceptable, and commanded large assemblies, even at this early period. He received several invitations from churches to settle among them, particularly from the church at Northampton. Dr. Ryland having resigned his pastoral office for the

presidency of the Bristol Institution, Mr. Staughton was called to succeed him. All these invitations he declined, being strongly impressed with the duty of extending his labors on this side of the Atlantic.

The letter of invitation from the church at Northampton shows the high estimation in which his character and talents were held. He was then just entering his twenty-third year.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"The term for which we invited you, last autumn, to labor among us in word and doctrine, being nearly elapsed, we unite in soliciting you to continue your labors among us three months longer, in supplying the vacancy we are likely soon to experience, by the removal of our beloved pastor from us. And we hope, dear Sir, you will comply with our request, with the prospect of receiving a call to take the pastoral care over us, as a church, after our present pastor is removed from us to a sphere of more enlarged usefulness.

"We take this opportunity of unitedly expressing our thankfulness for your past labors among us, and are the more solicitous to have them continued, with the hope of enjoying them in a more fixed and stated manner, as we know of no person so proper to succeed our present pastor; none in whom we can so unexceptionably unite, and whose ministry is so universally acceptable to the congregation, also, with whom we worship.

"You are no stranger, dear Sir, to the singular and difficult situation in which we now stand. We have consented to part with our present minister and pastor, with whose labors and conduct we were perfectly satisfied, at the earnest solicitations of a sister church connected with the seminary, from whence we sought your assistance, with

the prospect and hope of his being more extensively useful in the cause of our Redeemer, and particularly in that department of the Christian church in which we mostly rank. Bút while we act this disinterested part, it is with the just proviso and reserve, that we have first a suitable successor, at least in prospect. This is the ground of our first and renewed application to yourself: and as we cannot find a single dissenting voice, either in the church or congregation, we hope, dear Sir, you will make no difficulty to comply with our request.

March 24, 1793."

We return to the Juvenile Poems. One of these seems to have been written in allusion to his own religious exercises. It is founded on the passage of Scripture from which he received encouragement to put his trust in Christ.

PARDONING LOVE.

ISAIAH I: 18.

Involved in guilt, and near despair,
Depressed with shame, o'erwhelmed with tears;
To God I raised my humble prayer,
He scattered all my groundless fears.

He spake:—(for I, abandoned wretch,
Lay so estranged to power divine,
Omnipotence alone could reach
This heart, or these deaf ears of mine—)

"Come, sinner, exercise thy thoughts;
Although thy crimes, of deepest dye,
Enormous follies, boundless faults,
May with the worst of rebels vie:

Grace shall abound much more than sin,
Thou shalt my pardoning mercy know,

Thy scarlet shall be white and clean,
Thy crimson guilt as wool or snow.

For thee, on Calvary, I died,
And bought thee pardon with my blood;
Look to a *Saviour* crucified,
And live, and know that I am God.

My strength shall equalize thy day,
My love shall sweeten every toil:
Follow thy Jesus—watch and pray,
Live to my praise—wait heaven awhile."

Ah, my dear Lord, and can it be!
Hast thou the wondrous ransom paid?
Can love like this extend to me?
O, 'tis an act of grace indeed!

Thou bleeding love! thou dying Lamb!
Prostrate beneath thy feet I fall;
Receive, receive me as I am:
I'm *less than nothing*—thou art ALL.

We close this chapter with two more specimens of the "Juvenile Poems," exhibiting a poetic taste of considerable merit:

A PASTORAL.

SONG I: 7, 8.

"Thou object of my love!
Tell a poor wanderer where,
Amid the verdant pastures, move
Thy fleecy care:
Say, do they pass along,
Or lay them down in ease,
Where gentle zephyrs play among
The nodding trees?

Tell me, my Lord, the Lamb,
Ah! tell me where they feed!

Is it beside the curling stream,
Or fertile mead?
For why, why should I rove,
My thoughtless footsteps roam,
As one who seeks another love,
Another home?

Ye intervening hills,
Sink down! remove, ye rocks!
That soon my laboring chariot wheels
May find his flocks:
Ye neighboring shepherds, say,
And mitigate my pain,
Does my beloved pass this way,
Or drive his train?

Chirping through all the grove,
I hear the songsters' lays;
But still I mourn an absent love
In all my ways."
Then fall the fluent tears,
And sorrow sinks her head;
When on a sudden he appears,
And thus he said:—

"My dove, my fairest one!
My sister, and my spouse!
Nor can thy lover leave his own,
Or break his vows.
Thee, my eternal choice,
I heard thee tell thy grief;
Now let the broken heart rejoice,
I've brought relief.

Beneath yon craggy rock,
On the ambrosial green,
Go, by the footsteps of the flock,
And bless the scene."
He healed her wounded soul,
He kissed away her tears;
Ineffably his smiles control
Her futile fears.

LOVE TO JESUS.

"Unto you that believe He is precious."

I love my precious Jesus' name,
How sweet and charming is the sound!
I can but love thee, thou dear Lamb,
O, what a Jesus I have found!

'Twas Jesus set my conscience free
From guilt, that painful, pond'rous load!
Now he reveals himself to me,
And calls a worm a child of God.

'Tis he sustains me day by day:
He hath his gracious promise passed,
To bear me o'er life's changing sea,
And land me safe in heaven at last.

And can I too much love his name?
Impossible! it cannot be:
Rather, dear Lord, I blush with shame,
I feel so little love to thee.

CHAPTER II.

Circumstances which led to his settlement in this country—the high sense which his brethren in England entertained of his character—arrival in Charleston, S. C. and marriage—preaching in Georgetown, S. C.—removal to New-York, and his afflictions there—removal to Bordentown, N. J.—his ordination—circular on infidelity—removal to Burlington, N. J.—received degree of D. D.—visit to the West in 1804—death of his eldest child.

The circumstances which led to his settlement in this country, where his name will long be cherished with grateful remembrance, exhibit the high estimation in which he was held by his ministering brethren in England. The Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Furman, of Charleston, wrote for a young man of promise and character, to supply the church in Georgetown, S. C. The letter was read at a meeting of ministers, and all, with one voice, exclaimed, "Staughton is the man."

The following testimonials, which accompanied him to the land of his adoption, indicate the high moral and intellectual standing of our deceased friend and brother.

Extracts from Letters.

I.

From the Rev. Dr. Rippon, London, to the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Furman, of South-Carolina.

"*London, July* 18*th*, 1793.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"Your inquiry, concerning a Baptist minister for Georgetown, arrived at a time when one of our junior ministers is disposed to cross the Atlantic, and you have, in my opinion, described him in every respect, except his name.

Our excellent brother, Dr. Ryland, my most intimate friend, from whom I received a letter weekly, for about six years together, was in town, about nine days since, and slept, as usual, at my house. He has written you concerning the gentleman to whom I refer, Mr. William Staughton, who, probably, will hand this hasty line to you.

"Give me leave to observe, that you must not expect Mr. S. to be a fair sample of our English brethren in the ministry. You may be certain that he is above par, and I have no doubt that he will answer to the character he has hitherto borne, of an unblameable *man*, and an acceptable, evangelical, and popular *minister* of our Lord Jesus Christ. I believe Providence has designed some great and good things for him."

II.

From the Rev. Mr. (subsequently Dr.) Hinton, of Oxford, to the same.

"*Oxford, July 10th*, 1793.

"Rev. Sir,

"Though I have not the happiness of a personal acquaintance with you, I have learned so much of your character, as induces me to address you with freedom, in behalf of the Rev. William Staughton, the bearer of this, and a Baptist minister, of evangelical sentiments. As you may, possibly, wish to know something of your *correspondent*, as well as your visitor, I refer you, for information respecting the former, to the Rev. Edmund Botsford, with whom I have corresponded some years, and in which correspondence, I believe I have to thank you, Sir, for frequent assistance. You will learn, from conversation with Mr. Staughton, the reasons which have induced him to cross the Atlantic, and I need say little, except that he is a young man of strict integrity, ardent piety, and of minis-

terial abilities, highly acceptable in England. I have authority to use the name of the Rev. T. Dunscombe, Rev. Butterworth, of Broomsgrove, and Pendered, of Whitney; and, if Staughton could have staid a few days for this, I could have added a long list of ministers and churches, to whom Mr. Staughton's labors have been highly pleasing, even to the last Sabbath of his stay in England, to whom, also, his design in coming to America is fully known, and his character fully approved."

In the year 1793, Mr. Inglesby, of Charleston, S. C. visited England, and, on the eve of his return to America, the same year, he called on Dr. Rippon, who said to him, "I am sorry I did not see you a few days ago, that I might have introduced to you a young man, named Staughton, who has embarked for your city. He is one of the most excellent and talented young men that has ever left our Bristol academy. We endeavored to detain him here, but without success."

His mind had been directed to this country, as his future home, before the letter of Mr. Furman reached England. Through life he maintained a regular and friendly correspondence with the most distinguished Baptist ministers of his native land. Among these were the Rev. Drs. Ryland and Rippon, the Rev. James Butterworth, the Rev. Benjamin Francis, of Horsley, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Battersea, the Rev. Samuel Pearce, of Birmingham, and the Rev. J. Hinton, of Oxford. The following extracts from letters may be considered a specimen of the interest he enjoyed in their affection and confidence:

From the Rev. James Butterworth, dated

"*Coventry, April 30th,* 1794.

"Mr. and Mrs. Staughton,

"Dear Friends.—Your friendly epistle came to hand

and it gave me no small pleasure to hear that you all got safe to America, that you are all in good health, and have so fine a prospect. May the God of all comfort be with you, and bless you, in the most full and complete sense of the word. * * * * * *

"Brother and sister (Rev. John Butterworth and wife) with friends here, join me in love to you both, wishing you every blessing. My love to Maria."

From the Rev. Benjamin Francis, of Horsley, author of the *Conflagration*, many hymns, &c.

"Ha! is Lazarus alive again? O yes! for I have received a very affectionate and affecting letter from him, dated May 16, 1796, which was some months after it was reported here that he had slept with his fathers. I also heard that your coffin was made, although you were not laid in it. Blessed be the living God, that he hath snatched you from the arms of death, restored you to health and usefulness, and fixed you in so agreeable and important a situation.

"I cannot fully express the pleasing sensations which your charming letter excited in my breast; sensations of surprise, of friendship, of thankfulness, and joy. I did not think that you *thought* of me, at least with so much love and respect, so that your letter gave me the greater surprise. I rejoice in your welfare. How hath the Lord led you, preserved you, supported you, and placed you in a situation where you may be very happy, greatly respected, and rendered very useful to vast numbers, both as a tutor and a minister. May your life be long, your health constant, your heart on fire of love to Christ and immortal souls, and your various labors crowned with abundant success. We preach the same Saviour for whom the apostles labored, and martyrs bled. O for the same self-denying

spirit, the same disinterested views, and the same ardent zeal, which they possessed! O that we could think, speak, and act; read, study, pray, and preach, with God and eternity full in view.

"Mrs. Francis and both my daughters join in kind regards to self, and Mrs. Staughton, though unknown, with,

"Dear Sir,

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

B. FRANCIS."

May 13, 1797."

From the Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Battersea (originator of the British and Foreign Bible Society,) the classic tutor under whom Mr. Staughton pursued his studies.

"*Battersea, March* 31, 1801.

"My dear Friend,

"Your kind letter, dated April 21st, 1800, reached me about a month ago. As it is only the second I have received since your residence in America, I am not sunk very deep in epistolary debt; but I am not one of those correspondents who mark their exact turn. Were the conveyance more certain and expeditious, I should esteem it a pleasure to write often; and, even as it is, I recommend to you, what I propose aiming at myself, that is, immediate improvement. Were we situated within a few miles of each other, personal intercourse would, probably, form a material addition to our catalogue of agreeables. Let us, at least, provide, in our actual situations, what will best answer as a substitute. Never let another year pass away, in which Staughton shall say of Hughes, or Hughes of Staughton, "This year he has written nothing for me."

"The engagements which occupy you, are of a pleasing and important nature. You are intrusted with the human

mind, in all its stages: in infancy, as a parent; in youth, as a preceptor; in manhood, as an evangelist. Maria divides with you your anxieties and your joys.

"Mrs. Hughes joins in remembrance to self and Mrs. Staughton.

"I dismiss these sheets with all the sentiments which I ever felt towards you, and subscribe myself,

"Your truly affectionate

"Friend and brother,

J. HUGHES."

But we return to the order of the narrative. The subject of this memoir arrived in Charleston, S. C. in the autumn of 1793, and was there, by the Rev. Dr. Furman, united in marriage to Maria Hanson, by whom he had four children, two sons, and two daughters, the eldest of which, named after the Rev. Mr. Hinton, of England, died at the age of about twenty-one months. The others are still living. His eldest daughter, Leonora Maria, was married, in the year 1823, to the writer of this Memoir. The youngest daughter, Elizabeth-Ann, about a year subsequently, became the wife of Dr. John T. Temple, of Virginia; and his son, James M. Staughton, M. D. formerly Professor of Surgery in the medical department of the Columbian college, D. C. is now residing in the city of Cincinnati, and holding the Professorship of Surgery in the Medical college of Ohio, a flourishing institution.*

"The passage of Mr. Staughton to Charleston was exceedingly tedious. Mr. Inglesby, whose name has before been introduced, left England a fortnight later, and arrived before him. This delay, though apparently unfavorable, proved to be quite providential. This gentleman mention-

* Since deceased.

ed to his friends in Charleston, that Mr. Staughton had started two weeks before him, and that he felt great anxiety concerning him. This circumstance created an immediate interest in his favor. The anxiety was transferred to others, and when he arrived, he found himself at once in the midst of friends.

Shortly after his arrival in South-Carolina, he received an invitation to supply the Baptist brethren in Georgetown. He removed thither, and continued preaching among them about seventeen months. We introduce here a letter written to his friend Mr. Inglesby, immediately after his arrival at Georgetown.

"*Georgetown, Jan. 26th,* 1794.

"With many an anxious, distressing, portentous thought, while the increasing rains were descending, and the shades of night advancing, we left the society of affectionate friends, to embrace the extended waters, in the miserable vehicle, a wet canoe, and with the additional occasion of sorrow, a wounded, weeping partner.

"We retain a grateful remembrance of the kindness of those friends, among whom we feel happy in naming Mr. I——, who, like the amiable Hindoos on the banks of the Ganges, were solicitous to manifest their steady regards, until increasing distance concealed us from view.

"I am sensible you will feel happy in receiving the information, that, on our arrival on the other side of the ferry, after we had a good fire made, and partook of a welcome cup of coffee, the distress subsided, and the countenances so lately covered with gloom, assumed their native cheerfulness.

"The hurt my dear Maria received was considerable. Heaven be praised, a limb was not broken. Through mercy, it is now nearly well. The inclemency of the

weather prevented our pursuing the journey till Friday afternoon, when we rode about sixteen miles, and arrived at Georgetown late on Saturday evening. Our reception was equal to our expectations, and the conduct of the friends, since our arrival, evinces fully their solicitude to contribute to our happiness.

"The greater part of last week, I have devoted to the interesting work of writing to those dear relations, and acquaintances, who still inhabit our native country. We seem to realize more fully the blessings resulting from a discovery of the science of writing, than when a few miles only intervened between us and those, who merit the high appellations of pious and affectionate parents, faithful and amiable friends.

"While I feel happy in the blessings that rise from the friendly circle, I trust it is ours to derive our highest delight from a nobler source. May we largely enjoy communion with the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. From heaven, every stream of earthly consolation descends. We often gaze delighted on the currents of creature delights, pleased with beholding our image there, but these, alas! like the stream of brooks, "pass away." Perhaps no streams are more suddenly or unexpectedly dried up, or subject to greater and more frequent variations in their course. Christ Jesus only can furnish us with *living* waters. Enjoyments flow by the path of duty. The waters in the desert pursued the course of the cloudy pillar.

"Really, my dear friend, I have, somehow or other, or ever I was aware, entered so far on a watery theme, that I can scarcely forbear pointing to those waters, respecting which Jesus has said, "*Thus it becometh us.*" But I forbear, knowing you admire that amiable disposition which induced David to say, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments."

"Through the good hand of the Lord upon us, I and my dear family are well. I had, a day or two past, a slight cold, but it is now removed.

"Mrs. Staughton unites with me in compliments to the whole of your good family, and begs Mrs. I.'s acceptance of a copy of Watts.

"Dear Sir,

"Yours, sincerely and affectionately,

W. STAUGHTON."

During the period of his residence in Georgetown, a church was constituted there, over which he accepted the pastoral charge. The climate, however, did not agree with his constitution, and to the habits of holding Africans in a state of slavery, the sentiments of his heart were not reconciled. He concluded to remove to the Northern States, where he believed his own comfort, and that of his family would be greatly promoted. To say that he was popular in Georgetown, is true, but he was *more than popular*. All classes and professions in the community contributed to his support, and among these were some Jews. When he signified his intention to remove, the deacon of the church came to him, and said, "Mr. Staughton, why do you wish to leave us? Is your salary insufficient? We will double it, only stay with us." Their liberal contributions for his comfort, received from the church and the inhabitants, were recollected through life, by him, with the most sincere and lively gratitude. The last sermon he preached in this place, was founded on the passage, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The Rev. Mr. Botsford was soon after called to the pastorship of the church. From him, and also from the Rev. Dr. Furman, he received the most honorable testimonials.

Letter written by the Rev. Mr. Botsford:

"If the bearer, my much esteemed friend, the Rev. William Staughton, should providentially meet with any of the brethren in the ministry, or others to whom I am known, I wish to inform them that I received from my very respectable friend, Rev. James Hinton, of Oxford, Old England, a very honorable recommendation of him, as a pious christian, and a gentleman of abilities in the ministry. I am happy to declare, and which I think my duty, from a personal acquaintance with him, that I think him highly deserving the excellent character given him. I doubt not those who may be favored with his acquaintance, will think themselves thereby obliged.

"Any favor shown to my friend will be esteemed as done to myself.

"By their most obedient, humble servant, in the gospel,

EDMUND BOTSFORD.

S. C. Bethel, Pedee, April 27, 1795."

From the Rev. Mr. Furman, of Charleston, S. C.

"These are to certify, that the bearer hereof, Rev. William Staughton, is a licensed gospel minister of the Baptist church, sent out to the important work of the ministry by the Baptist church in Birmingham, in Great Britain. He was a student of the Bristol academy, where he studied languages, philosophy, and the belles lettres, and came to America with ample recommendations from persons of the first respectability in the Baptist connection. Dr. Rippon, of London, Mr. Pearce, of Birmingham, Mr. Hinton, of Oxford, and Mr. Dunscombe, of Coate, have particularly interested themselves in his behalf, in letters to the subscriber; in which they recommend him as their much esteemed and amiable friend. During more than eighteen

months' stay in South Carolina, principally at Georgetown, Mr. Staughton's conduct has justified the recommendations given him by his European friends, and procured him the love and respect of his acquaintances in general, who esteem him as a man of piety, and a gospel minister of eminent abilities.

"Mrs. Staughton is also of the Baptist church. She has employed a considerable part of her time in keeping a boarding school for young ladies, for which she is considered as eminently qualified, and has taught with reputation in this country as well as in Europe.

"They are now about removing from Carolina to the Northern States, in expectation that the climate and mode of living there will be more agreeable to them than in the Southern.

"The subscriber, therefore, takes the liberty to recommend them to the attention of his friends and correspondents, where providence may cast their lot, as persons worthy of the foregoing character, and for whose welfare he feels particularly concerned.

"Given under my hand in Charleston, this 19th day of June, 1795.

RICHARD FURMAN."

At the close of June, 1795, he removed with his family to New York. The following letter describes their arrival and reception:

"*July 10th*, 1795, *New-York*.

"My dear friend,

"After our painful adieu on the wharves of Charleston, the God of the seas indulged us with pleasant winds, and in seven days presented to our view the shores of New-York. Some inconvenience was sustained on the passage

from the great number of the passengers, but in general their behavior was agreeable, especially on the Sabbath day, when we had divine service on the deck. We saw several sail in the course of the voyage, but were so successful as not to meet with any of the privateers.

"We came up to the wharf in this city, about five o'clock in the evening. I visited Dr. Foster, presented my testimonials, and was invited to come, together with my dear M—— and Amelia, to sleep the same evening at his house. We did so, and the two following evenings; when having obtained a small pleasant situation at the north-east end of the town, we removed, and have continued here ever since, waiting till providence opens some more eligible and lasting residence.

"Not only did we enjoy health on our passage, but a merciful measure is still continued to us. The climate is pleasant, and the city very strongly resembles an English seaport. Many of our friends have come hither, whose presence we little expected again to have seen; among these are some members of the same society in Birmingham. Besides the church over which Dr. Foster presides, and another under the pastoral care of Mr. Stanford, there is a small society rising under the ministry of Mr. Dunn, who has left Newport, and is come, at the request of several friends, to settle in New-York.

"Whether we shall continue in this city, remove to Hartford, in Connecticut, or take some other direction, we cannot say. Letters are forwarded to H. and perhaps by the time this arrives in Charleston, we shall have come to some decision. You shall hear as soon as providence shall have made darkness light before us.

"I wish I knew how to express the sense my dear Maria and myself feel of the kindness and generosity we realized in Mr. and Mrs. I——, during our residence with you.

You seem resolved to lay us under a debt of obligation, we are unable to discharge. While we return our sincere thanks, we cannot forget that promise which ensures a recompense in the day of the just. May the bounties of providence, the treasures of grace, and the kingdom of heaven be yours.

"Our affectionate remembrances await you both, and each of the young ladies. We will continue to pray, amid the changes of time, that the God of Jacob may be your everlasting supporter. We hope next year to see you again, and wait on you at our own habitation. Meantime, do let us hear from you often.

"Yours affectionately and sincerely,

W. STAUGHTON."

He had not been many weeks in New-York, when the yellow fever made its appearance. He was subjected to a severe attack, from which it was supposed he would not recover. Information was received by his friends in England, that he was dead. His family, in deep distress at the afflictive tidings, were preparing to go into mourning, when they received a letter from himself announcing his recovery. His father, in the joy of his heart, called his family together, and they all kneeled down and returned thanks to the Lord for his preserving mercies. During the remainder of the autumn, and part of the winter, he experienced a series of most severe bodily afflictions, which are described in the letter that follows:

"*Brooklyn, Dec.* 23, 1795.

"My dear friend,

"Since the severe visitation I suffered in New-York, I have had an affliction, I had almost said, infinitely more painful. Having taken a cold as I was recovering from my fever, a dreadful rheumatic and spasmodic affection

followed, in my loins, which reduced me almost to the grave. By means of excessive bleeding, and the introducing of a seton into the afflicted part, I am now, in a great measure, restored. I can walk about the house, and hope shortly to be able to venture into the open air. Mrs. S—— has had a very trying time. With incessant watching and toil, her strength failed her, so that a fit of sickness was apprehended, but the Lord restored her, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow. Assist, my dear friend, to praise the Lord for his restoring mercy, and aid me in your prayers that dispensations so severe, may not fail of producing an end as important as the trial has been acute.

"Excuse brevity. With sincere wishes for your temporal and eternal prosperity, I continue, my dear friend,

"Your unworthy brother in Christ,

W. STAUGHTON."

In the course of the winter, he received an invitation from the Rev. Dr. Allison, to succeed him in the charge of his academy in Bordentown, N. J. The prospect of great usefulness offering in this new situation, he removed thither the ensuing spring. His views and feelings respecting this opening in providence, are expressed in the letter subjoined:

"*New-York, March* 23, 1796.

"My dear friend,

"I have just returned from the country, and am now at Messrs. Goodeve and Brown's on my way home. On my arrival last night, I was presented with your welcome favor of the 29th ult. My dear M——and myself, unitedly rejoice in the peace and happiness which, you intimate, dwells with you. May it increase and abound.

"Your generous and sympathetic sorrow at the apprehension that my circumstances were "rather gloomy," re-

ceives my most sincere thanks. Gloom, darkening gloom, has indeed long been spreading around us. It has been a night of affliction and weeping, but, blessed be God, weeping endures only a night. Joy cometh in the morning. I hope the night is past. My dear friend will receive an increase of pleasure on hearing that I am entering on a station equally profitable, respectable, and pleasant.

"At Bordentown, a remarkably healthful spot, on the banks of the Delaware, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, and about fifty-five miles from New-York, a great seminary has been established, these eighteen years. Rev. B. Allison, A. M., has had the honor of founding and conducting it to its present maturity. This gentleman, whom I have found alike amiable, generous, and intelligent, having rendered himself independent, and wishing to transfer the presidency of the academy to a person willing and qualified to conduct it on his extensive plan, suggested his intention to Dr. Rogers, of Philadelphia. The Doctor referred him to me—a correspondence has been opened between us, and I have been at Bordentown to view the situation, &c.

"On terms remarkably easy, I have taken the buildings which he had erected for the purpose, and which are very elegant and commodious. I expect to remove thither at the close of next month.

"The information my friend has received respecting my late circumstances is a little erroneous. Long, bodily, personal affliction, threw the gloom around me, but I have always found abundant room for exercising in the *ministry*. By the second church, where there is a new place of worship, in a good part of the town, and an increasing congregation, I have been invited to stay for twelve months on probation. Some circumstances rendered my refusal very difficult; but as there are two good congregations near Bor-

dentown, at which Mr. Allison and I shall preach alternately, and as the emoluments of the latter place are so much better suited to the state of myself and my dear family, I thought it duty to prefer the latter.

"Sincerely praying for your permanent happiness while passing, what Bunyan terms "the wilderness of this world," and for your admission, into what the same author calls, "the celestial city," I continue, my dear friend,

"Your unworthy brother in a precious Jesus,

W. STAUGHTON."

But the establishment in Bordentown did not justify his expectations, and from a variety of causes which he could not have foreseen, he became considerably embarrassed in relation to the support of his family. Yet his confidence in God was unwavering,—which he strongly expressed in consolatory lines, written in a familiar epistle to his companion in life; and while they evinced his entire reliance upon a divine arm, they discovered the readiness with which he could communicate his thoughts in poetic measure. He was at this time in the city of Philadelphia, whither he had gone to collect funds arising out of his labors, and had met with considerable disappointment.

At Jacobstown, in New-Jersey, a considerable Baptist church was in existence, some of the members of which resided in Bordentown, and were considered a branch of the Jacobstown church. They had an edifice, which was repaired while the subject of this memoir was living there, principally through his own exertions, and in a considerable measure at his own expense. Here he frequently preached, as well as to the church at Jacobstown, in which he held his membership. At the special request of this church, he was ordained at Bordentown, according to the

custom of the Baptist churches in this country. This occurred on the 17th day of June, 1797. The services of the day commenced with singing; after which the Rev. Dr. Rogers, of Philadelphia, prayed; another hymn followed, and Dr. Rogers delivered a discourse from the words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." At the close of the sermon, another hymn was sung, and the ordination proceeded. The Rev. Peter Wilson, of Hightstown, N. J., offered the ordination prayer. The Rev. Dr. Jones, of Lower Dublin, Pennsylvania, proposed to Mr. Staughton those questions relative to his faith and experience, and produced those testimonials of the uprightness of his moral character, which, on such occasions, are expected. The candidate was then set apart to the work of the gospel ministry, by imposition of hands and prayer. The right hand of fellowship was then given, and the charge delivered by the Rev. Dr. Allison.

It may be interesting to some of the readers of this work, to see the form of an ordination certificate, as drawn up by the Baptists of that day.

Ordination Certificate.

"To all whom it may concern:

"These are to certify, that the subscribers, being convened at Bordentown, State of New-Jersey, on the 17th day of June, 1797, for the purpose of setting apart, by solemn ordination, the bearer hereof, William Staughton, to the sacred office of the ministry; and being, by sufficient testimony, fully certified of his moral character, real piety, and sound knowledge in divine things, as well as ministerial gifts and abilities, whereof we have had also, otherwise, sufficient knowledge, did, therefore, on the said 17th day of June, in the presence of the Baptist church of said

place, and a full assembly met, solemnly ordain and set apart to the sacred office of the ministry, by imposition of hands, prayer, and other rituals amongst us, in that case in use, the said bearer hereof, our worthy and reverend brother, William Staughton, whom we therefore recommend, as such, to favor, respect, and acceptance, for his own and the work's sake.

(Signed) Samuel Jones, of Lower Dublin,
William Rodgers, of Philadelphia,
Burgiss Allison, of Bordentown,
Peter Wilson, of Hightstown,
Morgan J. Rhees, of Philadelphia."

He, who was ordained, and they, who officiated in this solemn service, are now sleeping in the grave. Other voices are heard, where once they proclaimed the Gospel; other feet pass the threshhold, where they loved to exhibit the doctrine of the cross. But we trust,

"They sleep in Jesus, and are blessed."

During his residence in Bordentown, he mingled in the deliberations of the Philadelphia Association, which, at that time, embraced within its bounds the Baptist churches in the State of New-Jersey. This place was, also, for a time, the residence of the celebrated Thomas Paine. Permit me, in passing, to introduce a short conversation. Mr. Staughton was one day sitting at his door, when Thomas Paine stopped, and, after making some remarks of a general character, he observed, "Mr. Staughton, what a pity it is that man has not some comprehensive and perfect rule for the government of his life." He replied, "Mr. Paine, there is such a rule." "What is that?" he said. Mr. Staughton repeated the passage, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thy-

self." "Oh," said Paine, "that's in your bible," and immediately walked away.

At the Association of 1796, the person appointed to write the Circular Letter having failed in this duty, Mr. Staughton was requested to prepare one, to accompany the Minutes. He immediately proceeded to write a Circular on the subject of infidelity, which was unanimously adopted. His mind was probably impressed with this subject, from the circumstance that his residence was the scene of Paine's labors. As this is a subject producing an unhappy influence at the present day, the letter is here reprinted. It will manifest the readiness with which he could prepare a document for public observation, and, at the same time, serve as an antidote to the infidel poison of the age in which we live. It may prove of special utility to the Christian reader, by placing before him the only ground on which Christianity, as far as his instrumentality is concerned, can be rendered triumphant.

"Christian Brethren,

"According to the good hand of our God upon us, we are again met in Association. With gratitude to him who is head over all things to the church, we mention, that the various letters we have received from the churches, testify, that among them love and peace prevail, and that, in like manner, harmony has crowned our recent deliberations.

"Accustomed annually to address you, and to derive the theme of our letter from the succession of subjects in our Confession of Faith, we expected this year to have set before you the principles and pleasures of Christian liberty, and liberty of conscience. Though in this expectation disappointed, we are still desirous of pressing on your minds such reflections as shall be friendly to your advance in knowledge and virtue.

"Not more from the present state of religion, than from the pious hints suggested in your letters, our thoughts are turned to the prevalence of infidelity. With that regret and anxiety which every good man must feel, when the godly man ceaseth, and when the wicked prevail, we observe crowds of unreflecting youths, pressing on to ruin, fascinated with systems, which, though congenial with depravity, are at an infinite remove from holiness and truth. Our eyes, our ears, affect our hearts, while we perceive the sophistry admired which is pointed against the Gospel of Christ, and the course of thought and conversation, which tends to the advancement of guilt and confusion, applauded as fashionable and just.

"To trace this evil to its proper source, we must recur to the original depravity of man; but we perceive a less distant cause in the revolution of empire. Our God sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and guides its affairs as his infinite perfections direct, yet its vicissitudes are usually so connected, that one event appears naturally to arise out of another. Europe has for ages been deluged in superstition, and even where the Reformation had destroyed its servile fetters, among the professors of religion little of the power of godliness was visible.

"We rejoice in the progress of civil liberty, because so intimately related to the liberty with which Christ has made us free; but we perceive that, as it moves, papal superstition and protestant insensibility are brought to light. While these are, by their advocates, termed religion, the infidel, with an air of plausibility, exclaims—*all religion is vain.*

"Permit us, Christian brethren, as such who watch for your souls, to guard your minds against the influence of this prevailing evil. In this unfriendly world, popular sentiments, though evidently erroneous, sometimes produce

an unhappy effect on the minds of such who are coming up out of the world. The unavoidable habits of society, operating in conjunction with remaining depravity, too frequently give a tone to the thoughts and actions of believers, which is contrary to the simplicity that is in Christ. Brethren, forgive the jealousy we feel, lest they produce this effect among you.

"As an antidote to this evil, we affectionately exhort you to labor after an enlarged acquaintance with divine truth. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom. You have a reason of the hope that is in you; stand prepared, on every proper occasion, to give it with meekness and fear. While you implore the teaching of the Spirit of God, search the Scriptures. The religion of Jesus courts the investigation of all, but it has a special claim on the attention of the righteous. Ye are set as a defence of the Gospel; the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, is put into your hands; be ambitious to use it with a happy dexterity. Prompt and ingenious are the sons of infidelity in disseminating error; and shall the sons of God be inactive and unskilful in the support of truth? Never do the triumphs of an infidel rise higher than when a man of God stands foiled before him.

"But while we urge you to seek an increase of the knowledge of God, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and when duty invites to appear as the advocates for evangelical piety, we beseech you scrupulously to banish a love of vain disputation. Aware of the invincible arguments in favor of the truth as it is in Jesus, and prone to mingle our personal interests with the subject we defend, we are in danger of disputing for the poor reward of victory.

"Remember, brethren, the religion we profess is of infinite moment; seriousness ought to attend all our labors to maintain its truth. If you attempt to defend the Gospel

with infidel wit and heroism, a wound will be received in the house of a friend; but when you appear in its defence, with all the weight of eternal concerns on your minds, the circumstance, like the splendor on the countenance of Moses, will make a rebellious people tremble. It is acknowledged, that the shafts of satire are sometimes projected with success against vice and error; but they more frequently fall pointless to the ground. The weapon is dangerous, and in the sacred pages little used. Every sentiment has its natural influence. The tendency of infidelity is to produce ridicule and folly, while wisdom and seriousness are the offspring of religion. When we, by folly and ridicule, attempt to overturn popular errors, we give the wicked an easy triumph, by indulging in ourselves the unhappy influence, at the time we condemn the sentiment. But before a holy savor of truth, as before the incense of the altar in Bethel, the lifted arm of every opposing Jeroboam will be dried up.

"But, brethren, it is not enough that you maintain the truth by argument; the purity of your walk and conversation will best demonstrate the sincerity and excellency of your faith. Errors have for ages distracted the Christian church; but they have generally originated in the ungodly lives of the professors of religion. The enemies of the cross blend together the Gospel of Christ and the lives of its subjects, and when believers sin, ascribe the iniquity to the Gospel itself. At a time like the present, when the adversaries of truth are torturing their invention for new arguments against the cause which ought to be dearer to you than your lives, how ought you to walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, that by well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. There is, brethren, an awfulness in piety, before the display of which the most hardened infidel is occasionally confounded. While your

conversation is as becometh the Gospel of Christ, assure yourselves, that though the ungodly outwardly laugh at and contemn you, they inwardly tremble and approve.

"For nearly a century past, shame, arising from derision, has been but little realized in the church; we have long sat peaceful and blessed, as under vines and fig-trees. But in the present day, by appearing as the friends of vital and experimental godliness, by determining, assisted by the Holy Spirit, to follow the Lamb of God, whithersoever he goeth, we must expect to have our ideas pitied as mistaken, and our affections derided as enthusiastic. But to suffer for well-doing is an honor; and while we consider shame for the sake of Jesus, not as an evil patiently to be borne, but as a mark of glory, of which, like the apostles, we are accounted worthy, like them we shall rejoice in him.

"When you enter the sanctuary of the Lord, or retire into your closets, and hold communion with your own hearts, and with the God of your salvation, the hard speeches of the wicked will appear lighter than vanity; and while you reflect, that the natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit of God, and that base things of the world are chosen to confound the mighty, for the aversion of the learned and opulent in our day, you will as easily account, as for the conduct of the Jews and Greeks, in the days of the apostles, in pronouncing the preaching of the cross a stumbling-block and foolishness. As the purity of the Gospel is educible from the aversion of wicked men, so the impurity of infidel opinions is demonstrable from their passionate zeal for their diffusion.

"From the earliest ages of time, the world has had its course. Lust, idolatry, persecution and superstition have successively been as mighty streams, on which thousands have been borne along to ruin. At present, infidelity pre-

vails; but it is an evil, and every evil, like the frail body of man, has the principle of decay within itself. An infidel exhibits his sentiments, and considers them as a lamp to the nations. His actions testify, it is the lamp of the wicked, and heaven declares the lamp of the wicked shall be put out.

"While the nations rage, and the earth is moved, ye who love the God of Israel and pray for the prosperity of Zion, like venerable Eli, when the Philistines were contending between Ebenezer and Aphek, may tremble for the ark of the Lord; but not like him shall ye sink under the distressing information, that the ark is taken—the kingdom of Jesus overthrown. Universal empire and permanent prosperity are promised to the great Redeemer: of the increase of his dominion and peace there shall be no end. The present spread of infidelity, far from portending the destruction of Christianity, establishes its truths, by fulfilling its predictions. The earth is waxing old, like a garment, and, like smoke, the heavens will shortly vanish away; all flesh is grass, and the grass withereth, but the word of our God, which by the Gospel is preached unto you, shall stand forever. Banish Christianity from the world, and what remains but guilt and death? But *this* is a living system, and must prevail till the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

"When pursuing the interests of Zion, we are fellow-workers with God. Do we pray for the coming of the Saviour's kingdom? martyrs, at the foot of the altar, join our prayers. Do we groan? we groan with the creation, which travails for the redemption of the body of the righteous. Do we expect the period? we expect with Jesus. At the right hand of his father he sits, henceforth expecting, until his enemies be made his footstool.

"The God of heaven baffles the designs of Satan, and laughs at the rage of the wicked against his Anointed. When persecution was stirred up at Jerusalem, the disciples; indeed, were scattered; but by their dispersion their sound went out into all lands, and their words unto the end of the world. As persecution was formerly made to promote the Gospel, by separating the disciples, in the present age infidelity appears to answer the same grand design, by uniting them together. The distinctions which till lately destroyed the happiness of different sects of Christians, lose their importance, while they prepare to encounter a common enemy. When the tribes of Israel were at peace with surrounding nations, contentions commonly existed among themselves; but when a foreign foe drew near to battle, the different tribeships were forgotten, while in one great band, as the people of God, they marched to contest and victory.

"Amid the important revolutions, with which we are daily familiar, let us pray, that, standing with our loins girt about, and our lamps burning, we may be prepared for every event, and that, our work on earth being finished, we may enter into the joy of our Lord."

Events in providence seemed to invite him to settle in Burlington, N. J. To this place he removed towards the close of the year 1798. Here he had charge of a large and flourishing academy. Many of his pupils were boarders, generally from forty to fifty in number, besides others who resided in the place. His scholars were among the best prepared young men that entered and graduated at the Princeton college. While his pupils reverenced him, and loved him as a father, their parents acknowledged their obligations and their gratitude. The following extract of a letter to him is but one specimen among many of the truth of this statement:

"I cannot conclude, without gratefully, and from the bottom of my heart, testifying to you the high sense I entertain of your watchful care over my dear son, who, under the Almighty guidance, bids so fair to be a comfort to me in my old age. I have, indeed, every reason to be thankful, and were I rich, should testify it in a more acceptable manner. At present, this is all I can do."

His habits of industry and laborious efforts were remarked by all who knew him. He rose every morning, through the summer, at a very early hour, and cultivated, with his own hands, a large garden, which was not surpassed by any in the place. From six to eight, from nine to twelve, in the morning, and from two to five, in the afternoon, his time was employed in the school-room. In addition to this, he supplied two churches on the Lord's day, preached frequently through the week, and found time to pursue his private studies to considerable advantage. He was honored by the head of the church to raise up a Baptist interest in Burlington. It was commenced with fourteen members, and at the time of his removal numbered ninety-three.

At the early age of twenty-eight, while residing in this place, he received from the Princeton college the degree of Doctor of Divinity. It was granted upon the motion of Governor Bloomfield, his intimate and firm friend till death. Of this honor he had not the least expectation, being entirely ignorant that it was contemplated. How well qualified he was for this degree, appears by a letter from the Rev. Dr. Rogers to a friend in England, dated October 7th, 1801.

"Yesterday our Association opened. The additions were pleasing. I delivered the introductory sermon, from

Psalm 84: 4. The Rev. James Ewing, of Hopewell, N. J. was chosen moderator, and Dr. William Staughton, clerk. I say Dr. Staughton, as he was admitted to that honor in the college of New-Jersey, at their commencement, last week. Eighteen trustees were present, and all unanimous for conferring the degree. This will redound to their credit and liberality, as we have very few men among us who better ornament their stations or adorn the doctrine of God, our Saviour."

In the year 1804, he was strongly solicited to settle in the West, and some offers, apparently advantageous to himself, and promising great usefulness in the cause of Christ, were made to him by a gentleman residing in the State of Ohio. To make some investigations upon this subject, he visited the West, and formed an extensive acquaintance with Baptist ministers.

In the course of this excursion, he became perfectly satisfied that a removal would neither promote his comfort nor his usefulness, under the existing circumstances. He therefore returned home, and resumed his labors in Burlington.

Ever solicitous for the present and future welfare of his children, he composed, on this journey, a hymn for his eldest daughter. He was well aware of the influence of sacred poetry upon the youthful mind, and especially when cherished as the production of an affectionate and absent father.

Hymn composed for LEONORA, *by her father, October 7th*, 1804, *in the wilderness, one hundred and twenty miles east of Cincinnati:*

1. Almighty King, my infant heart
Would raise its thoughts to thee;
Be thou my friend, my better part;
May I thy servant be.

2. By nature, far from all that's good,
And prone to every sin;
O, wash me in the Saviour's blood,
For that can make me clean.

3. Assist me, as my years increase,
To choose and love thy ways;
And may thy Spirit give me grace
To manifest thy praise.

4. Then, when my dying hour shall come,
Saved from an awful hell;
May heaven be my eternal home,
And I with angels dwell.

During the early part of his residence in Burlington, death deprived him of his eldest child, Hinton. He died on the 14th of December, 1799, the day on which Washington departed this life. In his mother's arms, while holding him in a bath, and unconscious of his extreme danger, he sweetly and silently passed away. His affectionate mother immediately exclaimed, in a firm voice, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." The father replied, "Amen, my dear, amen." The night this lovely child deceased, the physician remained with the family; and he afterwards declared, that religion never appeared to him so lovely as it did that night, seeing the affection, and yet the resignation, of the parents.

The following letter, from his afflicted father, gives an account of the child's sickness and decease, and will be read with interest:

"*Burlington, Jan.* 31, 1800.

"My dear Sir,

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you in Burlington, it has been the pleasure of our heavenly Father to visit my

Maria and self with an affliction more severe than any we had previously known. That lovely little fellow you saw playing about our parlor, and heard prattling the names of your son, Mr. Furman, his parents, and of every member of our family, now prattles on earth no more. The precious infant has, by death, been removed from a world of sin and grief, to realms of perpetual purity and felicity.

"The same day which deprived the United States of their Commander in Chief witnessed the departure of our dear little William H. Staughton from earth to glory. On the *Monday* I returned from Philadelphia, he was vigorous as the morning, and smiling as the spring. On *Tuesday*, I was fondly comparing his height with a child in our family, who was more than four years old, and pleased with his equalling her in tallness, and exceeding her in health and vigor. On *Thursday* morning, he was taken with a hoarseness in his throat, which yielded to medicine, and towards the middle of the day he appeared to have perfectly recovered. In the evening, he was visited with a return of the complaint, which we soon discovered to be the croup. We instantly called in medical assistance; and though every means was used we could conceive proper, yet medicine was inefficacious, hopes were disappointed, and on Saturday morning, on the lap of his afflicted mother, he fell asleep.

"Oh, my dear brother, I cannot tell you how great the shock has been. My dear Maria was the less able to bear it, as her health is very feeble; but, blessed be the Lord, who 'comforteth us in all our tribulation,' we have found grace sufficient where we thought we must have sunk in deep waters—we have found the word of promise true, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee.' Two little works, Dr. Grosvenor's *Mourner*, and Mr. Flavel's

Token for Mourners, have, under God, proved mines of consolation; but still, the loss of a *first-born*, *lovely*, *only*, *promising* child, requires great grace to enable the mind, with perfect reconciliation, to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.' I feel happy in being able to say that these words were uttered by my dear Mrs. S——, just as the spirit left the lovely clay.

"With the most sincere respect and affection,

"I am, my dear Sir, your friend and brother,

"W. STAUGHTON.

Mr. Wm. Inglesby."

About twenty-five years after this sad event, I walked with him one day to the gate of the burying-ground, in which the ashes of his child reposed. He pointed to the spot, and said, "There lies my precious little Hinton." He turned away—his heart was full, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, as though the departure of the child was the event of the preceding day. On the stone erected to mark the spot where he sleeps, after the date of his death and the age at which he died, are seen the beautiful lines of Dr. Doddridge:

"See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms."

CHAPTER III.

Removal to Philadelphia—connection with the first Baptist church—condition of the Baptists in that church, and their subsequent prosperity—Sabbath morning preaching near the Swedes' church—extensive labors, and great popularity—prayer-meeting in Lombard-street—his dependence on the righteousness of Christ—resignation of the pastoral charge of the first church, with the motives inducing this step—final address to them.

We have now arrived at a most important period in the life of Dr. Staughton. Having frequently, towards the close of his residence in Burlington, visited Philadelphia, and preached in the first Baptist church, an effort was made to secure his entire services in that body. He was accordingly invited to supply the church for one year. A committee was appointed to wait on him, and obtain his consent. Previously to this, the reasons of which the following letter will exhibit, one of the committee, Dr. Billings, was requested to write to him.

"*Philadelphia, January* 15*th*, 1805.

"My dear brother,

"The object of this letter is to inform you, that, at an adjourned church meeting of the first church, last evening, a vote was carried, "That a committee be appointed to wait on Dr. Staughton, in order to ascertain whether he would supply the church for one year, and upon what conditions." I, therefore, am requested by the committee to write to you, to know whether you are coming to Philadelphia, the latter end of this week, or the beginning of the next, having heard that you are. If not, to inform you that the committee intend visiting you next Saturday. You

are affectionately requested to send an answer to this letter by return of post, to

"Your unworthy servant,
THOMAS BILLINGS."

In the same letter, the reason is assigned why the call was made for one year. "Upon due investigation, the church are, at present, under a few embarrassments respecting their finances. Prudence, therefore, I hope, has directed them to the procuring of a supply for one year, at which time it is expected they will be both able to call a pastor, and make him comfortable."

For some time after the acceptance of this invitation, his family continued to reside in Burlington, while he himself was residing and preaching in Philadelphia. His feelings are very briefly expressed in a letter dated September 10th, 1805. "It is a strange sort of life to live, boarding and laboring in one place, while you and the children are living in another. However, I must submit." Those who were personally acquainted with his attachment to the domestic circle, know that this mode of living must have been to him a peculiar trial.

The Baptists, at this time, were few, and their house of worship, in Second-street, contracted, being only forty-two feet by sixty. Their congregation was almost the smallest in the city. In a short time after his labors commenced, a great change was visible. The congregation increased, so that not only the pews were filled, but the very aisles of the building were crowded with hearers. The prospects of a revival were exceedingly animating, and the providence of God seemed to indicate that the subject of this memoir had at length entered the appropriate field of his future ministrations.

On the second Monday in March, 1806, Dr. Staughton

was called to the pastoral care of the church. It was soon found necessary to enlarge the building in which they worshipped to its present dimensions of sixty feet in breadth by seventy-three in depth. The amount arising from pew rents changed, from about six hundred annually, to more than two thousand dollars. To the enlargement of the house, his personal exertions contributed. Day after day, he toiled, with cheerfulness, among the citizens, to raise the requisite sum. The church seemed to be blest with the incessant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. During his ministry among them, more than a hundred members were added by letter, and nearly three hundred by baptism. Two churches were constituted out of this body, the third Baptist, and the first African, of Philadelphia, and a commodious building was erected on the banks of the Schuylkill for the convenience of candidates on baptismal occasions. The letters which are here inserted have relation to this period of his ministry. They were written to Mr. Inglesby, of Charleston, S. C.

"*Philadelphia, June* 14, 1806.

"My dear brother,

"I received duly your favors of the 12th of May. I pray God this sheet may find you safely arrived in our native country, and enjoying those sacred pleasures which the presence of God and the company of his people are so capable of imparting. To see, once more, the white hills of Albion, would be to me a very great gratification. I do not, however, hope to share it; and the habit of relinquishing the hope has, in some measure, reconciled me to the trial. I have, nevertheless, dear friends, whose memory must be dear, so long as the faculty of recollection remains, who still inhabit the shores which gave me birth. Should you be able to give my father a call, he will be happy to

see you, as the affectionate friend of his son. His lot in life is not among the children of wealth, but he is rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven. Should you see my parents, tell them I have written them by the last packet, and that we are all well. Give our love to them, and all our dear relatives. Mrs. Staughton's mother resides at Bromsgrove. You will find her, by inquiring for Mrs. Martin, late Dr. Martin. She will be truly happy to see you.

"Should you visit Oxford, call on Mr. Hinton. Tell him you are my affectionate friend, and that will make him yours. If I can, I will write him by the Cornplanter, the ship that is to convey this to you. The work of God in Philadelphia is gloriously progressing. Last month, I baptized sixteen. As many among us have followed the Lord Jesus during the present month, and I expect, at the beginning of July, to take into the Schuylkill at least as many more. Our society meetings are overflowing, and great numbers of young persons are weeping over sin, or exulting in a precious Jesus.

"We have now at our house two of the brethren from the Serampore mission house near Calcutta. They are on their way to England. I have written Dr. Rippon on the subject, who will communicate the intelligence to the missionary society.

"The Lord enable us, my dear brother, to live near him in the exercises of faith and devotion, and then amid every disaster, whether by sea or land, we shall be happy and secure. We wish you a safe return to America. I shall be happy to assure you, in a living voice, without the tediousness of letter writing, that I am,

"My dear brother,

"Very affectionately yours,

W. STAUGHTON."

"*August*, 1807.

"My dear Brother,

"I don't deserve the least interest in your affection, and yet I am dissatisfied unless I possess a very large one. I never wished to be a better correspondent than *now*, and yet I never was a worse. Forgive me—if while there's life there's hope, I, notwithstanding all, may mend.

"For some time after receiving your favor, informing me of your return from England, I delayed writing, waiting for time to write you a long letter. Time, 'ever stealing,' had gone away so far, that I became doubtful whether or not you were on your way to us. We have been hourly, weekly expecting you. We have this summer a beautiful situation, four miles from Philadelphia, where we hoped to have spent many pleasant days together, and to which, if it be not too late, we beg of you still to come.

"Our cities have been mercifully free from yellow fever, but have been visited with a very troublesome influenza. I suspect at least ten thousand of the inhabitants of Philadelphia and the country round have been so afflicted; perhaps twice the number. Last Lord's day, I went through the services much as usual, with comfort to myself. In the evening, I felt a sore throat; on Monday, a high fever; Tuesday, better; Wednesday, feeble, but thought the worst was over; Thursday morning, on rising from bed, I was taken with a violent chill, followed by a high fever all the day; yesterday, better; to-day, arose, expecting the chill's return, but find myself so much better as to be able to write to Charleston. The disorder usually lasts about three or four days. Mine has been prolonged by the cold and chill. Should you visit us, I hope all will be over before you arrive. Mrs. Staughton is now down with it. By the way, you must completely exonerate her of all blame, or share in the blame, of not writing you earlier; for she

has, I am ashamed to tell you, been urging me on, almost to a degree of persecution.

"Through mercy, the church is on the increase, gradually, if not rapidly. I have baptized, every month, one only excepted, for the last eighteen or twenty months, and the work, I trust, is still on its way. We have purchased ground for enlarging our house, and hope, in the spring, to enter on the building.

"Wishing you much of the Lord's presence, I continue

"Your very affectionate brother,

W. STAUGHTON."

"*Germantown, Aug.* 14, 1809.

"My dear Brother,

"Your favor of the 5th lay several days in our Germantown post-office. You will have the goodness to direct all your letters to Philadelphia. I thank you for that affectionate concern you discover for my impaired health. I hope it is improving. I wish to feel myself in the hands of a gracious and faithful God. I am trying to my utmost to diminish the sphere of my daily and weekly toil.

* * * * * *

"Nothing material has occurred in our religious circles since I saw you, and as to the political, I am persuaded you are far wiser than I am. To teach a few children the elements of science, and the fear of the Lord, and to preach

"Salvation from the Lord,
To wretched, dying men,"

is all the public service to which I see myself called, and almost all for which I greatly care.

"I am, in the best of bonds,

"Affectionately yours,

W. STAUGHTON."

To contemplate the multiplied engagements of Dr. Staughton during his residence in Philadelphia, it would seem almost impossible that any human constitution could sustain them. Besides the daily instruction of youth, he preached for some time four sermons every Lord's day. His morning exercise, at six o'clock, was exceedingly interesting. This took place in the southern part of the city, near the Swedes' church, under a large beach tree. Frequently from eight hundred to one thousand persons were assembled together, among whom were many seamen. Here many solemn and weeping seasons were experienced, and many will bless God through eternity that they ever sat under the shade of the venerable beach, and heard the voice of him, who, being dead, yet speaketh. The texts of scripture from which he preached on these occasions, were of a peculiarly appropriate character, such, for example, as the following: "And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Prov. 4: 18. "The day-spring from on high hath visited us." Luke, 1: 78.

It is a tribute of respect due to Mr. Beasley, who threw open his premises for this purpose, to say, that he and his family prepared temporary seats, and made arrangements for the convenience of the assembly with the greatest cheerfulness and zeal. The Doctor has often mentioned their conduct with the warmest commendation.

The last season he preached there, his friends entreated him not to resume the toil, as his health was obviously incompetent to the exertion. His closing sermon was from the words, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the

whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

In Philadelphia he first began to exercise that extensive influence in society, and particularly in his own denomination, to which the most commanding talents, associated with the happiest address, entitled him. His brethren in other places now sought his counsel, and numerous churches solicited his judgment, as to persons suitable to be placed over them in the Lord. He had a great facility of discerning the capacities of his brethren in the ministry, and recommending stations in which they might accomplish the greatest amount of good.

By the permission of his friend and brother, the Rev. Mr. Maylin, the following testimony is inserted from his journal. He says: "Upon our landing, we waited on the Rev. Dr. Staughton, pastor of the first Baptist church meeting in Second-street, to whom we had letters of introduction; who gave us a most friendly reception, welcoming us to his hospitable abode, and who acted towards us, during the whole of our stay, the part of a faithful and affectionate friend. His intelligent, pious conversation, and agreeable manners, with the interest he took in the missionary cause, soon gained for him our respect and warm admiration. We accompanied the Doctor the evening of our arrival, to a religious meeting at Lombard-street, at sister Bright's. Here, for the first time, an opportunity presented of noticing his qualifications for usefulness as a preacher, in winning souls to Christ, and which afterwards was more fully confirmed. In labors he was abundant, in success eminent, in the good opinion of society singularly favored, insomuch as to command a general respect for his uncommon ability and eloquence. Distinguished men from all the learned professions, respectable and influential citizens, and a varied

company of all descriptions, seemed equally desirous of hearing him preach. Let it be understood, moreover, that the fervor of Christian devotion which was observable might have produced a tendency to animate the strain of his preaching."

The prayer-meeting at the house of Mrs. Bright, in Lombard-street, to which the above passage refers, is of too interesting a character to be passed over by a slight notice. It was a bethel to many souls. Deep solemnity marked the exercises. The cry was frequently made, "What shall I do to be saved?" One who had participated largely in the blessings of this meeting, says, "the apartment in which it was held was almost always crowded with solemn and attentive hearers." Alluding to Dr. Staughton, he continues: "His faculties at that period were in their full vigor, and he preached in the spirit and power of Elias, turning the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. For several years a large proportion of those who joined the Baptist church in Second-street, were either awakened or obtained peace in believing, at these meetings. Such soul-refreshing seasons I have never witnessed, either before or since. I sometimes think of them, as

'Joys departed, ne'er to be recalled.'"

To witness the march of the Redeemer's empire was his highest gratification. It is not unfrequently the case that ministers of the gospel, from an improper jealousy, from positive ignorance of their duty, or from a meanness that ill accords with Christian character, oppose the admission of members for the purpose of forming new churches. Nothing can be more adverse to genuine piety, and to the interests of the cause of Christ, than a course of this kind. How far this differs from the character of our deceased friend, let the churches which he was instrumental in rais-

ing up in Philadelphia testify. Let the following extract of a letter to the Rev. Mr. Maylin, then at Serampore, be read with attention, and it will be found to contain the spirit by which he was influenced in all his public ministrations. The letter is dated July 31st, 1809: "I understand it is in contemplation to have another Baptist church, immediately, in Southwark. Twenty-two members, I expect, will apply next church-meeting for letters of admission for the purpose. Our brother Peekworth will, most probably, be constituted with them, and become their pastor. I long and hope to see several more Baptist churches in our city, before many years are past."

In the same letter, the fixed resolution of his soul to employ all his strength in the cause of Christ, and his entire dependence upon the blood of atonement for final acceptance, are happily exhibited.

"My health, which, last winter, as you know, was very imperfect, is, I hope, improving. Sometimes I regret that I cannot indulge my body a little more, by diminishing my labors, but I find I cannot. If it be the will of the Lord that I wear out, I am quite ready for the task. My great concern is to be of some little use to my dying fellow-sinners, while I continue to breathe; and that when the breath departs, I may find acceptance at last, through the tender mercy of the great Redeemer. I am ashamed of every service I have performed, and, in prospect of the solemnities of an invisible state, have no hope springing from any source but the blood and righteousness of the Son of God."

With the first church he continued as pastor, until the year 1811. He was a man of warm attachments and delicate sensibilities. Tender of the feelings of others, he claimed the same tenderness towards himself, but he felt that, on the part of some, the feelings of himself and his family were not properly respected; and he believed that it

would promote his own comfort, as well as the cause of Christ, that his connexion with that church should cease. When it was understood that he contemplated leaving them, many of the most respectable and influential members waited upon him, and importuned him, in the most feeling strain, not to resign his connexion. In addition to this effort, the following address was put into his hand, signed by a large number of the members:

"We, the undersigned, members of the first Baptist church in Philadelphia, having, with extreme regret, heard that our beloved and much esteemed pastor, Dr. William Staughton, has been thinking of removing from us, do, in our individual capacity, hereby express the sorrow of our hearts at it, and most sincerely hope that he may make up his mind to continue with us; and fervently pray that the Lord may preserve him to us a great blessing for many years. We do all express the peculiar satisfaction and edification, we have received under his ministry, and the warmth of our affection for him."

To this he returned an answer:

"*January* 4, 1811.

"To the brethren and sisters, members of the first Baptist church in Philadelphia, from whom I have received an affectionate address, requesting me to continue my connexion with the body to which they and myself severally belong:

"My much loved, valued friends,

"The kindness your late request discovers, affects me extremely. I receive it with tears of gratitude, and fervently pray that the God of love and peace may recompense to your bosoms seven fold. The Lord grant you may find mercy in that day, when even a cup of cold water shall not lose its reward.

"From your company and converse, since my residence

in Philadelphia, a large proportion of my consolations have resulted. My aims and my labors, God is my witness, as far as an enfeebled constitution could suffer, have been directed to the honor and prosperity of the cause of the Lord Jesus in Second-street. I had hoped to have died in the service of the church, and that my remains in its cemetery would have found their resting place; but, as far as I am able, from the providences of God, and from the deep impressions of my own heart, to collect the will of my great Master, my expectations were erroneous.

"In the north and south of our city the Saviour has planted a church, and is adding his blessing. The western part presents a large circle of growing importance and population, where scarce a mansion for the worship of Christ is to be found. An attempt was made, indeed, by the ministering brethren in this city, to establish a lecture to the westward. I had hoped it would have succeeded, but it has not. They have consented to decline it. An open door still remains, and I feel it in my heart to enter it.

"The church in Second-street has grown to a size too unwieldly for its comfort, and though two churches have been lately formed from it, its numbers call aloud for the constitution of more. A few of our brethren and sisters, without any concurrence of mine, a short time ago associated themselves for the purpose of learning the mind of the Lord, and of each other, and are on the eve of applying for their letters of dismission, that they may constitute another to the westward. It has cost me much mental affliction to bring my mind to a decision, whether it were my duty to go with them or not. It is at length decided; and my judgment, after much meditation and desire for divine direction, is, that the advancement of the Baptist interest, (which I view the interest of a precious Saviour,) promises to result from the measure.

"Should any of you, my dear brethren and sisters, differ from me in sentiments, I cannot censure you for the maintenance of views, which are, in your judgment, correct. Let me hope that you will afford me the like indulgence, and that with severity you will judge nothing before the time. The church in Second-street will prosper, though I am about to resign my pastorship. I shall still be ready to every service of love to which it can with propriety call me. My prayers never shall cease to ascend, that peace may be within her walls, and plenteousness within her places. Children of God are there—it cannot be destroyed, for there is a blessing in it.

"Let no misrepresentations, I solemnly beseech you, my dear friends, lead you to conceive that the path I contemplate treading is the work of a spirit of party. You are my witnesses with what care I have ever labored to avoid the least intermixture with parties. If at any time such a spirit has appeared, I trust you will not think I have at all deserted the principles by which the ministers of the sanctuary ought to be governed. I am deceived if the mainspring of my conduct is not the glory of Christ Jesus. Yet should I have taken into the calculation a hope that my personal happiness may, by the measure, be augmented, I am conscious your indulgence and affection will forgive it.

"Believe me, my dear brethren and sisters, your affectionate fellow-servant in the kingdom and patience of Jesus.

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

A friend of his, a short time before his resignation of the first church, marked his grief. He writes, "I thought I could perceive grief preying on your spirits, when you were in Newark, though you were silent as to the cause." This was perfectly characteristic. I have known him bowed down with sorrow, and his heart almost sinking under its

weight, when, not even to his own family, would he communicate it, lest it should have an unhappy influence upon their feelings.

For the resignation of his pastorship in the first church, he has been the subject of much impassioned censure, But the time has arrived when men can sit down, and coolly reflect upon these departed days. To his memory they will award the righteous decision, and cherish the belief that his motives, in this act, were pure and evangelical, and that if aught can be laid to his charge, it can extend no further than to error in judgment concerning the path of duty.

The spirit which breathes in his last address to that body, when he resigned his office, demands for it a prominent place in the history of his life.

"My brethren and sisters, here assembled:

"I have often arisen to address you, but never with the feelings which, this evening, possess my whole heart. It is possible, too, that the emotions of which you are the subjects are as unusual and as anxious as my own. Six years are now on the eve of expiring, since first from a neighboring and affectionate church you invited me to serve you. With your invitation I complied, not with the musive hope that my path would be destitute of the perplexing thorn and the adverse blast, but upon a serious conviction that the providence of God harmonized with your request. With Paul suffer me to declare, that I have been with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling; yet, with the same apostle, I have aspired at the rejoicing, the testimony of conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, I might maintain my conversation in the

world, and more abundantly to you-ward. What energy soever of body or of mind I could command, I have thrown into your service. *Let the church in Second-street prosper*, has been the importunate prayer of my heart, and the constant motive of my aims.

"It is our mercy, my brethren, that the Lord has sent us prosperity. Two churches have lately been formed from our body, and when the brethren and sisters are dismissed, who, at our last meeting, solicited a letter, constituting a third, will have left you, more than double the number the church has ever contained, from the date of its constitution to the commencement of our last revival, will remain. During my continuance, nearly three hundred have been added by baptism, and more than one hundred by letter, while the whole sum of our exclusions has amounted to only fifteen. The house in which we are now assembled has been greatly enlarged; it is elegant and commodious, and the debt incurred by the enlargement approaches its extinction. I need not, my brethren, exhort you to ascribe the honor to the Son of God alone; you know the source of every blessing which a church can enjoy, and that neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth.

"I had hoped that the relation of pastor and flock, which has existed between us, would have continued till death dissolved it. I had reason for believing that the great body of the church were affectionately attached to my person and ministry, and I have that reason still. The cordial love I have witnessed, my heart has been prepared, with all its powers, to reciprocate. I have not received a kindness from any of you, whether it is indicated in words or actions, which my memory does not delight to cherish, and which my gratitude has not panted to repay. Where remuneration is not in my power, I will employ incapacity

as a stimulus to devotion, and pray that my God may supply your need, according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ. With us, the union of the church and its minister is a voluntary one, imposed by no pontific authority. It originates in mutual choice, and concludes (when continued not until death) by the intimated desires of both or either of the parties. Were I merely to inform my brethren that reasons exist which lead me to solicit the termination of that union, some might coldly say, 'It is enough,' and present me with my dismission; but respectful love, ever girded for service, ever ready to explain, ever anxious to conciliate, cannot be withheld from uttering something more. I had often heard it said, that the Baptist church in Second-street was in the habit of distressing its minister. I have received such report with unwillingness. I have wished to regard it as the ungenerous effusion of calumny. Could I have supposed the representation true, I had reason to hope that providence might, on repentance, withdraw the feeble arm that would annoy a prophet at his altar. Besides, the large accession of converts to a church of Jesus frequently exterminates the wrong habits which, in a time of spiritual declension and darkness, are formed. To endeavor, by Christian forbearance and love, if possible, to exemplify duty, or, if this were too great, to allure to its discharge, I determined, amid the labors of my office, to forget the want of a spirit of sympathy and co-operation, should it appear in brethren, on whose conduct a minister's comfort and usefulness in the Gospel ministry greatly depends. The advancement of Christ's kingdom was paramount to every other consideration. I dare not say how far I have acted under the spirit of these resolves, but it is certain that, for some time past, my mind has not felt itself at *home* or *happy*. I have seemed to myself as an eagle, whose nest was stirred up, but which knew not how or

whither to fly. I offer not these observations to you, my brethren, in the tone of censure. I accuse no one; my simple aim is to satisfy you why I withdraw myself. I cannot express my ideas on this point better than in the words of Dr. Fuller, in his expository discourses: 'Many may be good neighbors, who could not live happy in the same family. Abraham and Lot could love and pray for one another, when there was nothing to ruffle their feelings. Paul and Barnabas could both serve the cause of Christ, though unhappily, through a third person, they could not act in close concert. In all such cases, if there be only an upright, pacific, and disinterested disposition, things will be so adjusted as to do no material injury to the cause of Christ. In many instances it may serve to promote it. In a word, where there is plenty of work to be done, if those who cannot continue together be disposed to improve their advantages, the issue may be such as shall cause the parties to unite in a song of praise.'

"The intention of some of the brethren, originating entirely with themselves, to form a new church to the westward, is known to you; you have agreed to dismiss them for the purpose. The prospect of success in that part of our growing city is certainly considerable. Provided zealous and harmonious exertions are employed in dependence on the blessing of the great Redeemer, much may be expected. Philadelphia is stretching itself yearly nearer to the Schuylkill; vigorous exertions are not, I believe, at the present, on foot for the erection of a house by any other Christian society; the citizens, I persuade myself, are willing to contribute, and, in the cause of Christ, *to beg I am not ashamed.* I am sensible that, in receding from the church, I leave behind me many, very many, whom I dearly love, many who are not only my brethren and sisters, but my children also in the Gospel of Jesus. I en-

treat you, my dear friends, to bear with me, if the ideas I am offering press not with the same weight on your minds which I feel them to press on mine. Perhaps the day may not be distant when your sentiments will accord with my own. Our judgments are rarely correct, when formed under the sway of the impassioned emotions. Let me entreat you to allow a few thoughts, I am about to offer, at least a little importance. Some of you, my brethren, and, let me add, my sisters too, (for the visit paid me by a band of our amiable sisters, to solicit my stay in the church, I shall remember, ever remember, with emotions of undissembled gratitude;) some of you, under the influence of a tender respect for my comfort, have suggested difficulties as lying in my path, which ought to be regarded as real obstacles. "*Report will say the new church is an English one.*" Ah! my brethren, what a pity, what shame, what violation of Christian principles, that national discrimination should ever be introduced into a church of Jesus! For myself, I never regret that I was born in England. Its national policies, in many respects, I disapprove; but it is a land where genius and piety have long been eminent. It is the land of my *fathers*, as is America the land of my *children*. In the birth of a human being, I recognize and revere the wisdom and power, the sovereignty and providence of God. Parents, native place, and time, all were appointed by him. Among those who possess like precious faith, and who embrace a common salvation, distinctions of this nature my soul disclaims. Should they, at any time, attempt to insinuate themselves into the anticipated church, I trust I should be among the first to rebuke and destroy. Yet, should report persist to defame, I will only subjoin, that if souls are brought home to Jesus; if righteousness, love and peace prevail among the people of God, the unjust reproach of a name will not weigh a feather.

"Some of you have feared, lest my resignation might appear *like a rending of the church.* I appeal, my brethren, to what you have seen in me, for your conviction, whether a rending temper and habit have by me been practised. My mind bears to peace as much as ever; but your number is so large, that detachments for new churches require to be made: the dismissal of one or two hundred of the members would leave you, in respect of numbers, a great church still. To interpret actions in the best light, is a task which genuine charity takes pleasure in fulfilling. I trust this amiable, heaven-born temper you will never cease to cherish. Could I persuade myself that the resignation of my office as your pastor would materially affect the prosperity of the church, I should discover embarrassment of a serious cast; but, after much close thought on the subject, I cannot conclude such will be the case. This building stands in a most eligible and central situation. Many are attached to it, because it has been their resort from infancy, because of the alliances that result from consanguinity and friendship, and because its adjoining tombs enclose the ashes of their dear and departed friends. A steady congregation is in the habit of assembling here: you are rich and able to meet the expenses attending on a regular supply of the pulpit, to call in the assistance of whatever talents you may approve, and to make the settlement of a future pastor easy to himself and to you. Aiming zealously, and in affectionate union, at the honor of Christ, you have reason to expect his gracious smiles. You have my prayer and my largest wishes for your spiritual increase; may I add, you may command my labors too. Delicacy forbids me from a formal offer of service; my sorrow would be great to stand at all in the way of future supplies, or of a future pastor, as it would be to see your pulpit destitute, or not filled to your minds. I

had thought of mentioning my readiness to serve you twice on a Lord's day, for two or three months, and once every Lord's day, for six, nine, or twelve months, with the whole or part of the Wednesday evening lectures; to assist the church also in visiting its sick, and in attending funerals, during its pleasure, with a view of exhibiting how much the attachment of my heart to your interests continues, as well as for the purpose of showing to the public, that the Baptist society is one, and, though its pastor or churches may vary their stations and labors, their aims and hearts are united. But, as I have hinted, delicacy forbids. Yet I offer these suggestions, that the church may learn my views and disposition.

"The relation in which I have been standing to you, my beloved brethren, has been a most important one. To that awful tribunal I know I am hastening, where I must give an account of my ministry. It has been my desire to be pure from the blood of all. I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. The secrets of each of our hearts will soon be revealed, the fountains of our motives will all be broken up, and then only truth will abide the awful test. I charge you, my beloved brethren, with the feelings not only of a retiring pastor, but of a dying man—be at peace among yourselves; value spirituality wherever you see it; let the aged perform the part and receive the honor of fathers, and the young men be esteemed, as trained for usefulness among you, as brethren. Regulate your temper at your meetings by the example of Jesus, and let your eye be single. Bear with the frailties of each other; never let the foot of indignation crush what the hand of tenderness should prop and sustain. Shine, my dear brethren, not in the armor of resentment and worldly policy, but in the robe of humility and love. When the Head of the Church sends you another under-shep-

herd, stand by him, let the officers of the church be his bosom associates, pity his mistakes, never break his heart by cold neglect or unkind misrepresentations, and dare to testify your displeasure with such as would attempt it. Administer to his necessities with delicacy and readiness, and, oh! lift up his arms by your wrestling supplication. I beseech you, my brethren, to follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man can see the Lord. Look diligently, I beseech you, lest any man fail of the grace of God. Contend for the faith once delivered to the saints; and let the righteousness, the blood, the spirit of Jesus, be your hope and your glory. And now, my brethren, in the sight of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead, at his appearing and kingdom, in the spirit of love, after much desire for divine guidance, and in earnest hope that God may overrule the step for the good of the churches, and the honor of his blessed name, I solemnly lay down my office as your pastor, and ask a letter of dismission, that I may unite with the church which is on the point of being formed."

CHAPTER IV.

Constitution of Sansom-street church—correspondence that led to his connexion with them—exercises of his mind—invitation to the pastorship and acceptance—subsequent success—character as a pastor—character of his preaching—diligence in discharge of his duties.

The Sansom-street church of Philadelphia was constituted in January, 1811, with ninety-one members. Previously to this event, several meetings had been held for consultation and prayer. At a meeting convened on the 25th of December, 1810, a committee was appointed to present to Dr. Staughton a letter, adopted by the brethren, requesting him to cast in his lot among them. Two days after the reception of this letter, he returned the following reply:

"To the brethren and sisters, who request me to unite with them for the formation of a new church, from the First Baptist Church in Second-street, Philadelphia:

"My dear friends,

"I receive your invitation with gratitude, and feel a due sense of the brotherly kindness which has led you to make the request. My mind has, on the subject, been greatly exercised, and, I had hoped, would have been brought to some decision by the present evening; but from the new and various ideas that have presented themselves, from the importance and solemnity of the step, from a sincere desire to see distinctly the way of the Lord open before me, previous to any resolute course of action, and from the short time afforded me to meditate and mark the provi-

dences of God, I am not able to give your committee an immediate answer. You have, however, my best wishes and fervent prayers for your prosperity in the Lord.

"I am, affectionately, yours,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON.

December 27, 1810."

On the evening of December 31st, 1810, he came to the decision to unite with these brethren. On this occasion, the exercises of his mind are thus expressed:

"Resolved, solemnly, as a dying man, in thy name and fear, O my God, after a serious, repeated, humble consideration of the subject, in all the bearings in which a poor, frail creature can contemplate it, and with an earnest desire for thy direction—resolved, that, as the clearest result of my deliberate judgment, it is my duty, and will conduce to thy glory, that I unite myself with the Fourth Baptist Church in Philadelphia, about to be formed.

"My Father! my Saviour! my God! thou knowest the heart, that in thy fear, and with much trembling, forms this resolution. I beseech thee, shew me thy glory! bless my attempts to speak in thy name! bless the dear church I leave—bless the dear church to which I am about to unite myself. Prepare me for every trial that this resolve, made in thy fear, may produce. And O, may thy glorious cause spread through the city. Let another church not only rise, but flourish. O, fill this city, fill the earth with thy glory! Amen, amen.

WM. STAUGHTON."

The brethren about to form the new church were dismissed with great cordiality by the first church. In their letter of dismission, they say: "We wish you God speed, in the name of the great Redeemer."

The church was regularly constituted on the 24th of January, 1811. At a subsequent meeting, on the fourth of February, they proceeded to elect Dr. Staughton their pastor, and to prepare a letter of invitation. A large committee was appointed to wait upon him and present the communication. The letter, with its reply, is subjoined:

"*February 4th*, 1811.

"The newly constituted church of Christ Jesus, in Philadelphia, present to their beloved brother, the Rev. William Staughton, D. D. love in the Lord Jesus.

"Dear Brother,

"You are well acquainted with the circumstances which have given rise to us as a body, and have gratified our sincerest and ardent desires, by becoming constituted with us. It is our ardent wish, as a church of Christ, and we do hereby present the call, that you accept immediately the pastorship over us. We can say, with truth, and thankfulness to the Supreme Head of the church, that we have found your ministerial services blessed to our souls, while you and we stood connected in the first Baptist church in our city; and we hope we may find them to increase, in producing pleasure and profit. We are sensible, beloved brother, that the afflictions and trials of a Gospel minister and faithful pastor are very great; but we know that He who has supported you hitherto, will continue to do so unto the end. Our prayers shall never cease for your spiritual welfare, and we trust we shall never be found wanting in those expressions of brotherly kindness and respectful attention to your comfort and peace, which we know it is the duty of a church towards its pastor ever to discover.

"In casting in your lot with us, you have had, dear brother, your sacrifices to make; but if the friendship of some may have become cool, we hope ours towards you

will be found proportionably stronger. You have voluntarily given up a certain salary, a comfortable house of worship, and a high degree of reputation in your late connexion; but we believe the end will prove that the advancement of the honor of Christ Jesus was among the first aims of your heart.

"As to a salary, we are sensible, dear brother, that Christ has ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel, and that they who serve at the altar should eat of the altar, that the ox which treadeth out the corn is not to be muzzled, and that they who sow spiritual, ought at least to reap carnal things; but we have not, as yet, been able to say what we shall be able to succeed in supplying you. We are, however, so confident of public and growing support, and so resolved on your comfort, that we pledge ourselves you shall prove no sufferer. Our arrangements for supplying your wants shall be made as early and as agreeable to your feelings as possible. When we have become more established and increased, you will not want proofs that your accommodation will increase with our ability. We are hoping that the Lord is about to make you again an honored instrument of raising another house to his glory. We engage in the Lord Jesus with cheerfulness to become fellow-workers with you, and have no doubt but that your praise in the churches, already great, will be increased, rather than diminished, by the steps you have taken.

"Accept, beloved brother, our cordial wishes, and may the Lord hear our fervent prayers that every blessing may attend you and yours, through time and eternity.

"Signed in behalf of the church,

W. H. RICHARDS, *Clerk.*"

THE REPLY.

"To the Baptist Church of Jesus Christ, lately instituted in Philadelphia:

"Dearly beloved brethren,

"I have received, with a grateful sense of your kindness and affection, the call which you sent me by a committee of the brethren, to take the pastoral charge over you in the Lord.

"I thank you for the sentiments it expresses, and while I beseech you to give to the Great Head of the Church all the glory in every case in which you may have found my very imperfect labors conducive to your spiritual edification, I trust it will be my endeavor to speak to you none other Gospel than that which you have received, and to show that your prosperity is one of the first wishes of my heart.

"I have embarked with you, dear brethren, as a fellow-member, hoping that our little one may become a thousand, and, in compliance with your request, accept the office of pastorship over you in the Lord.

"As mutual candor and fair understanding among Christian brethren is the most likely path to the preservation of mutual love, I feel it my duty, on this occasion, to state to the church a few additional ideas.

"1. Finding that my health is so imperfect, that regularly to preach three times on a Lord's day is not within the bounds of my strength, should I, at any time, fail in this course, certainly of laborious service, and reduce the times of preaching to twice each Sabbath, I expect that the church will not consider me as deficient in pastoral duties. To preach, to the utmost of my abilities, a crucified Saviour, is, and I trust to my last breath will be, my glory and joy; but the flesh is not always strong when the

spirit is willing. On this head I cannot help expressing the pleasure I feel in the idea that your number contains two amiable and beloved fellow-laborers in the Gospel, whose zeal and talents are alive and acceptable, and who will prove, I am confident, helpers of my labors and of my joy.

"2. Health may sometimes require, and when that is not defective, good fellowship with distant churches, and the extent of a minister's usefulness, make it desirable that he take, occasionally, a tour from the circle of his immediate charge, and publish Christ in other places also. Should I, my dear brethren, find it at any time likely to be profitable that I pay a distant visit for a few days, or a few weeks, provided I procure suitable supplies during my absence, it is my desire that such occasional absence should never be interpreted into a ground of complaint.

"3. I have been, for nearly twenty years, more or less engaged in training the youthful mind for knowledge and virtue. I feel the task a pleasure and a duty. Should I appropriate a part of my time to its discharge, while I shall ever consider the service as subordinate to the great duties of the pastoral office, I wish the church to consider it only another form in which I am also desiring to serve the Lord and my generation.

"And now, my dear brethren, while I solemnly accept the office of your pastor, and while I believe that in the brethren you have elected for your deacons, I shall find sympathizing friends and mutual counsellors for our common good, I beg an interest in your fervent prayers, that the Lord may assist me to glorify his blessed name among you, and that you may be built and multiplied greatly. And O, may we at last be found members of the church triumphant, where the office of pastor and the existence of

individual churches shall be lost in the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.

"I am your affectionate brother,
WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

After he became their pastor, the church worshipped, for some time, in the court-house on Chestnut-street, and afterwards in the academy on Fourth-street, where they continued until their removal to the new edifice.

Very shortly after the organization of the church, a lot was procured for the purpose of erecting thereon a place of worship, and a committee appointed to obtain subscriptions for this object. A circular building was erected, ninety feet in diameter, which, with the lot, cost the sum of $40,000. Large as this amount was, the probability is, that it would have been obtained, had not adverse circumstances occurred, producing great commercial distress. The annual revenue, arising from pew rents and collections, amounted at first to between four and five thousand dollars. The seats of this immense building, during the whole period of his ministrations, were well filled; but, on the Lord's day evening, the place was crowded with solemn and admiring spectators. His popularity was unimpaired by time, and those who heard him once desired to hear him again. With this church he spent the happiest and most useful days of his life. The additions were numerous and respectable. For several years, it appeared one continued season of revival. To the people of his charge he was a faithful and affectionate pastor. He entered into their joys and sorrows, and offered, in the spirit of a patriarch, his soothing counsel. Never could a pastor be more beloved by a people. When he had for a few weeks been absent, at the first evening lecture after his return, he would, as a father to his children,

give them an account of his journey, his Christian interviews, and the state of religion generally in the places he visited, accompanied with such reflections as would tend to encourage and animate them in their heaven-ward course. In the chamber of sickness his facility of imparting consolation was remarkable and effective. On one occasion he visited a young lady, a member of his church, whose frame was rapidly sinking under a pulmonary attack. He entered the room immediately after she had been taken from a bath. Her strength was so far diminished, that she scarcely appeared to be conscious of what was passing around her. The sound of his voice seemed to rouse her to life. He said to her, "My dear child, how do you feel to day?" She replied, "Very weak, Doctor." He immediately repeated the lines,

> "When I am weak, then am I strong,
> Grace is my shield, and Christ my song."

Had an angel from heaven appeared to strengthen her, she could not have been more suddenly revived. She became animated, and conversed freely upon the goodness and the grace of her Saviour.

When this amiable young lady was nearly gone, at the sound of his voice, she again roused and recognized her beloved pastor. He asked her what the state of her mind was. She replied, in a faint voice, "'*Tis a point I long to know.*" Then, said he, "If it is a *point* you *long* to know, it is a *point* already settled," and immediately added those beautiful and animating lines,

> "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
> I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
> That soul, though all hell should endeavor to skake,
> I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

During her sickness, he proposed to her the questions,

"Can you leave your husband? Can you leave your child, *that child?* (pointing to the infant.) Can you leave your sisters, your parents?" She answered, "Yes, Doctor, *all, all.*" "Then," he replied, "*All is well.*"

Those to whose families he was called, in the hour of disease and death, have a testimony, in their own recollections, to the influence of his consolations. "When the ear heard him, it blessed him." He was favored, as an instrument of God, to pour the oil of joy into the mourning breast, and to clothe, with the garment of praise, the spirit of heaviness.

He was equally successful in his encouragements to those who were distressed on account of their sins. Every Saturday evening he appropriated to conversation with persons of this description. It was his joy to point the trembling sinner to Christ. He used to say his Saturday evening engagements were a sweet prelude to the Sabbath.

A single example, which was related to me by a lady, who is now a member of the church where his principal labors were expended, will illustrate this remark. He had been stating a number of encouraging considerations to her mind, which seemed to produce but little effect. They were all adapted to the case of inquiring sinners, but she felt as if she had no part or lot in the matter. At length she said, "Ah! Sir, *mine is a peculiar case.*" His reply gave instant relief to her mind: "And Christ is a *peculiar* Saviour:

> 'He will bestow on Jacob's race
> *Peculiar* grace and glory too.'"

To enumerate all the instances of this character would be to swell this memoir to an unwieldly size.

Nor was he less distinguished for his addresses at the grave. It was astonishing with what facility he would lay

hold of a striking thought, that few minds could ever have conceived, yet the richness and sweetness of which every grade of intellect could realize. This was peculiarly illustrated in the manner with which he would exhibit the entire character of the deceased by a single sentence. Upon the death of a young lady, who was remarkable for the sweetness of her temper and the activity of her mental and physical powers, he summed up her character in the expression, "*Active as the roe upon the mountains, and amiable as active.*"

On another occasion, he observed, "If sincere love for God manifested in her daily walk—if attachment to the house of God, and a deep interest in the purity and happiness of his children, and a zeal sometimes almost surpassing her natural strength, are the characteristics of a true saint, the relics of a saint are lying before you." A youth in Philadelphia was suddenly deprived of life by the firing of a gun. The Doctor was called to attend his remains to the tomb, and to soothe the broken-hearted parents. Speaking at the grave of the superintending providence of God in all the affairs of men, he suddenly paused; then elevating his hand, and in that peculiar manner which thousands have admired and felt, but which none have dared to imitate, he exclaimed, "*Accident! accident! accident!* in all the creation of God there is no such thing as accident." The thrilling effect which this sentence produced is still remembered by many who heard it.

He was in the habit of improving every occasion on which a member of the church deceased, by a sermon on the following Lord's day evening. His selection of texts was peculiarly appropriate. One of his friends was deprived of two children in the course of a single month. His text was, "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved." He composed for the occasion a hymn, which

is distinguished by the beauty of the poetry, as much as by the strain of piety which it breathes. It is styled "A Hymn on the death of Miss Jane Moulder."

"1. How swells with joy the parent's breast,
His children round him fondly pressed!
Fair olive boughs, a heritage,
To crown and comfort sinking age.

2. But soon, alas! his transports fly,
The beauteous olives droop and die:
His cries proclaim a bosom grieved,
'Bereft of these, I am bereaved.'

3. Yet where has every pleasure fled?
Nothing but dying plants are dead;
Dead on the earth, but doomed to rise
In kinder soils and calmer skies.

4. The glorious husbandman comes down,
Claims the young olives as his own,
And while our garden he bereaves,
Himself a thousand blessings leaves.

5. Soon will the hour of grief be past,
The with'ring leaf, the roaring blast—
Bear fruit to God, and, shortly, you
Shall share the transplantation too."

At the water, when candidates were about to be immersed, he was truly eloquent, and often, by a single expression, in connexion with the appropriate action, gave to a passage of Scripture an illustration bright as the sun at noon-day. On one of these interesting seasons, he spoke of baptism as an emblem of death, burial and resurrection. Stretching forth his hand to one of the candidates, he said, "I now introduce to you a *dead person*." After a moment's pause, with solemn emphasis, he added, "*Dead*—

about to be *buried*—to *rise again* and walk in newness of life."

Some of his most splendid mental efforts were originated at the moment, and particularly when he administered to a large and solemn assembly the supper of the Lord. With what variety, with what charming effect he presented to view the suffering Son of God, and threw open, as it were, the everlasting gates to the vision of his weeping, rejoicing flock! But description is vain. We recollect these seasons with gratitude to God; our minds labor to communicate the feelings which then possessed our bosoms, but the swelling tide of emotions overpowers the gift of utterance, and silence becomes our highest praise.

As a preacher of the everlasting Gospel, he had no superior. The subjects which he selected, in his public ministrations, exhibited the evangelic current of his thoughts and feelings. With the Apostle Paul, he might truly say, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ." Rich, holy, evangelical feeling mingled with every discourse. The atonement of Christ, the depravity of man, the necessity of divine influence, the glories of the Mediator, all held a prominent place in his pulpit exercises. The cross, as the only hope of a dying world, stood out foremost in every exhibition.

He never suffered trifles to keep him from fulfilling his appointments. Though his health was often feeble, yet, for fifteen years, while he was in Philadelphia, he was not prevented by sickness from taking his place on the Sabbath day. At one time he had an attack of pleurisy, and, when quite ill, insisted on it, that he could occupy his pulpit on the coming Lord's day. He was, at that time, with his family, about four miles from the city. A friend came out in a chaise to visit him. He earnestly begged this friend to take him into the city. He said he did not

fear, but that the Lord would strengthen him for the service. His friend complied. When they had proceeded about half the distance, he fainted, and was obliged to be carried into a house. But so great was his apprehension that his flock would not be provided for, that, on recovering, he insisted on going forward, and actually went into the pulpit, and preached an instructive and impressive discourse.

His preaching was a combination of doctrine, experience, and practice, calculated to confirm believers in the faith, to encourage the desponding, and to rouse up the energies of the slothful. It was a word in season to *all*, and every Christian breast felt and enjoyed its influence. Though he was capable of wielding the arguments of the controversialist to the greatest advantage, yet controversy he sedulously avoided; and, whenever it became necessary to exhibit his own views of truth, his candor and affection gained even the approbation of those who stood opposed. While he was firm in maintaining the doctrine of grace, he was devoid of that sectarian bitterness, which has so often brought reproach upon the cause of Christ. In support of this statement, the following remarks are presented to the reader. They occur in a sermon delivered at the opening of the Baptist meeting-house near Trenton, New-Jersey. Stating the object of opening a house of worship, he observed, that it meant *an open avowal of the design of the house*. He said, "We have already observed it is a house for God; we, more particularly, declare it a *Baptist meeting-house*, built for a sect of Christians almost every where despised, and yet, almost every where increasing. Here not only the doctrines of grace may be expected to be stated and maintained, but occasionally, and it is hoped never but with respectful candor, our views of that ordinance of Christ, from which our society receives its denom-

ination. But, while we publicly avow its design with relation to the Baptist interest, we wish not to be understood, that this pulpit is accessible only to ministers of Christ of our persuasion. I know I am but adding a voice to the thoughts of my brother, through whose ministrations this house has been raised, and of the members of the church in general, when I give a cordial welcome to every preacher of Jesus to assist in his holy services. The points in which we differ from our Christian brethren of other denominations, compared with those in which we all agree, bear no greater proportion to each other, than does the trembling lustre of a star to the meridian blaze of the summer sun. While Christian ingenuousness proceeds to state religious sentiment with plainness and simplicity, Christian love looks anxiously for the moment, when bigotry shall expire with the flames it has kindled."

No part of a discourse is more difficult than an appropriate introduction. In this, the subject of this memoir was peculiarly felicitous. The following is presented as a specimen. It is the introduction of a sermon preached for the benefit of a charitable institution, from the words, "*Use hospitality :*"

"On the revocation of the edict of Nantz, thousands of conscientious Christians were driven to England. Dr. Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop) interested himself greatly in obtaining relief for those amiable sufferers. The King granted *briefs* for their assistance. One of the prebendaries of Canterbury refused to read the *briefs*. "They are," said he, "contrary to the rubric." Tillotson replied, "*O Doctor, Doctor, charity is above rubrics.*"

"The patriarch Job said, "I am as one that comforteth the mourners." The prophet David said, "When they were sick, my clothing was sackcloth." Paul, the apostle,

cries, "Who is weak, and I am not weak?" and, commending his Corinthian brethren for their attention to the afflicted and persecuted followers of the Saviour, tells them, "Ye became companions of them that were so used." Our divine Lord was "acquainted with grief," and, in all the afflictions of Israel, God was afflicted.

"Where is the heart that does not admire these examples of compassion to the children of sorrow? and where is the man who does not wish to imitate them? We are about to recommend an active and sympathizing charity, my brethren, to you this evening. We wish to convince your judgment of the duty, and to animate your passions to its discharge."

His selection of texts was always striking, and, on particular occasions, peculiarly appropriate. On the death of his nephew, Sutton Wythe, he preached from the passage, "Behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." The words were an exact representation of the fact. The funeral sermon which he preached before Congress, on the death of Adams and Jefferson, was founded on the words of David: "Lovely and pleasant in their lives—in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions."

His discourses were always characterized by great simplicity. The most unlearned could comprehend his views, while, at the same time, the richest intellect was enlightened by his developments of divine truths. Much of the power which he maintained over his hearers, was unquestionably owing to his voice and action; but it is also true, that very considerable effect was produced by the eloquence of thought for which he was distinguished, and by the lucid manner in which his subjects were presented to

the mind of the hearer. Hundreds are still living, who recollect his splendid division and treatment of the passage, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables," &c. (2 Peter 1: 16.) The division was simple and striking.

I. The subject; and,

II. The truth of the apostolic message.

In the illustration of the second general division,—that is, the truth of the message,—two inquiries were proposed:—

1. What are meant by cunningly-devised fables?

2. What are the proofs that these have not been followed?

The proofs, under the second question, will long be remembered.

1. Fables are destitute of chronological dates.

2. They are exhibited without any evidence that they ever occurred.

3. They were contrived for amusement, not for conviction.

4. Fables are replete with contradictions and absurdities.

5. The fabulists of Greece and Rome confirm their fictions by the performance of no miracles.

6. Ancient fables, however finely conceived or exquisitely described, were usually limited to the nation that adopted them.

7. The general tendency of ancient fable is to corrupt the heart.

8. Heathen fable offers no comfort amid the sorrows of life.

9. The tendency of Christianity, wherever it spreads, is to oppose and overthrow the fables of the heathen.

The most plain and convincing evidences of the truth

of the Christian religion were brought to view, in the course of the sermon, with admirable skill and effect.

Topical preaching is very common, at the present day. A subject is sought, and fully prepared, and a passage of scripture is placed at the head, to serve as a motto. Any man can preach in this style, especially with the aid of some good works on Theology, but the beauties of the sacred page are often, if not usually, lost by this method. The Bible need not even be read, much less studied. Very different was the plan of the distinguished individual, to whose life these pages relate. He usually drew his materials from the text, and the immediate connexion. And here he proved himself "*mighty in the scriptures*," while, at the same time, he preserved that unity of composition which is considered essential to the perfection of a discourse. This plan was the result of much thought and observation, and arose out of the intense desire which he felt to make himself useful to the souls of men.

His views of doctrine were those which are called Calvinistic. To his last moments, he loved and taught the sovereignty of God, in the salvation of sinners. The substitution of Christ in the place of those whom God had given him, maintained a prominent place in his ministrations. He was particular in the examination of candidates for the ordinance of baptism; and, towards the close of his life, I have heard him frequently express his fears, as to the methods employed by many to induce persons to join churches. His soul seemed to abhor the idea of prevailing upon men, at public meetings, to commit themselves by a show of being on the Lord's side, under the excitement of momentary feeling. No one could have been more earnestly solicitous than he was for the conversion of sinners. His addresses to them were close and powerful appeals; nor did he fear to rob God of his glory, by calling upon men to repent.

Throughout his ministerial career, he felt a deep attachment to young persons, and an intense desire for their salvation. His annual sermons to youth will live in the recollection of multitudes, through time and eternity. His addresses to them, on these occasions, were marked with peculiar solemnity and fervor. It is greatly to be regretted that these efforts of his genius and piety were not committed to paper, for the use of generations succeeding. The interest which he felt in these annual exercises is very forcibly described in a letter to his son, written from Virginia, in the year 1825.

"This is the first Lord's day in which, for nineteen successive years, I have not delivered a new year's sermon to crowded assemblies, with a view to the welfare of youth. I very sensibly feel the change created by my present circumstances. It is not my duty to complain. Providence, I believe, has changed my sphere of action, and submission to its dictates is my duty."

During his ministry in Philadelphia, a considerable number of young men were raised up, by the power of God, through his instrumentality, to the honor of preaching the gospel of Christ. He was careful to observe the expanding intellectual energies of those whom the Lord had placed under his charge, and by public exhortation, as well as by private conversation, to encourage them to the exercise of their talents.

CHAPTER V.

Character of his preaching, continued.

His elocution was of the highest order. His sermons were always impressive, and his command of the attention of his audience almost unbounded. Though it is impossible in any description to do justice to his style and manner, yet it would be doing manifest injustice to his character, not to furnish some specimens of his pulpit efforts. These however must of necessity be deficient, as many of them depend mainly upon the integrity of memory.

On the passage, "We all beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory," he observed, "Glory is the manifestation of holiness, the exhibition of the character of God. This glory, as seen under the Old Testament dispensation, the Israelites alone were permitted to view; for though when Jehovah appeared upon Mount Sinai, it is possible that Egypt, Edom, and Moab, heard the distant thunder, saw the lowering smoke, and felt the quaking of the earth beneath them, when the mountains 'skipped like rams, and the hills like young lambs at the presence of the Lord,' yet Israel alone enjoyed the vision. But we all now behold the glory of the Lord as in a glass. When looking with the naked eye at an eclipse, all is obscurity; but through a well tempered glass, we can observe with delight its progress. So without the glass of the gospel, the glory of our God would be but dimly seen; but when looking into this glass, distant glories are brought near. Look, ye saints, at the face of your Redeemer, if you would see his glory

manifested. There is a passage in Hebrews too sublime for exposition, too sublime for angelic interpretation; Jesus Christ 'the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person.' Christians, you can now observe the glory of your Redeemer on the face of your Bible societies, your Tract societies, your Sunday schools; but, delightful thought, through all eternity your capacity for beholding this glory will be progressive. If, my fellow-sinner, you would see God on the earth, look for him among his saints."

On the subject of redemption through the blood of Jesus Christ, the following passage has been furnished by the same hand. "Marvellous indeed was the light which sprang out of chaos, when God said, 'Let there be *light*.' Marvellous was the light which guided the people of Israel through the wilderness, but more marvellous than either, is the light which, through the blood of our dear Redeemer, is poured into the sinner's soul, which will not only be a burning and a shining lamp to his feet while traversing earth, but will light him to his heavenly home, where he will see his God face to face,

> 'And flesh and sin no more control
> The sacred pleasures of the soul.' "

His impressive illustration of the passage, "Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth," will recur to the recollection of many readers. "Before our Redeemer could ascend into glory it was necessary that he should first descend and dwell among men, for such was the native grandeur of his character he could not have been exalted without being abased for this very purpose. But this we find is not necessary in case of man, for he is already debased by sin, and in order therefore to ascend, it is not needful that he should

first descend; his character needs only that elevation which the grace of God can give."

The beauty of the sentiment that follows, is but a solitary instance amid multitudes of the delicacy of his mind. "The exertions of Christians for the kingdom of Christ, while they are fulfilling prophecy, are with a seraphic zeal and fervor, emphatically hastening the day of the Lord."

Preaching from the passage, "Then shall the king say to them on his right hand, come ye blessed of my father, &c." after introducing the subject, he exclaimed, "How interesting a scene! *You* will be there; *I* shall be there. What can we suppose the king will say? See, he turns to those on his right hand! Hark! he speaks, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom.' How less than nothing are all the scenes earth has ever displayed compared with this! ye magnificent processions! ye royalties superb! we give you all to vanity, your mother, your highest boast.

"In describing such glories, how feeble the language of mortals! With greater success may the artist, on the canvass, describe the full grandeur and resplendence of the setting sun, than the most creative and sacred imagination exhibit a thousandth part of the dignities of this day. I feel the importance of our subject. My heart trembles beneath the ponderous theme. However it is your advantage I seek, and if, while I am speaking, the Holy Spirit uses the subject as a means of exciting your ambition, your solicitude, to be prepared and raised to the right hand of the Majesty on high, *my* earnest wishes, and *your* eternal happiness will alike be effected."

I have in my possession the skeleton of his sermon delivered at the opening of the Convention in 1823, in the city of Washington. The notes are short; but, aided by some recollection of the discourse, I feel it a duty to pre-

sent its general features. The text was impressive and peculiarly adapted to the occasion. "He thanked God and took courage," (Acts, 28: 15.) "The analogy that subsists between primitive saints and sincere christians in these later ages, is strong, beautiful, and instructive. Their consolations and sorrows, their regrets and anticipations, their apprehensions and supports, have a striking resemblance. While circumstances of such a nature demonstrate the unvarying character of holy truth, while they prove that the outlines of the Christian profession are, through every age, the same, they invite our inquiry into the sources whence their sacred comforts, amid their toils and sorrows, were drawn, that we may learn where to seek and how to maintain them.

"The apostle of the Gentiles, at the period to which our text alludes, was in circumstances of peculiar trial. Though he had done nothing worthy of death or of bonds, by the express confession of his adversaries, yet no means of securing to himself the common rights of society, seemed left him, except by appealing to Cæsar.

"To this measure he was the more invited, partly from a desire of visiting a city, that was then the capital of Italy, and of the world, a city in almost every respect far superior to the Rome of modern times. He had said, 'So much as in me lieth, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are in Rome also.' Beside this, a short time before the events alluded to in the passage, in the night he saw the Lord standing by him, who said, 'Be of good cheer, Paul, for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou also bear witness also at Rome.'

"In consequence of his appeal it was determined that himself and his companion should sail thither, and Paul and other prisoners were delivered unto one named Julius, a centurion, of Augustus' band. His voyage and journey

were attended with disasters, but they were marked with peculiar consolations. He was blest with the spirit of prophecy, with the vision of an angel, with escape from shipwreck, with a miraculous deliverance from a viper, with the protection and patronage of Jehovah upon the sea and the land. But that which more especially touched his heart was the attention, sympathy, and succors of his believing brethren at Tyre, (27 : 3) at Puteoli, (28 : 13, 14) at Appii Forum, about fifty miles from Rome, and at a place called *Tres Tabernæ*, or the Three Taverns, a little more than thirty miles distant from the city. Some came fifty, some thirty miles, to welcome, console, and encourage the greatest apostle that ever bore the messages of God to man.

"Perhaps the heart of Paul might have sunk within him. He was a man of like passions with ourselves, but when he saw the brethren, 'he thanked God, and took courage.'

"We raise from the passage the general idea that Christian interviews have a tendency to excite gratitude and confidence. These graces and blessings, it is hoped, will distinguish the present Convention of the Baptist denomination of the United States. Thankfulness to God is one of the noblest duties in which the mind can be engaged. It is a service reasonable in itself. It is a service most pleasant. It is a service that has a perpetual claim on our regard, a service of a most comprehensive character, and an exercise, for the most part, of a spiritual nature. It may be expressed by the song, 'Awake up my glory,' by the establishing of memorials, as the altar of Noah, the pillar of Jacob, the stone of Samuel, and the valley of Berachah. It may be expressed by the gestures of the body. Thus Abraham fell on his face, Daniel, 'kneeled upon his knees,' and the priesthood of Aaron lifted up their hands unto God; but in general, thanksgiving is an exer-

cise of the heart. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' The lofty heavens, the irrational creation, the saints in glory, the angels, exemplify and assist our anthems of praise.

"Courage is a sacred resolution of the soul to sustain the sorrows, and triumph over the difficulties of our situation in life. It is fortitude in its active and passive forms. It is distinct from *pusillanimity*. Barak said, 'If thou wilt go with me, then will I go, but if thou wilt not go with me, I will not go.' But courage can tread the wine-press *alone*. It is distinct from *temerity*. The aphorism of the clerk at Ephesus deserves perpetual respect; 'Ye ought to be quiet, and do nothing rashly.' Were I to personate this holy affection, I would call it a *Moses* entering the chambers of an oppressor, and demanding, in the name of God, the emancipation of the oppressed; a *David*, marching against an uncircumsised Philistine, with a sling and a stone; a *Hebrew band*, indifferent as to the result, though awed with a furnace heated seven times hotter than usual; a *Daniel*, fearlessly descending a den of lions; a *Paul*, troubled on every side, yet prepared to cry out, 'None of these things move me.'"

"Courage and thankfulness have a reciprocal influence on each other.

"I. Thankfulness produces courage.

"1. It makes the mind conversant with infinite power and goodness. Familiar with greatness, it becomes great itself. If the presence of the heroes of the earth, inspire resolution, how much more the presence of the God of Jacob.

"2. It is a sacred duty, and in common with every holy action, fills the mind with strength. Sin enfeebles: 'The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth;' on the contrary, 'The righteous are bold as a lion.'

"3. It has a natural tendency to awaken and elevate all the powers of the soul. "O come let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation." The whole of the 98th Psalm is a specimen of pious hilarity, when the heart is cast down, the arm is unnerved; but a thankful temper, by calling its powers into life, arrays them for holy action.

"4. It is frequently awakened by a recollection of divine deliverances. David says, "Thy loving kindness is before mine eyes, and I have walked in thy truth." Saints in their afflictions can say, "Is his arm shortened? Are his affections withdrawn? He *hath* delivered, and in him we trust, that he will deliver still."

"II. Courage has an excellent effect upon thankfulness. It is an important exercise viewed in reference to our own weakness, our restless adversaries, the dishonor of cowardice in the greatest of causes, the laborious nature and extended field of those services which the Christian is called to fulfil, and the approbation of God.

(These points were all amplified by the speaker.) Who but God can inspire it, who but God can sustain it? Courage is a devotional temper, banishing timidity, correcting excesses, and confessing the hand of God in all. Its language is, 'In the name of the Lord we will set up our banners.' Thus when Jabin, the king of Canaan, with Sisera his captain, mightily oppressed the children of Israel for twenty years, and when by the courage of Deborah he was subdued, she uttered the voice of thanksgiving. 'Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel, when the people willingly offered themselves. Hear, O ye kings; give ear, O ye princes; I, even I, will sing unto the Lord, I will sing praises unto the Lord God of Israel. So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.' (Judges v. 2, 3 and 31st verse.)

"But while gratitude and confidence reciprocally act on each other, the intercourse of the servants of God has an influence in advancing both.

"1. What are seen but monuments of divine power and goodness, examples of the advance of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus. When the gospel was first introduced to Rome is unknown. Perhaps by the strangers from Rome, who were present at the Pentecost. Paul had written them an epistle before the present visit, and already were there saints in Cæsar's household.

"2. The tendency of Christian interviews may also be seen in the communications which they present relative to the growth of the empire of Christ.

"3. It is exhibited in the sympathies, which holy men are prepared to extend to their brethren in affliction and toil.

"4. Christian interviews have an influence in advancing gratitude and confidence, by the prayers which are offered in relation to the cause of God on the earth.

"5. By the counsel they are able to impart, and the deliberations in which they are ready to unite. As 'Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.'

"6. By the spirit of holy co-operation which they are disposed to cherish. Man of God, thou shalt not suffer alone, *alone* thou shalt not toil in the work of the Lord.

"United effort becomes powerful effort. United vapors form the clouds of heaven, the chariots of God, the source of all the beauty which April sheds on the vegetative earth.

"United sands form the bulwarks of the ocean, and are employed to restrain the madness of the surges, and execute the decisions of heaven—'Thus far shalt thou go, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'

"Stars, shedding their mingled though tremulous rays, maintain the grandeur, the beauty, the solemnities of the midnight hour.

"7. By the paralyzing influence which such interviews produce on the arm of the Prince of darkness, and on the stratagems of earth.

"If Satan trembles at the sight of a solitary individual, and cries out '*Paul I know*,' what must be his terror, when the servants of God are united in holy service? I seem to hear him utter the despairing language, '*Bible societies I know, Mission societies I know, Sabbath schools I know, Tract societies I know, the Baptist General Convention I know.*'

"As to earthly opposers, look at them. At the very sight of the city of God, of the mountain of his holiness, of the palaces of Jehovah, they are troubled and haste away. Fear takes hold upon them, and pain as of a woman in travail. (Ps. xlviii. 4—8.)

"8. By the influence produced on the minds of other brethren, who have not yet joined the associations of those who have come up to the help of the Lord. Our former meetings together have had a salutary effect, and this Convention has been steadily increasing in numbers and strength.

"9. By the blessings which the Lord usually sheds on Christian interviews. When the disciples walking to Emmaus were joined by the risen Saviour, though they recognized him not, and he opened to their understanding the Scriptures, concerning his death, their hearts burned within them. While the disciples were together on one occasion praying for Peter, the blessing of heaven richly descended in answer to their cries, and aided by an angel from heaven, the apostle Peter stood before them, having passed through the prison doors unobserved."

The improvement of the subject was short and forcible. He observed, "Let no inattention of others dispirit your exertions. While some ingloriously abide among the sheepfolds, while some abide in ships, and others in breaches, there remain men, who, like Zebulon and Naphtali, are prepared to jeopard their lives unto death in the high places of the field.

"To the exercise of the duties exhibited in the text, we are imperiously called by the signs of the times. Others are meeting, of every name, to advance the interests of Zion; others are blessing God in monthly meetings for devotion, and in the closet; while others are holding up the feeble hands, and exciting the weak to active fortitude in the contest.

"Let us bless God, Bible societies have become broad rivers and streams, bearing on their bosom the treasures of knowledge and holiness; tracts are entering the mansions of the great and the cottages of the poor; children are trained in Sunday schools; Hindoos are learning the path to heaven; Burmans are baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, and the presence of their emperor accessible to the missionaries of the cross.

"It is now too late to assert, that prophecies are of dubious import, that the time for building the Lord's house has not yet come, that missionary schemes are visionary, that to turn the heathen from their idolatries is a task never to be accomplished, that education is adverse to piety and public usefulness in the cause of God. These ideas have passed away, I was going to say, like the Levitical system before the establishment of the kingdom of the Messiah upon the earth; but that economy, though transient, was an ordinance of God, these objections are the offspring of prejudice, apathy, or error. Christ must reign until all enemies are put under his feet. Ignorance shall vanish

before the light of his path, sorrow be obliterated from the bosoms of men, and wars shall cease unto the ends of the earth.

"The emperor of France once said, '*I live for glory.*' My brethren of the Convention, we live for *glory* not our own, let that perish in the dust, but for the *glory* of the church, for the glory of God. Our song is, 'Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be all the glory.' We are brethren assembled together in unity, and with the blessing of the Lord, our interview shall be precious as the ointment of Aaron, that went down to the skirts of his garments, invigorating as the dew of Hermon, that descended upon the mountains of Zion."

The following tender and soothing passages are taken from a funeral sermon, preached upon the decease of the Rev. Samuel Jones. He was, for more than fifty-one years, the beloved and affectionate pastor of the Baptist Church at Pennebek, in the State of Pennsylvania.

"In some views, it may appear of no moment where the mortal part is lodged, when the spirit has forsaken it; yet how few are the minds that can resist, or would wish to resist, the tender emotions and attachments, which the graves of our dearest connexions awaken. Isaac and Ishmael may be considered as gratifying the desire of Abraham, when they buried him in the cave of Macphelah, where reposed the ashes of Sarah, his wife. It was the united voice of natural affection and faith, which Joseph heard from his dying parent; 'bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt; but I will lie with my fathers; and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying place.' I will here only add, that the remains of your dear pastor, are sleeping by the side of his affectionate wife and children, and surrounded by the dust of such as

were once the happy people of his anxious charge. In the same silent ground, you are already anticipating resting-places for yourselves.

"It is remarked by Dr. Fuller, on the decease of Abraham, that 'even in the grave, it is natural to wish to associate with those whom we have known and loved on earth, and still more in the world to come.' May not the gathering of a saint to his fathers involve in it the welcome idea, that he has gone to mingle with the spirits of the just in heaven? Many of you have beloved parents or children, brethren and sisters, in the flesh and in the Lord, already in glory. Have not your hearts been soothed, as you stood weeping over their clay, that in a little time you and they should meet again? Indulge the delightful idea. Soon to their invaluable company, you, who fear the Lord, shall be restored. They are already standing on the shores of heaven, and waiting to welcome you to everlasting habitations. They have their Father's name in their foreheads, and in a little time the same characters shall be resplendent on yours. Wander to-day no longer among the tombs. Rise with me in your meditations. Behold your deceased elder, among the elders before the throne! See him walking in white with his spiritual children. He is your associate on earth no more; but he has now for his companions, apostles and prophets, martyrs and angels. He has fought the good fight, and you have reason to believe is wearing the crown of righteousness. Instead of bedewing his grave with incessant tears, exult for the victory he has obtained, and press toward the mark for the prize of your high calling."

The closing passages are peculiarly fine. After giving a short statement of the dying experience of this man of God, he says, "On Monday, the 7th of February last, at

one o'clock in the afternoon, he closed his own eyes and fell asleep."

"Then you, my dear friend, his surviving daughter, became fatherless. I rejoice that you have been assisted to sustain the shock, with a fortitude so truly Christian. Be thankful to the Lord, who gave you such a parent, and for so long a period. Lean on your father's God, and patiently wait the interviews of heaven. Be thankful, my beloved brethren, who compose this church of the Lord Jesus, for having been blessed with such an under-shepherd. Laborious, faithful and affectionate, he inspired your confidence, you exercised it freely, and it never was abused. Copy his holy example, recollect his solemn instructions, and prepare to meet him in heaven. May the Lord assist you in the choice of a successor.

"I see in the assembly many of you, my aged friends, bitterly weeping. Methinks I hear you say, as did Beza of Calvin, 'Since he is gone, life has become less sweet, and death less bitter.' I see the youth all around me in tears. You are sensible he felt, he deeply felt for you. Consider him as bequeathing to you the sententious lines on the grave-stone of one of his children. Write them on your hearts;

> 'All who live must die;
> All who die must live
> In endless joy or woe.'

"May you meet your minister, in the judgment day, 'with joy, and not with grief.'

"Forget not, my brethren, that though earthly pastors fall asleep, and are laid to their fathers, the great Shepherd continues the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

On one occasion, he was preaching from the words, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." His soul kindled as

he proceeded, with intense ardor for the salvation of his assembly. He represented, in a strain of vivid and powerful eloquence, the joy of the angelic hosts upon the repentance of one sinner. Had a stenographer been employed to write down his language, he would have paused; his pen would have refused to move, and he would have been fixed as a statue of marble. Perfect silence reigned through the vast audience. There was a moment's pause, and it was obvious, from his countenance and his attitude, that his mind was preparing for some powerful and overwhelming flood of feeling. He proceeded:—"Shall I retire with the desponding reflection, that, in all this congregation, there is not one soul humbled before God? Shall angels prepare their wings for flight, and the voice of contrition be unheard? It cannot be. I will cherish the hope that there is at least one sinner here, whose heart is melted down before the Lord, and trembling at the prospect of future retribution: that there is, even now, one whose agony is on the point of extorting from his lips the cry of the publican." Suddenly throwing up his arm, with a voice full, loud, and rapid, he exclaimed, "*Hark!*" The effect it is impossible to describe. His arm remained for a time elevated, during which the most awful stillness reigned, interrupted only by an apparently delicate and indescribable breathing, that seemed to pass over the congregation, midway in the edifice. Then, with that grace and energy peculiar to himself, he brought down his hand upon his breast, and repeated the prayer, "*God, be merciful to me, a sinner.*"

The feelings of the assembly were wrought to the highest point, and some time elapsed before they were enabled to breathe freely. The writer of this Memoir was so completely carried away, that he frankly concedes, he has ever since been at a loss to recall the exact language

of the Doctor. His attitude, his countenance, his voice, it were a vain attempt to sketch.

During the latter period of his ministry, he used glasses to assist his vision. Those who were familiar with his preaching, at this period, recollect, distinctly well, that whenever he removed his spectacles, and laid them on the pulpit, it was a certain indication that some new and glowing idea was forming in his mind, which he was about to utter, in a strain of impassioned eloquence.

His illustrations of truth were, emphatically, *scriptural.* In comparing scripture with scripture, and thus throwing light upon difficult passages, he was remarkably successful. His boldest images, his finest conceptions were drawn from the treasury of divine inspiration. His quotations were appropriate and convincing.

His appeals to the consciences of men were truly powerful. When he directed their minds to the peace-speaking blood of Christ, and exhibited the mercy of God to the penitent, there was a softening, subduing influence, that involuntarily started the tear from the eye; but when he addressed impenitent sinners in the language of warning, Sinai seemed to tower over their heads, and cast forth its fearful flames: the glittering sword of divine justice impended: the scene of Sodom and Gomorrah, as the descending flames spread over these fair portions of earth, seemed to rise before them, and the thunder of an insulted God convulsed the earth. By the force of his action, the modulations of his voice, and the felicity of his images, he never failed to produce an impression that the scenes portrayed were really before them. We have seen the tower trembling to its base, and gradually undermined, until the centre of gravity no longer supported, we have shuddered, as, with roaring crash, it fell, and, even to this day, we can fancy we hear its long-continued and tremendous echoes.

We have seen the sinner suspended over an unfathomable gulf by a feeble cord; we have felt as though every power of action was paralyzed at his imminent danger, and, before we had recovered from the shock, we have seen the support suddenly parted asunder, and almost shrieked with agony, as we witnessed his rapid descent, his everlasting disappearance.

We have been carried to the bed-side of the expiring saint, have heard his triumphant hallelujahs, have listened with intense interest to the last sigh that announced the separation of body and soul. We have seemed to see the spirit surrounded by a host of angels, and swiftly rising to the habitations of the redeemed. Even heaven itself appeared to be opened, and the holiest of all to burst upon our vision, as the enraptured soul entered into rest: and, as those holy doors closed upon him, the distant sound has seemed to strike upon our ear, "Salvation to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

We subjoin a testimony of his uncommon talents, the influence of his eloquence, and the high opinion which was entertained of his character, as a man and a Christian, from a paper published, several years since, in a neighboring city:—

"Our city has lately been favored by a visit from this celebrated divine, scholar and philanthropist. The numerous crowds of the learned, polite and gay world, as well as of other classes, who daily assembled to hear him, speak his eulogium stronger than the pen. All those who have had the pleasure of hearing him, or who have enjoyed the delight of his society, will heartily acknowledge that he is an orator of high order and towering genius, as well as a gentleman of the first accomplishment. His elocution is nervous, attractive, and often sublime. He treats his sub-

jects with great ability and argument, displays a vast extent of knowledge and research, and adorns his sermons with the beauties of poesy, and the imagery of nature. His piety is as pure as his mind is capacious, and he leads the hearer through the paths of rhetoric with equal pleasure and improvement. He affectionately invites and encourages the sinner to leave the scenes of worldly pleasure, and seek repose in the bosom of a merciful Saviour; and, in the sound of a torrent, warns him to abandon his wicked pursuits. Liberal, enlightened and magnanimous, he feels, he prays, he entreats for all, and, like the glorious king of day, he enlivens, warms and influences with his radiance. But if he is eminent in the pulpit, he is no less conspicuous in the social circle: easy, unaffected and dignified, condescension makes him the delight of the parlor.

"Possessing the vast stores of classic lore, the sacred page, and modern literature, he is never at a loss for subjects, abounds with anecdotes and wit, unmixed with the bitterness of satire, and never descending from the dignity of his character. The young and old, the grave and gay, crowd, with equal pleasure, around him, and all are anxious 'to share the good man's smile.' His modesty, meekness and humility are alike remarkable. In a word, he may rank among the highest, as a scholar, gentleman and Christian."

His success in preaching sermons for the purpose of collecting money to aid in the benevolent objects of the day, was truly astonishing. Even the miser, overcome by his appeals, could not refuse his gift. No one can read the extract which follows, at the close of a sermon upon one of these occasions, without a perfect conviction that he was master of the secret springs of human sympathy, and could touch them at his pleasure:

"What more shall I add, my brethren, to excite your liberality? Could I take you severally into some of the mansions of misery in our city, and show you the pallet where the child of want and sorrow is lying, whose former condition in life makes the idea of an alms-house afflicting, and whose distresses are cheered only by the hopes that spring will bring better days, and that Christian bosoms are not dead to sympathy? Could I place before your eyes the shivering infant, the starving grandsire, the poor widow, forsaken, neglected, forgotten, or even the repenting, tattered profligate, I know you would melt: in spite of all the apologies self-love might suggest, your charity would abound.

"Two boats, some time ago, were sent out from Dover to relieve a vessel in distress. The fury of the tempest overset one of them, which contained three sailors, and a companion sunk. The two remaining sailors were floating on the deep: to one of them, from the other boat, a rope was thrown; but he refused it, crying out, '*Fling it to Tom:* he is just ready to go down; I can last some time longer.' They did so: Tom was drawn into the boat. The rope was then flung to the generous tar, just in time to save him from drowning. Look on the boisterous sea of this world. You have your conflicts, we acknowledge, but there are some who cannot *last* like you. *Throw* out immediately to their assistance, or it may be too late. Accomplish now, what, I persuade myself, you thought of yesterday, during the cold and heavy snow-storm. Come, my brethren, discharge your duty, adorn the gospel, disappoint the devil, and revere a present God?"

Who can read it, and not feel? How, then, must they have felt who heard it from his lips, and, from his inimitable manner, saw before them the dashing waves, the struggling sailors, the throwing out of the rope; who heard, as

from the deep itself, the generous tar crying, '*fling it to Tom*,' and with trembling anxiety waited the result, as though they had, from the shore, witnessed the whole scene? And then the storm of the preceding day, when, sitting by their comfortable fire-sides, and thinking of the sufferings of the poor, at such a season, an impression, I believe, almost universal at such times, and you may conceive that the whole audience were ready to fly to clothe the shivering infant, to feed the starving grandsire, to comfort the neglected, forsaken widow, and to encourage the reformation of the tattered profligate.

On occasions of this kind, the gentlemen have emptied their pockets, the ladies their purses: many have thrown in valuable gold rings, and even watches have been laid on the plates as they were passed rouud.

The following beautiful passage is found in his address to General Lafayette, delivered in the chapel of the Columbian college, D. C.:—"You have come, Sir, not like Æneas, driven to a foreign shore by unpropitious winds; not like Ulysses, searching an absent son; but like the good old patriarch, Jacob, you have formed the resolution, 'I will go down and see my child, ere I die.'"

He was frequently called in various directions, to assist in the constitution of new churches, and the ordination of ministers. His charges to the latter were always affectionate, and practical, evincing the deep concern which he felt for the purity of the church, and the success of an evangelical ministry.

His eulogium, delivered on the celebrated Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, may be regarded as one of the most chaste productions that the English language can furnish. We will present to our readers a few extracts from it. His commencing observations, upon the subject of eulogy, are striking and just:

"It has been no inconsiderable part of the wisdom of nations, by grateful monuments, to honor the memory of men who have promoted the public good. The harps of minstrels, the chisel of the statuary, the pencil of the artist, the bold designs of the architect, the votes of senates, and the eloquence of orators, have been charged with the sacred service. Eulogy has, doubtless, in some nations and instances, swelled itself into extravagance and crime. Divine honors were never the desert of mortals, and to them were never tendered, without an insult on the perfections of the infinite Creator. And yet statesmen and generals, philosophers and physicians, have been deified, not simply in the licentious effusions of the poet, but by the erection of temples and altars, the imposition of victims, and the offering of prayers. With this folly Socrates himself is chargeable, who, a little before his dissolution, enjoined Crito to exonerate him of a vow, by offering a cock to Æsculapius. Egypt was the mother, and Greece and Rome the adopters of this irreverence to the Supreme.

"The encomiast has, moreover, sometimes so degraded himself and his office, as to have ascribed high virtues and presented garlands of renown to men whose career has been the curse, and whose decease the relief of mankind. Infamy itself has sometimes audaciously bound on its forehead the frontlet of honor. 'Had we no other historian of the Roman emperors,' says Mr. Addison, 'but those we find on their money, we should take them for the most virtuous race of princes mankind were ever blessed with; whereas, if we look into their lives, they appear, many of them, such monsters of lust and cruelty, as are almost a reproach to human nature. Tiberius, on his coins, is all mercy and moderation; Caligula and Nero are the fathers of their country; Galba, the patron of pub-

lic liberty; and Vitellius, the restorer of the city of Rome. In short, if you have a mind to see the religious Commodus, the pious Caracalla, and the devout Heliogabalus, you may find them in the inscription or device of their medals.'

"The abuse of panegyric offers no argument against its propriety and usefulness. Encomiums may be pronounced without derogating from the glory of Jehovah. Counterfeit circulation only enhances the value of genuine coin, as does a mischievous empyricism the worth of medical science. Under the inspiration of his God, David delivered his eulogium on the death of Jonathan and Saul. He describes them as 'swifter than eagles and stronger than lions.' Who can be insensible to the generosity and delicacy of his heart, when he exclaims, 'Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet and other delights. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O, Jonathan, thou wast slain in high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been to me!'

"The frequent acquaintance, as he drops the guileless tear on the grave of the amiable Rush, shall involuntarily cry, '*Very pleasant hast thou been to me.*'

"Many of the fathers of the Christian church, by their example, sanction attempts to display and immortalize virtuous character. The funeral orations of Eusebius on Constantine, of Nazianzen on Basil and Cœsarius, and those of Ambrose on Valentinian and Theodosius, with others of a similar nature, the world possesses. 'Great men,' says Rolin, 'are the property of a republic.' Admit they are such—a republic has a debt of gratitude to discharge. The pleasures of a good conscience, and the approbation of God, are paramount to all other retribution; yet the citizen, whose life is consecrated to the good of a

community, deduces an inexpressible pleasure from the hope that his memory after death will be grateful to those whom, while living, he laboriously served. When the magistrates of Lampascum, the place of the residence of Anaximander, inquired in what way they should honor his name, his wish, alike modest and sentimental, was, that the boys might have leave to play on the anniversary of his decease. The mind that is dead to the veneration of posterity scarce ever deserves it. Eulogy, the meed of merit, is soothing to the grief of surviving relatives; it calls into action the most manly affections of the heart, it gives tone and fire to youthful ardor, and makes us, in spite of conscious incapacity and indolence, aspire to become the sublime we draw. Suspect me not of the temerity of attempting the full-length portrait of Dr. Rush. I offer only a few outlines, and give shadow but to an eye or a hand. The thought consoles me, that, for near half a century, Philadelphia has been contemplating the fair original."

The passage relating to his decease and funeral is finely drawn:

"The bells, with muffled tongue, tolled not the tidings of his death. He had forbidden them. He had seen, in his practice, ill effects result to his patients, from the intelligence they have conveyed, and wished, as to himself, that testimonies of personal respect should be sacrificed to public good. Our friend is gone. No more shall we hear his luminous and oracular instructions, in the parlor circle, or from the Professor's chair. The eye of intelligence has lost its brightness. The furrowed cheek offers its channels no longer to the tears of sympathy. The whitened locks engage our reverence no more. Death has changed the countenance, and the meek light of wisdom it exhibited has vanished. A minister of health, no more shall

we see him rolling through our streets, in his plain vehicle, the faithful African at his side. No more shall he dispel the gloom from the chambers of disease, hear the blessings of convalescents, or alleviate the struggles of expiring life. His loved habitation, the temples of devotion, welcome his footsteps no more.

"He has lived for his country, and, in a special degree, citizens of Philadelphia, he has lived for *you*. The consciousness of your loss, and your gratitude for his toils, you have evinced by that general sadness which overspread the city, when report announced, *Dr. Rush is dead*. From crowded windows and streets, as to the church-yard his remains were borne, the countenances of thousands had, in common with those of the long procession of divines, physicians, philosophers, merchants and tradesmen, but one expression. To have given utterance to the universal feeling, you need only have exclaimed, *our father, our friend, is no more!*"

The following passages are offered without any remark. They will be felt by all who read them:

"In the chamber of sickness, the ease and elegance of Dr. Rush's manners always created respect, while his unaffected sympathy constrained age to love him as a brother, and youth to rejoice in him as a parent. He had always at hand some soothing observations, derived from his art as a physician, or his piety as a saint, to cheer the bosom of his patient. The sufferer almost forgot his pains, not with the horror which removes tooth-ache, in the presence of a dentist, but with the pleasure which music supplies, while it charms away the tarantula's bite. He marked the origin and progress of the diseases of his country with the eye of an eagle, and with the reflection of a sage. The pestilence, a visitation which the page of inspiration sublimely denominates '*death*,' with 'hell,' or the grave, in its

retinue, he endeavored to follow through its dismal meanders, and has pointed you to the ministers of heaven—the sky, the miasm, the neglected dock, or unventilated ship, that produced it. When Philadelphia was stormed by this dread invader, he was not merely a sentinel at his post, but a general in his ranks. He lost sight of his personal exposure in his solicitude for the recovery of his suffering fellow-citizens. His deliberate passion for the public good, no derision of his remedies, no misrepresentation of his principles, could exterminate or diminish. He felt and acted to the wide extent of his capacity, as a disciple of that Son of Man, who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

"In the chair of the Professor he appeared with peculiar advantage. His lectures exhibited a system of medicine that illumined the understanding of his pupils, and will secure the investigation, perhaps the universal applause of posterity. He decried nosology, only because persuaded of its mischiefs. He recommended system and theory in medicine, because he conceived its first principles as really ascertained, as are those of attraction and gravitation, the grand discovery of Newton, in the natural world; and because he saw the practice his theory suggested expeditiously and safely lessen the afflictions of depressed humanity. It would ill-become me, and certainly prove unavailing, to state my ideas of the system he taught. The world, and especially his country, have become familiar with the terms he employs. He has thrown open the volume of his ideas, and cheerfully left them to the perusal of time, who 'overthrows the illusions of opinion, but establishes the decisions of nature.'

"We have seen that, in his juvenile exercises, the deceased discovered an attachment to oratory and belles lettres. This talent, ripened, peculiarly fitted him to be-

come a public lecturer. He was greatly charmed with the eloquence of Whitfield, and has been thought, notwithstanding the compass of his voice was more limited, to have acquired, I suspect involuntarily, something of his emphasis and melodious tone. He always felt an interest in the sentiments he delivered. He was master of the stroke that could grave truth on the memory, or throw into vibration all the strings of the heart. His last course of lectures are supposed by his class to have been equal in animation and effect with any he ever delivered.

"I can never forget the close of his lecture, in the spring of 1812. I quote merely from memory: 'And now, gentlemen,' said he, 'I bid you farewell. For the first time this season, I have met you with reluctance. Accept my thanks for your respectful and orderly attention to the doctrines I have taught you. Happy should I have been to have invited you frequently, through the winter, to my family. I have no doubt I should have been edified and pleased with your company, but domestic affliction has prevented me.' He would have gone on, but his countenance suddenly reddened, and the big tears fell from his eyes. The class recollected the trying circumstances of a beloved son. Again he attempted to read—he could not; his aged hand, raised insensibly with grief, fell heavy on the desk—he bowed to retire. Some of the class attempted to express their feelings by clapping, but they were not able. The emotion was not to be uttered. Every youthful eye seemed to say, venerable father, '*God Almighty be thy supporter!*'

"A more powerful touch of natural, unpremeditated and penetrating eloquence I never witnessed. Let it be remembered, that Professor Rush owed none of his eminence to the diminutiveness of the talents of his associates. He was great in the midst of greatness. In the medical de-

partment of a university, where anatomy was made familiar by the promptness of nomenclature, the accuracy of demonstration, and the charms of physiology—where, in surgery, the lectures exhibit an informing simplicity, and the knife attempts with success every thing but miracles; where the materia medica, botany and natural history are presented with the attractions which reading and judgment, genius and eloquence supply; where chemistry and the remaining parts of a medical education are taught with correctness, respectability and effect, Dr. Rush maintained his elevation. Like a primal fixed star, amid the host of heaven, he shone with a lustre wholly his own.

"It is remarked by Bishop Newton, that 'all persons of any note and eminence bear a double character in the world.' This is true in relation to men distinguished in medicine. Fable itself intimates the thought. Medea was reported to have boiled men alive, because she first recommended warm bathing.

"The success of Æsculapius in healing disease is described as a crime sufficient to have incurred the indignation of the gods. But, dismissing fable, Herophilus, who first practised the anatomical knife, is called by Tertullian 'medicus aut lanius.' Galen, on a visit to Rome, was stigmatized as a 'theorist and magician.' Sydenham was charged with murdering his patients by repeated and plentiful blood-letting, and Harvey, for discovering the circulation of the blood, lost his reputation and practice. To state that Dr. Rush met with opposition and persecution, is to place him on the roll of his great predecessors. Had he been less eminent or laborious, he had suffered less.

"His troubles were counterbalanced with public tokens of respect. In 1793, in testimony of his important services during the yellow fever, the Board of Health presented him an elegant piece of plate, with an appropriate inscription.

In 1805, he was addressed to answer certain queries which the Russian government had ordered to be made on the subject of yellow fever; as a return, he received from the King a coronation medal. The thanks of the King of Spain in 1806, were tendered him for his answer to some queries on the subject of the same disease. In 1807, from the Queen of Etruria, a tribute to his talents, he received a gold medal. During the same year he became a member of the National Institute, Class of Fine Arts, at Paris, and the year following a member of the Society of the School of Physic there. In 1811, he received a diamond ring from the Emperor of Russia, as a compliment to his medical character. While distinguished by these honors from abroad, at home he enjoyed the respect and love of thousands.

"In the temples of Æsculapius, tablets were hung up recording the diseases which his skill and genius had cured. Look up—behold the tablet containing the cures of the great Philadelphia physician.

"Read the testimony of a youth:

> ''Twas in the circle of the gay I stood,
> Death would have entered! Nature pushed him back,
> Supported by a Doctor of renown:
> His point he gained.'

"See next the record of the poet:

> 'How late I shuddered on the brink of fate!
> That *time* is mine, O Rush! to thee I owe,
> Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*.'

"Here is the gratitude of age and weakness:

> 'Alive by miracle! or what is next,
> Alive by Rush! if I am still alive,
> Who long have buried what gives life to live:
> Firmness of nerve and energy of thought.'

"Another —— but the record is too long. It is a record of nearly fifty years, and of thousands of cases; we cannot go through it. The names of many of you are there—mine is there.

"Above his eminence as a physician, rises his character as a christian. It is observed by Dr. Lardner, that Galen has twice mentioned the name of Christ in his Treatise on the Pulses; but how oft is this venerable name mentioned, referred to, and magnified in the publications of Dr. Rush. Convinced of the truth of the scriptures, he endeavored to give them circulation. His defence of the use of the Bible as a school-book, published at a time when infidelity was preparing to condemn it to the flames, has been of singular benefit to his country. He was one of the first movers of the Bible Society of Philadelphia, drafted its constitution, and continued a vice-president until death. Aware of the sublime beauties recorded in the Bible, he made such judicious selections, and offered such ingenious and pious expositions as imparted to all his friends information and delight. His lectures acquired riches from the mines of inspiration, which never could have been collected from any other source. It is not surprising that his touches are found so exquisitely fine, he dipped his pencil in the colors of heaven. Permit me to give you an example of his familiar and devotional habit of illustratiug the scripture. In Psalms 3: 5, the prophet says, 'I laid me down and slept, I awoke, for the Lord sustained me.' 'I laid me down,' says our expositor, 'what thousands the last night, from affliction, could not lie down;' 'I slept,' what thousands have been strangers to sleep; 'I awoke,' how many have slept to awake no more. I owe my safety to this, 'thou Lord, sustained me.' I could give you many of the interpretations of the sacred word which I have heard him give, equally affecting and devout with the specimen I have

adduced. The Doctor had intended, as an employment in life's decline, to have published a work which he meant to have called, if my memory be correct, 'the Medicine of the Bible.' He had read and was justly dissatisfied with Dr. Richard Mead's *Medicina Sacra.* He saw its tendency to diminish respect for the sacred volume, and lamented it. For his work the Doctor had made considerable preparation; but his notes are too short for any one but himself to have completed. He intended to have shewn where cures are effected by natural means, and where miracle must be admitted; and to have demonstrated how much biblical physic harmonizes with the most useful and correct ideas of modern physicians. On his death-bed he expressed his regret that the work must fall. The world and the church of God have to lament that the noble design has failed. Equal talents and reading for such a production will not easily be found. I have the happiness to present to you a specimen of its intended nature, from a letter with which the Doctor honored me, dated May 5, 1804. The following is an extract:

"New matter presses upon me every day I open the Bible. In reading the book of Nehemiah, a few days ago, I was struck with the following passage: 'Yea, forty years didst thou sustain them in the wilderness, so that they lacked nothing; their clothes waxed not old, and their feet swelled not.' Long or distant walking always produces more or less swelling in the feet. It was universal in the American army during the revolutionary war, when new troops were marched to the camp. Bruce tells us his feet were not only swelled, but ulcerated, in consequence of marching over the sands of Nubia. The exemption of the Israelites from swelled feet, over a mountainous and often a stony wilderness, was, of course, as much a miracle as their clothes not waxing old." "I shall trespass upon

your time," he adds, "while I mention one more idea that has lately been suggested to me in reading the Old Testament.

"The sight of the brazen serpent curing a disease brought on by the bite of a living serpent, which the former was made to resemble, is contrary to all the laws of association which regulate the feelings of the human mind, as far as they relate to health and pleasure. It ought rather to have increased the disease it was prescribed to cure. Does not this suggest the influence of the cross upon the minds of men, to be contrary to all the natural and habitual dispositions of the human heart? What but divine wisdom, could have made the sight of a cross produce love, or a dead body produce life? No wonder this miraculous process for curing the moral disorders of our world, appeared to be *foolishness* to the wisest nation upon the face of the earth."

He subjoins, "I am encouraged to proceed in my inquiries, by recollecting a speech made to me by the late Rev. Mr. Marshall, of this city, on his death-bed. To a complaint I made of the unprofitable issue of my public labors, he replied, 'Don't be discouraged, my dear friend, by the want of success in your attempts to do good. Remember the Saviour of the world will say to his followers at the day of judgment, not well done thou *successful*, but thou FAITHFUL servant, enter *thou* into the joy of thy Lord.'"

The conclusion furnishes a happy specimen of his usual skill in finishing a discourse.

"Where shall I close the detail! His task is done. He has bidden us adieu. He has ascended to receive the blessing, even life forever more." His sons have caught his mantle!

"Gentlemen, the Graduates and Students in Medicine, of the University of Pennsylvania:

"I respectfully beg of you, to copy your bright exampler. Imitate his habits of punctuality, his suavity of manners, his accuracy of observation, his unwearied perseverance. He saw with Hippocrates a physician's embarrassments, *vita brevisars longa, occasio celeris, experimentum lubricum, judicium difficile;* but he has left you an example, how much can be effected by patient labor. Read his three essays addressed to gentlemen, entitled Sermons on Temperance and Exercise. You all loved him. May you imitate him in the fear of God, and in benevolence to men, that when you die, a grateful public may bedew your memory with tears, such as have been shed at your instructer's grave.

"When the melancholy intelligence arrived, that the hero and father of our country was no more, I remember to have heard an officer, as he dropt the honest tear, exclaim, 'Well, I rejoice I have been a soldier under Washington.' With a like sensibility methinks I hear each of you utter, what you will often repeat, 'I rejoice I have been a pupil under Rush.' "

A very short time before the decease of Dr. Rush, he called upon Dr. Staughton, and observed, "my errand to you this morning, sir, is to say, the good you are doing in this city you will never know in this world, particularly among medical students. The influence of your preaching among this class has fallen under my observation." He concluded by saying, what thou art doing, "thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Those who have not had an opportunity of hearing and feeling the power of his eloquence, and who are aware of the connexion which the writer of the Memoir sustains to his family, may be ready to conclude, that the description is too highly wrought, and that peculiar partiality to the

deceased may have induced the sketch; but those who have participated in the rich effusions of his pulpit exhibitions will be perfectly satisfied that the description falls far below the truth. All who have ever heard him, are aware of the impossibility of committing to paper, the rich, and powerful strains of his eloquence.

I have now before me a work, written by a gentleman of South Carolina, in which he has given a vivid, and, to a certain extent, an accurate sketch of the Doctor's pulpit eloquence. He observes: "Dr. Staughton is about the ordinary height of men; very broad across the shoulders. He has a full expansive chest, that will always ensure him against the ravages of *phthisis pulmonalis*, and is rather thickly set than otherwise. His countenance is not uncommonly expressive or peculiar. His eyes emit no ray of genius, and the color verges to dulness. But there is a grace in all his movements. Not a single gesture or attitude fails of the fullest effect. His voice is now soft as the balmy breath of spring; and again its tones imitate the loud spirit-stirring blast of rudest winter.

"He excels every speaker I ever heard, in the quickness and felicity with which he modulates the tones of his voice to the meaning and spirit of his words. His manner enforces the idea of the author with signal success. How often has an audience listened to this eloquent hymn of Watts without emotion; but when the Doctor's voice, repeating the first line of the first verse is heard, every idle thought vanishes, and the stillness of death is heard around.

'I send the joys of earth *away*.'

Such is the effect that we seemingly behold the winged joys of the earth about to retire from the sight, and we feel a mingled sensation of satisfaction and regret; but when we hear him repeat,

'Away, ye *tempters* of the mind,'

the sensation of regret dissolves, and we loathe the tempters, lovely and beautiful as they are. Here the tone and gesture of the orator, imprint on the mind the idea of each laughing joy and fascinating pleasure being hastily expelled the sacred soil of the mind, which they had too long polluted. Lest our attachments should linger around them as harmless and innocent, he tells us, with a voice, like the soft stillness of silent waters, that they are

'*False* as the *smooth* deceitful sea.'

We now deem each pleasure to be a siren, ready to seduce us from holiness; when the voice of the orator in a tone like the sound of jarring elements, declares it to be

'*Empty* as the *whistling* wind.'

Whoever has heard this hymn recited by the Doctor, will surely remember the eloquent action of the orator; and if he fail to remember it, it is only because the pleasures of the mind occupy no green spot in the bowers of his memory.

"The adaptation of the sound to the sense, with such exquisite skill, may, in the opinion of some good persons, who are, in the language of Addison, 'pious to a fault,' savor too strongly of theatrical action; and consequently incur their partial condemnation. Of such it may be inquired, what is the end of public speaking? Is it not to convince, to encourage, to warn, to inspire? And that eloquence which can convince the wavering, encourage the diffident, warn the rashly resolute, and inspire the good, with the greatest force, and with the most remarkable effect, the eloquence whether of action or idea, that can accomplish this, is the highest and most heavenly.

"It will be inquired, does the eloquence of Doctor Staughton possess this irradiating power, this divine effluence? It undoubtedly possesses it in an eminent degree. It

absorbs the attention of the various gradations of an audience more intensely than the eloquence of any *learned* orator to whom I have listened. Although the theme of his discourse be elevated far above the ken of an ordinary audience, yet the expressive modulations of his voice, his attitudes, his gestures, and repeated bursts of illustrative eloquence, command the attention and quicken the feelings of his audience. I once heard him deliver a sermon, the subject of which was a comparison instituted between the heathen mythology and the Christian system; a common audience is alike ignorant of the philosophy of either; yet such was his impressive action, that when he was declaiming, with great pathos, on the impossibility of deriving consolation for the wounded spirit from the pages of a heathen poet, a female in the gallery was overpowered by the fulness of her feelings, and fell into a swoon.

"The great excellence of the Doctor consists in the fertility of his imagination, the rich and splendid fulness of his periods, the classic purity of his language, a most harmonious voice, and the most impressive action. With these acquirements—for nature can bestow no such gifts, he has obtained a reputation for eloquence, which might satisfy the proudest aspirant; and which will be held in pleasing recollection, long after its venerable author shall have retired from the busy scenes of mortal existence."

In addition to what this writer has said, I would observe, that Dr. Staughton rarely, if ever, wrote out a discourse, unless it was designed for publication. He employed notes generally in the pulpit, but they were very short; and not unfrequently he entirely departed from the range of his preparation.

His expositions of the Old Testament on Lord's day morning, which occupied him for many years, were among the most brilliant efforts of his genius. It might be sup-

posed that every well-turned and finely polished period of these discourses, had been weighed in the balances of the closet. But this was not the fact. He had not time to devote to this labor. Much of the brightest drapery that was thrown around his thoughts, was the result of a soul kindling with love to God, and on fire for the salvation of sinners. His soul flowed out with the simplicity and ardor of a child. Its breathing thoughts rolled on with unexampled majesty, and "words that burn," yes, fresh from the altar of his heart, chained down, subdued, enraptured every mind.

His published discourses can never furnish a test of his power in the pulpit; yet, to a certain extent, the reader will perceive the effect they must have produced. A few more specimens of his printed sermons are presented to the attention of the public. Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, ex-presidents, both departed this life on the same day, and *that* the jubilee of our independence. Dr. Staughton was requested, through a committee, appointed at town-meetings in the city of Washington, to deliver a funeral sermon in honor of the memory of those deceased patriots and statesmen. On the sixteenth of the same month, at the capitol, the sermon was delivered, founded on the appropriate passage, "Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, in their deaths they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions."

The exordium is remarkably fine, and in the best style of the author.

"No ordinary circumstances have induced us to assemble in our capitol this morning. Death may glory in the spoils, which on the fourth of the present month he acquired; but, there is a political as well as an evangelic import in the triumph. 'Death is swallowed up in victory.' Twelve millions of our citizens have received, or are receiving, the

intelligence that two of the greatest statesmen the world ever knew, died both 'on the same day,' and that was the day on which the trumpet of our jubilee was sounding. This interesting fact will become incorporated with the history of our Union, and excite the astonishment of future ages. It would seem, by this unparalleled providence, as if Jehovah were saying to the American, as to the Hebrew nation, 'Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year.'

"To recommend the virtues, and propose the examples, of the illustrious dead, was the constant practice of the ancient Egyptians, of the Greeks, and of the Romans. The primitive fathers of the Christian church adopted the measure, and it appears, at an early period, to have been in use among the pious Jews. The passage we have read, as the basis of our morning's meditations, is selected from the first formal elegy which the volume of revelation contains. The occasion was exceedingly calamitous. 'The Philistines,' the hereditary and inexorable enemies of Israel, 'fought against' them. 'The men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa. And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons; and the Philistines slew Jonathan and Abinadab and Melchishua, Saul's sons.' Wounded sorely by the archers, Saul requested his armor-bearer to slay him, but he would not, on which 'Saul took a sword and fell upon it.' His faithful armor-bearer imitated the melancholy example of his master, for 'he fell likewise upon his sword and died with him.'

"On receiving the intelligence, in a strain of peculiar beauty, which no translation can fully convey, David requests that the melancholy disclosure should not be made in Gath or Askelon, 'lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice; lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.' He asks, that on the degraded mountains of Gilboa, no dew

nor rain may descend,—no fields of offering may be seen. He directs the daughters of Israel to weep, exclaiming thrice in the course of his short, but beautiful effusion, 'How are the mighty fallen. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.'

"Far different, indeed, was the dissolution of the eminent statesmen, whose loss we are convened, this day, to improve. They expired on their couches, surrounded with those gentle and solicitous attentions, which filial affection and faithful friendship could supply. When the chief magistrate of our country heard of the deep affliction of his beloved parent, he hastened, with all rapidity, that he might, like Joseph in reference to Jacob, pay the last tribute of filial affection—but, he could not command the chariot of the lightning, or the wing of the whirlwind. He arrived too late; not indeed to receive a father's blessing, for that had been already bequeathed.

"But if in nothing else, the slaughtered heroes of Israel and the deceased patriots of America can be found to correspond, in this they resemble each other: 'Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'"

In exhibiting that lovely and pleasant tenor of conduct for which these deceased patriots were distinguished, and which it becomes all men, especially such as are moving in the higher circles of life, to maintain, some brilliant passages occur:

"When man is a little elevated above his fellow-man, his heart too frequently becomes turgid; he seems almost to have forgotten that his origin is dust, and his elevation vapor. But, oh, there is an unutterable charm in that merit, that power, that station, that influence, that noble-

ness of intellect which reverences the precept, 'mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.' I venerate that greatness which, while it stands like a towering mountain on the margin of the ocean, finds its chief delight in the idea, that it can serve as a director to the mariner in distress; that greatness which, though it shines like the sun, rejoices not in its own splendor, but in the kind influences it communicates. How much an unassuming temper governed the lives of our deceased friends, let the easy and unceremonious hospitality of Quincy and Monticello testify.

"But to impart to moral excellence its full and real character, we are taught, in the divine word, that 'the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost,' are indispensable. The highest motives to every good word and work are to be deduced from the history of holy men of God, and especially from the character of the Lord Jesus—from the offices which he sustains, and from the example which he has left.

"Nothing conduces so effectually to wither the energies, and destroy the usefulness of man, as habits of vice. When the Israelites sinned against Jehovah, 'the hearts of the people melted, and became as water.' This idea is forcibly exhibited in the writings of Moses. 'Upon them that are left alive of you, I will send a faintness into their hearts in the lands of their enemies; and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them; and they shall flee as fleeing from a sword; and they shall fall when no man pursueth.' The history of such unprincipled despots as Herod and Nero illustrate the fact. On the contrary, virtue produces an intrepidity, beyond what was ever felt by the arm of the warrior. It is this which makes men *swifter than eagles, stronger than lions.* A heathen could say of a man, righteous and tenacious of honorable purposes, that not the

ardor of citizens commanding injustice, not the features of a pressing tyrant, can affect him. Were the world, shattered into pieces, to fall, its fragments would strike him undismayed. The volume of inspiration abounds with examples of this moral courage. Moses led out the oppressed Israelites from Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the King. To the request offered to Nehemiah to secrete himself from the plots of his adversaries, he replied, 'Should such a man as I flee, and who is there that being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in.' 'In the Lord,' said David, 'put I my trust; how say ye to my soul, flee as a bird to your mountain.'

"Instead of confirming this sentiment by selections from ancient history, I will refer you to one circumstance in our own. A body of wiser and more virtuous men were never collected than those which composed our first Congress. They were raised up by Heaven for the especial purpose of emancipating the colonies; but their panoply was their rectitude. Mailed in this, they could smile at the menaces of indignant royalty,—at the stratagems of disappointed politicians,—at the clangor of furious arms,—at the prospect of an opening grave. See the committee, of whom Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams were prominent members, present to their fellow-patriots the immortal instrument, which determined the independence of these States. On every countenance sit calmness, dignity, decision, courage; because every bosom is under the sway of moral pre-eminence. Look at the boldness of the signatures, fac-similes of which are spread through our Union, and through the world. If in one instance paralysis forbade *the dash*, that the love of country would have given, it should be remembered that the rock is unshaken, though the aspen tremble on its side."

From the text he drew the observation, that the dissolu-

tion of man is sometimes marked with circumstances of unusual interest. He observed:

"In general, men die because of the irruptions of disease, the special visitations of Heaven, the desolations of ambition, or the increase of years. Sometimes, however, the dissolution of man is marked with circumstances of peculiar interest. In some cases, death approaches with the slowness of vegetable decay; in others, with the suddenness of the lightning's flash. Sometimes dying is as excruciating as suspension on the rack; sometimes easy as the softest slumbers of infancy. But our text refers more peculiarly to coincidence of period. 'In their death, they were not divided.' The blood of the father and the son, on the same day, and in the same conflict, irrigated the same hapless mountain. Yet correspondences of this character are by no means uncommon. Disasters may be expected to be mutual, where dangers are so. But, in the circumstances of the decease of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, our whole nation discovers a concurrence, at which she stands astonished. She weeps, she adores—fain would she interpret, but she knows not how. She rises, and borrowing her language from the skies, exclaims, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name.'

"Nations have gratified themselves in fixing on synchronous events. The Macedonians regarded it as something singular and impressive, that Alexander the Great should have been born on the very night that the magnificent temple of Ephesus was burned to the ground. It was the boast of the Grecians, that, according to the testimony of Herodotus, the grand victory of Salamin was achieved on the same day on which the tremendous army of the Carthagenians, consisting of three hundred thousand men, was

totally defeated by Gelon. The English regard the circumstances as most impressing, that the Spanish invasion was frustrated in 1588, and that in 1688, the Revolution was effected, and William ascended the throne; and, also, that on November the 5th, the gunpowder plot was detected, and on November the 5th this hero landed on the British shores. One of their divinest bards, referring to these propitious occurrences, says—

> 'The happy day and happy year
> Both in one new salvation meet;
> The day that quenched the burning snare,
> The year that burnt the invading fleet.'

"I could multiply citations of this description, but they are unnecessary; and the more so, because they are not infrequent. But, O, what a scene presses on the vision of every American. Here are two great men, not great, indeed, as was Washington on the embattled field; this was not the element in which the God of nations had destined them to move; but great, like him, in the council-chamber and in the Senate. Here are two great men, profound in learning, powerful in intellect, self-consecrated to their country; the one the elegant and forceful writer, the other the judicious and invincible defender of our charter of Independence. Here are two great men, both elevated to the successive Presidency of these rising States, and both retiring into every thing that is 'lovely and pleasant' in private life, as the waters of the immense lakes and sublime cataract of the northern bounds of our country sink into the humble stream of the St. Lawrence. But they die—be astonished, O, earth! they die—on the very day that consummated the jubilee of America's freedom; one at the hour at which the Declaration of Independence was presented to Congress, the other at the hour at which it

was announced to the people. Search the histories of the world, from the days of our common progenitor to the present hour; in vain will you attempt to find so surprising a coincidence. Thanks be to the God of mercy, he suffered not time to bear against and throw down these venerable pillars of the dome of our republic, until he had provided other columns to supply their absence. Possibly, on some minds, the fact may excite less interest than on my own, were I to state, that on the fourth of July, the observant astronomer saw two of the most beautiful planets in the solar round descend, nearly at the same period, into the western sky.

"In the departure of these illustrious men, who discovers not the hand of the Lord? They were removed, for their work was finished. The obstructions to their most affectionate intercourse had long vanished like the mists of the morning, and their decease offers a suggestion to all, who, amid the festivities of our annual celebrations, remember not their responsibilities—'Man, in his best estate, is lighter than vanity.'

"May it never be said of any of our citizens, 'The harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, nor the operation of his hands.'

"Mr. Jefferson expressed his wish to live until the day of our jubilee; his desire was granted him. Mr. Adams, on hearing the voice of cannon, and being informed that it announced the jubilee of our Independence, said, '*O, it is a great, a glorious day!*' and spake no more. 'Father of Day,' cried a heathen sovereign, 'thou resplendent sun, I give thee thanks, that before I leave the world, I have been so happy as to see Cornelius Scipio in my dominions, and in my palace. I have now lived as long as I could desire.' With what greater propriety might our deceased

statesmen have exclaimed, 'Father of Lights, thou Giver of every good and perfect gift, we have lived to see the fiftieth year of the Independence of our Union. We leave her in full glory and prosperity—and as to our country, we ask no more.'"

In the course of the sermon, he presented a short, judicious and comprehensive delineation of the character of these distinguished men. The following is the closing part of the sketch of Mr. Jefferson:

"In 1797, he was elected Vice-President of the Union, and in 1801 was elected to the highest chair of magistracy, to which his country could conduct him, and from which in 1809 he retired. Omitting a thousand circumstances, which future eloquence will record, there is one, which, on a solemnity like the present, we cannot neglect to mention. Mr. Jefferson was a decided enemy to religious intolerance—a champion for the inviolable rights of conscience. His correct feelings on this subject revolted at the idea of the incorporation of religion with civil government. The practice of ancient heathen affords no argument in favor of a system which reduces their mythology to the ground, and lays it low in the dust. Christianity is spiritual. She has sanctions infinitely more rational and more effective than any which human establishments can adduce. Her voice is, 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.' The views of this master-legislator cannot be more fully expressed than in his own words: 'The attack on the establishment of a dominant religion was first made by myself. It could be carried, at first, only by a suspension of salaries for one year; by battling it again, at the next session, or another year, and so from year to year, until the public mind was ripened for the bill, for establishing religious freedom, which I had prepared for the revised

code also. This was at length established permanently, and by the efforts chiefly of Mr. Madison, being myself in Europe at the time that work was brought forward.' The last years of the life of Mr. Jefferson were filled with projecting a grand State university, which he hoped might minister blessings to the whole Union. This most promising establishment he had the honor of seeing brought into full operation. At length, on the fourth of July last, on the venerable tree, which had afforded shade and fruit to thousands, descended a gentle breeze of heaven—its age and weakness needed no more—and it has fallen."

The close of the sermon is the language of improvement, and calculated to make a deep impression upon the mind:

"If, on the face of the earth, there exist a people under peculiar obligations to obey the precepts of Heaven, we are that people. His goodness should lead us to repentance for our offences, and ever influence us to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with him. Let temples every where rise in honor of his name, and let them be crowded with grateful, adoring, and holy worshippers. It is an instructive truth, asserted by the judicious Rollin, and attested by the whole history of our species, that nations have risen into a state of grandeur, or descended into ruin and infamy, in proportion as they have been governed by, or have neglected, moral principle. It is righteousness that exalteth a nation. It is righteousness which so finely harmonizes with the equality of a republic; which suppresses the rising of animosity, by instructing us, that whatsoever we would that men should do unto us, we also do unto them; it is this which spreads contentment through all the walks of life. It is this which inspires the merchant, the mechanic, the agriculturalist, and the man of science to prosecute his course with success and honor. What sound more charming to the ear than the voice of

the individual, high in the service of his country, who can stand, and, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, exclaim, as did the patriarch, 'I put on righteousness, and it clothed me. My judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out; and I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth.' But if we sin against Heaven, and in his sight, the sagacity and moral worth of no statesman can deliver us. The vessel of our commonwealth will be found in an eddy too powerful to escape the tremendous vortex. Our eagle, divested of its pinions, will drop to the earth. The folly of Rehoboam was the immediate cause of that disruption between Israel and Judah, which, like a deadly wound, refused to be healed; but the real excitement is to be traced to the vices of his father, during the latter periods of his reign, and to the immoral condition of the people. Does Babylon put on the garments of pride, of inhumanity and of impiety, a prophet is directed to say, 'Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation—wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures—her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.' Did Tyre abandon herself to avarice, voluptuousness and oppression; is her sovereign heard crying, 'I am a God, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas?' Jehovah says, 'I am against thee, O, Tyre! I will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. I will send a fire on thy wall, that shall devour thy palaces. Thy merchandise and all thy company in the midst of thee shall fall. Thou never shalt be any more.' What pro-

cured the desolation of Jerusalem? In the expostulation of the Saviour, we have an answer, 'O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings —and ye would not—behold, your house is left unto you desolate.' Rome, once the mistress of nations, while practising the sterner virtues, was invincible; but she fell beneath the pressure of her inordinate self-valuation, her ambition and her luxury. The Divine Majesty may bear, as he has borne, with offending nations. He may say, 'the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full:' but as assuredly as his throne is immutable, as that throne is established in righteousness, persevering transgression will be succeeded by ultimate overthrow. I rank our Missionary institutions, our Bible societies, and our Sunday schools, among the bulwarks of brass which promise our safety.

"One of the captains of Charles V. requested the favor of a discharge from public service. The Emperor demanded the reason. The thoughtful officer replied, 'There ought to be a pause between the tumult of life and the day of death.' It is said this circumstance had a powerful effect in inducing Charles to abandon his throne, and retire to a convent. That pause, we entreat you, at least, this sacred Sabbath, to make. The decease of our venerable and beloved friends addresses us in tones the most solemn. 'We must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again, neither doth God respect any person.' 'Surely every man walketh in a vain shew, surely they are disquieted in vain.' 'Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of.' 'All nations before him are as nothing, and they are accounted to him less than nothing, and vanity.' We have all sinned, and come short of the glory

of God. In the language of Job, we may say, 'Drought and heat consume the snow waters; so doth the grave those that have sinned.' Protracted age is no security against the invasions of death. Adam, the common parent of us all, lived nine hundred and thirty years, and yet—he died. Who of us can hope to surmount his ninetieth, his eightieth year? Existence, so far prolonged, is the privilege of few—very few. On the bridge of human life, to use an illusion of Mr. Addison's elegant Vision of Mirza, on the bridge of human life, which we are now crossing, are innumerable trap-doors, that lie concealed, through which the passengers drop into the tide below, and disappear. No one in this assembly is warranted to use the language of David to Jonathan: 'Truly, as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death.' There may be many steps, there may be but one: but since each step is the step of jeopardy, how much is it the wisdom and duty of every man, to be well prepared for the final plunge?

"While on earth we are permitted to continue, let us have our eye continually fixed on the duties of our respective stations; whether the niche allotted us in the temple of society be depressed or exalted, let us seek refuge in the arms of the atoning Redeemer, and, sanctified by his Holy Spirit, may it be ours, amid the dread catastrophe of a perishing universe, to find this corruptible put on incorruption; this mortal, immortality."

Extracts from a sermon delivered at the opening of the Baptist meeting-house, near Trenton, N. J., to which reference has already been made. The text was, "Will God, indeed, dwell on the earth?" After the exordium, he observes,—"We are met, as it is commonly termed among us, *to open the house*, by which we mean two things; first, to make an explicit avowal of its design,—and, secondly,

to put the machinery into motion. Under the second meaning, the Dr. says: "When Moses had completed the tabernacle according to the model showed him in the Mount, on the first day of the first month he set it up. Then he brought in the ark, the table and the golden candlestick, he fixed the altar of incense before the vail, the altar of burnt-offering at the door of the tabernacle, and the laver between the tent and the altar. Thus arranged, every object began to be appropriated to its design. The prophet placed the bread on the table, he lighted the lamps before the Lord, he burnt sweet incense on the golden altar, he laid the bleeding victims on the altar of burnt-offering, and himself, and Aaron and his sons, washed their hands and their feet in the laver. Then the cloud descended, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. You, brethren, like Moses, have been raising the house and setting it in order. To-day we open it by beginning to offer up the incense of prayer before the throne,—to-day, for the first time from this pulpit, salvation through the blood of the Lamb, is proclaimed,—the doors have begun to be crowded with worshippers, and the walls to ring with hymns of thanksgiving. O, that to-day, in this place, sinners may be converted to God, and saints receive consolation and establishment. Great God of assemblies, bend thy heavens and come down; here make the horn of David to bud, and ordain a lamp for thine anointed. But, 'Will God, indeed, dwell on the earth!'

"We adopt for ourselves the exclamation of Solomon. Every word is full of meaning. We scarce know where to rest our emphasis. Will *God* dwell on the earth! It would create our wonder if a cherub were to display his burning glories among us, but this were nothing; it were nothing if all the cherubim that wheel round the throne of

light were to come from the skies, compared with the descent of the eternal God. For God to dwell in *heaven* does not so much excite our astonishment. It is true, in a certain sense, the angels are chargeable with folly, and the heavens are unclean in his sight; there are, however, there, none dwelling in houses of clay, no filthy and abominable beings, who drink iniquity like water. But that he should dwell on the *earth* seems almost beyond belief. Will he *indeed* dwell, or shall it be only in a sense improper and figurative! Will he *indeed* dwell, or is the mercy too great to be expected! Divine condescensions often fill the hearts of good men with holy astonishment. Thus the compassion and sovereignty of Christ in manifesting himself to his disciples, and not to the world, appeared marvellous. Lord, how is it! When Israel was delivered from captivity, when a risen Saviour was announced to his disciples, they were like men that dream, they believed not for joy.

"The devout surprise our text expresses, leaves it implied, that it would be no ground of wonder if God would not make his abode with us. This idea will receive confirmation on our contemplating *the immensity*, *the loftiness*, *the independence*, *the holiness*, and the *sovereignty* of God.

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"We have ample evidence that God will dwell with man *in the coming of Christ into the world.* 'The word was made flesh,' said John, 'and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' We cannot assent to the creed of such as regard our Lord Jesus as a mere man, or, to that of those who consider him only a created being, while they admit he is above the highest angels. If Jesus Christ be not the true God and eternal life, would the Holy Spirit

have inspired the writers of the Bible to have recorded so many and such pertinent texts, which a plain understanding must accept as demonstrations of his divinity, and which require all the subtlety of criticism to induce a doubt as to their meaning? We are reduced to the alternative, to acknowledge, either that Christ is a divine person, or, that the language of Scripture is unguarded and deceptive; an idea which every good man will reject with abhorrence. God was manifest in the flesh; for Christ is God. His name is Immanuel, God with us.

"Of his dignity and his presence the heavens gave testimony. A new star traversed the sky at his incarnation, and at his crucifixion, for three hours, the sun was extinguished. The winds and seas gave testimony, when at his word the furious blasts were hushed, and the rough surges smoothed into a great calm; at the same word, the inhabitants of the waters crowded round the ship and filled the net of the astonished and worshipping disciples. The earth gave testimony: at his death and at his resurrection, it trembled to its centre. Diseases gave testimony: fevers were rebuked; issues of blood were stanched; the blind saw their deliverer; the deaf heard his voice; the dumb published his character; paralytics arose and followed him, and lepers, at his command, hastened to the priests and were healed as they travelled. The grave gave testimony, when Lazarus came forth in the garb of its dominions, and when many of the bodies of the saints that slept, arose. The invisible world gave testimony: devils acknowledged his divinity, and flew from his presence to the abodes of perdition; angels ministered unto him, in the desert, the garden and the tomb. One of them, as if to exhibit an emblem of the virtues of the Saviour, often descended Bethesda and imparted to the waters a healing power. A multitude sang an anthem in

the air in the hearing of the shepherds, and as our risen Lord ascended up to glory, they accompanied his flight with the sound of trumpet, and the shouts of triumph.

"But, Oh! my brethren, how glorious the purposes he came to execute. 'To finish transgression, to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy.' Daniel ix. 24.

"God is found dwelling on the earth by his Spirit in the heart.

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"Think it not strange that God, the Spirit, should possess a distinct habitation in the heart of every believer. The same voice, like the voice of God from Mount Sinai, may distinctly enter a million of ears; place before the sun as many mirrors as the earth could furnish, an image of the sun would appear in every mirror; but, supposing no illustration could be derived from nature, experience demonstrates the truth. To this test the apostle refers, where he says, ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit, if so be the Spirit of God dwell in you; now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

"We have evidence that God will dwell with man upon the earth, in the displays of his gracious presence in his churches. He said to Israel, 'In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee,' and, in language very similar, our Lord addressed his disciples; 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you.'

"David declares he has beheld the glory of Jehovah in his tabernacles, and, may I not add, so have we. Have we not seen it in the ministers of the sanctuary, when

engaged in solemn prayer? How, like Moses, have they ascended the hill of the Lord in presence of all the people! What a holy flow of adoration, petitions and thanksgivings, have we sometimes witnessed! Have we not seen it in the ministration of the word? With what boldness and readiness of mind, with what depth of argument and persuasive energy, with what ardent zeal and heavenly unction, have we often heard his servants deliver their message! The sound of their Master's feet behind them, while it revives the sense of their awful responsibility, gives courage to the heart, and inspires that eloquence in proclaiming the terrors of Sinai and the consolations of Calvary, which the schools could never have taught. The effects attending the word bespeak the presence of the Lord. It is God that giveth the increase. If there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced, he is judged, and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest, and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth. The cry of converts when seeking access to the church and its ordinances is, we will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you. We have indications of his presence when Asaphs are instructed in the rectitude of Providence, when Ephraims are mourning over their backslidings, and when Simeons, having seen the salvation of God, are longing to depart in peace from earth to heaven.

"God will *dwell* in his churches,—he hath said, 'Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' The church, it is true, is in the wilderness, and a thousand savage beasts of prey stand waiting to devour; but the Lord is a wall of fire around her, through which they cannot pass. Zion is his rest forever. The malice of earth and hell can no more succeed in destroying the church, his dwelling-place below, than in demolishing the heavens, his

dwelling-place above; and for this obvious reason, 'The Lord is there.'

"There are objects in the natural world whose presence brings blessings with it. Wherever the broad river winds its course, its banks become fertile, and its contiguous cities seats of commerce. The appearance of the sun cheers the face of nature, and the possession of a shield is a security to the warrior against the weapons of his adversary. Under such animating figures, David sets forth the advantages of the divine presence in his churches. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God. The Lord God is a sun and shield, the Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. His presence is like that of the good shepherd in the midst of his flock, or of the affectionate father in the midst of his happy family.

"Does it, my brethren, from what you have heard appear a truth, that God *will* dwell with man upon the earth, permit me to exhort you never to lose sight of his astonishing condescension. Not less in the stoops of his mercy, than in the sublimities of his nature, does Jehovah shine without a rival. Historians have dwelt on the resignation of Charles the Vth. the emperor of Germany, as an event scarcely paralleled in the annals of ages. But compared with the Lord's bowing the heavens, this is less than nothing.

> 'In vain might lofty princes try,
> Such condescension to perform;
> For worms were never raised so high,
> Above their meanest fellow-worm.'

"Reflections on the condescending grace of God tend to promote true humility. Pride is altogether unbecoming sinful, dependent, dying creatures. It is a crime, against which some of the most tremendous threatenings in the

Scriptures direct their terrors; and yet, alas! how prone are we to cherish this 'first-born of Satan' in our bosoms. Would you wish to be clothed with humility, let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it no robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. (Phil. 2: 5—8.)

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"The surprise expressed in our text, arises, as we have shown, from the contrariety that subsists between the nature and condition of God and man. It must, therefore, be as wonderful that man should dwell with God in heaven, as that the Lord should dwell on the earth; and yet, great as is the privilege, all the saints shall share it. These sanctuary services are intended to fit the soul, through the influences of the Holy Spirit, for approaching the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, the church of the first-born, God the judge of all, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. Our earthly sabbaths are but fore-tastes of a sabbath that shall never end. The necessity for distinct houses for worship shall shortly cease. When the beloved disciple at Patmos had a vision of the holy city, he saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. In heaven so direct will be the displays of the divine glory, and so amply and immediately will the dilated faculties of the soul be filled from the fulness of God, as to render all auxiliaries for ever unnecessary.

"Raise your contemplations, brethren, this morning to that state of perfect blessedness which is before you. In their nature and in their source, the joys of saints in heaven

and saints on earth are the same; but, in numerous circumstances they greatly differ. When we meet in his sanctuary now, the assembly is a mixed one. He that feareth God, and he that feareth him not, sit and hear, and sing together; but in the mansions above, the people will all be holy. Here, in their happiest moments, the saints find a sinful nature defiling their purest services; so that the brighter their discoveries of the divine glory are, like Isaiah and Job, the more they deplore their uncleanness and abhor themselves; but there, not the least taint of moral defilement shall remain; their hearts, as well as their garments, shall be without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. In our present worship we assemble only with a few of God's people. Though the iron rod of persecution does not scatter us apart as it did our forefathers, and limit our devotions to the private parlor, or the prison-house, yet the *conveniences* of our habitations, and the requirements of animal life, render the congregations of the saints but little flocks. *Æras* keep us asunder, we cannot walk with God in company with Enoch; nor join with David in the procession to the tabernacle; we cannot unite with the apostles in their prayers in the upper room in Jerusalem, or accompany the strains of the martyrs who sung their hosannas as they embraced the stake. *Place* divides us from each other. We know that divine worship is paid to the Lord by thousands in Europe, and that Asia and Africa are laying their tribute at his feet; but long intervening tracts of land and sea forbid our uniting with their assemblies. Variety of religious *sentiment* too gives rise to different congregations; we, as yet, see through a glass darkly, and know only in part, and prophesy only in part, but in heaven the assembly shall consist of a number that no man can number. All that have loved the Saviour shall form one glorious band. There an Abraham and an Owen,

a Watts and a David, a Pearce and a John, a Daniel and a Henry; there the Hindoo and the American, the European and the Negro, the Hottentot and the Greenlander; there the Methodist and the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian and the Baptist, shall, with hearts and with voices forever united, sing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'"

We cannot refrain from introducing one or two short passages from a sermon preached from the text, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness."

"Remorse is never felt in consequence of attending the house of God. We, whom the Lord has put into the ministry, have more frequent opportunities than you, in our visits to the chambers of sickness, of discovering the sources of human misery. We have often heard the wicked man on his death-bed, and the malefactor on his way to the tree, name the crime of sabbath-breaking and the neglect of divine worship, among the first steps they took in the road to perdition; but we should be as astonished to hear a dying man express his regret that he had attended the tabernacle of God, as to hear a cherub in an agony, or a devil declare himself perpetually happy. Remorse originates in sin; to attend public worship is not to sin, but to discharge an important duty. None of the exercises of God's house have any tendency to cherish sin, they are designed to destroy it. Nor does waiting on God induce diseases on the body; it fills no hospitals with ruined constitutions, no penitentiaries with Magdalenes; it leads into no circles of destructive company, and reduces no families to indigence and wretchedness. On the contrary, the servants of God derive consolation in their afflictions from the remembrance of their attendance in his courts; they consider the love they have felt and still feel for his sanctuary,

as an evidence for good. David, in his troubles, drew comfort from hence: 'I have hated the congregations of evil-doors, and will not sit with the wicked.' But, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth.' Who, indeed, that considers aright the pain which guilt creates and the pleasures which the memory of piety imparts, can forbear to say, 'I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness.' "

We close this chapter with an address, in the same sermon, to ungodly parents.

"Without staying to portray the wretchedness of your offspring in future life, or the remorse which you will probably feel in the hour of death, suffer me to lift up the curtain of the invisible world. I cannot but believe, that there are degrees in the happiness of heaven. I cannot but conclude, that the joys of pious parents will be heightened, when they witness in glory the triumphal arrival of those children, whom on earth they had so often led to the sanctuary, and commended to God in fervent prayer. I must believe, also, that there are degrees in the anguish of hell. The rich man feared lest his five brethren should come to his place of torment, because he knew their miseries would increase his own. The parents that are now 'drinking down iniquity,' are on their way to the pit; but O, how will their pains be increased, when they behold their children descend after them into the same hopeless regions. Bunyan, in his 'Progress,' brings his pilgrims to a mountain, on the side of which was an opening into hell. Mercy is instructed to hearken; she hearkened, and heard one saying, 'Cursed be my father for holding back my feet from the way of life and peace.' Much of the misery of futurity will probably consist in reproach. Some, says Daniel, will awake to shame and everlasting contempt. Tormented

with the devil and his angels, how will your heart endure to hear the cries of your children, forever lost, 'O cruel father, O unfeeling mother, you never taught us the way to heaven; we lisped no prayers in our childhood; a holy hymn we never learned; you never offered a petition for us in the closet or in the family; the Bible you never read to us, nor caused us to read it; you never led us to the house of God, but made a mock alike at sin and at religion. We saw you enter the tabernacles of transgression; unsuspectingly we followed; you handed to us the poisonous portion, and our corruptions relished it. We saw you draw iniquity with cords of vanity; we applied our hands also to the rope, and as the fruit of those sins, to which you have been accessary, we are, by a righteous God, tormented in this flame!' * * * I will not enlarge. Permit me to appeal to you all, to-day, whether king David be not justifiable in asserting, he 'had rather be a door-keeper in the house of his God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.' "

I have heard the Doctor repeat the passage from Bunyan in the same connexion. To form any idea of its effect it was necessary to be present. The voice, the attitude, the expression of countenance, in the orator—the language of the condemned sinner, as if from the depths of the pit, sent through the whole frame a shuddering chill, felt by every hearer, but by none to be described.

CHAPTER VI.

His character as a public man—originator of the First Female Bible Society in the world—instruction of Theological students in Philadelphia—multiplicity of his labors in the benevolent institutions of the day—his hospitality—addresses to Theological students.

Doctor Staughton was, in the strictest sense of the term, a *public* man. The effect which his addresses, at various anniversary meetings, produced, can never be erased from the minds of those who were favored to hear them. In all the benevolent institutions of the day he was an active, zealous and efficient laborer. To the Sunday School cause he contributed his influence in every form in which he supposed it might subserve the interests of this humble, but extensively useful instrumentality. His pen was frequently employed in recommending it to public attention. The following lines, entitled "The Sunday School Teacher," are worthy of insertion:

"Hail! day of the Lord, in thy brightness ascending!
The latter-day glory divinely portending;
The darkness and shadows have fled far away,
The bosoms of multitudes welcome thy sway.
I haste to the temple where thousands assemble,
Where saints are rejoicing, where enemies tremble;
Thrice happy the bands of young children to see,
And point the poor little ones, Saviour, to thee.

"Hail! day of suspension, from 'toiling and spinning,'
A prize is displayed worth contesting and winning;
Let manhood with joy in the labor engage,
And mingle in classes with spectacled age:

The bible—the bible, a life giving treasure,
A fountain of wisdom, of virtue, of pleasure!
It offers a balm from life's loveliest tree,
And points the adult and the aged to thee.

"Talk of color no more, 'tis but skin-deep impression,
The blessings of grace are for human possession;
Comprehensive, the Gospel's beneficent plan
Contemplates the sablest complexion as man;
Ethiopia's sons, Ethiopia's daughters,
Are welcomed to drink evangelical waters!
Since the mandate divine bids the fettered be free,
I'll point the *poor African*, Saviour, to thee.

"See the red men diffused through our westernmost regions,
Now pining away—once existing in legions,
Inquiring the path to 'The Father of Life,'
All eager to terminate sorrow and strife:
Let the tomahawk sleep, and the bow and the quiver:
From the foot of Mount Zion effuses a river
Can bear all offence to oblivion's sea,
And waft the *poor Indian*, Saviour, to thee.

"How blessed the men who with heathen are toiling!
Though mortals may frown, the Redeemer is smiling;
O'er the glooms of Hindostan and shades of Rangoon
Salvation shall shine, all refulgent and soon.
Great Saviour! succeed the increasing translations,
Let the charter of grace be perused by all nations,
And with eyes beaming transport, thy messengers see
Converting idolators bending to Thee."

In the origination of the Philadelphia Bible Society, his efforts greatly contributed. He was, from its commencement, Recording Secretary, and afterwards one of the Vice-Presidents in that body; and by his counsel, his zeal, and his writings, proved a valuable auxiliary in its establishment and prosperity. He was the projector of several plans for its extended success. Essays were written by him, to recommend its claims to public attention, and sev-

eral circulars and appeals were prepared by him. The last circular which he wrote was in reference to the great effort of that society to furnish every destitute family in the State of Pennsylvania with a copy of the sacred Scriptures. After stating the pecuniary embarrassments of the Society, the address concludes in the language—"The Society cannot yield to the idea, that large as the sum required may seem, it offers to Christian churches in the vicinity of their location, and to a generous public, any consideration really formidable. The demand has been created under a devout veneration for the authority which has said,

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine."

"Aggregates from individual contribution have often been obtained, where the design, as to its moral influence, would admit of no comparison with the present. Services performed for the honor of God will never lose their reward. If the pleasure of doing good is to be appreciated by the importance of that good, in what way can a servant of Christ be better occupied than by sending to the destitute the bread of life, and the water of life? How divine, how enviable that calm, which softens the dissolving hour of one who possesses an humble consciousness that, after the example of a holy prophet, he has 'served his generation.' The Society are indeed urgent in their request; but they believe their importunity will be found acceptable to every pious and benevolent bosom, that from the pulpit, or otherwise, shall receive the requisite information. They anticipate results of the most favorable description. The Society would address each church, in the words of Shecaniah to Ezra, 'Arise, for the matter belongeth unto thee; we will also be with thee; be of good courage, and do it.'"

The first Female Bible Society in the world Dr. Staughton proposed and assisted in forming. The ladies of Philadelphia enjoyed this honor, and long will they remember, with pleasure, the voice, the encouragements, and the influence of their friend, now resting in the peaceful slumber of the grave.

During the whole of his residence in that city, he was engaged in the instruction of youth. A considerable part of the time he had a school of young ladies under his entire direction. These are now scattered over a large extent of country, and are among the best educated females in our land. His mode of communicating instruction was as successful as his pulpit ministrations, and the moral impression which he gave to the opening mind will be felt through descending families. The affection of his pupils was almost unbounded, yet never degenerating into the bold and intrusive. While they loved him as a father, they venerated him as their preceptor. No man better understood the art of winning affection and confidence, and, at the same time, preserving the authority of dignity. His school was regularly opened with prayer.

For several years he taught the higher branches in the celebrated school of Mrs. Rivardi, which, at that time, stood one of the first in the United States. It was his aim to make science appear in its most attractive form. He was in the habit of delivering lectures on different subjects. His lectures on Sacred History were not the least imposing. The young ladies, instead of shrinking from attendance, used to welcome the day as one of the happiest in the week. When the bell announced that the hour had arrived, they would spring with the sprightliness of youth, each anxious to get first into the presence of her beloved instructer. Often, while hearing the artless, simple tale of the Old Testament saint, would the tear bedew the youth-

ful cheek, and the first exclamation at the close would be, "Dr. Staughton, it is too short." One of the young ladies, in the ardor of her feelings, on leaving the school to return to her friends in the West Indies, went to him, and said, "Dr. Staughton, if you ever publish those lectures, send my papa one at any risk, for I know he would give fifty dollars for a copy at any time." It is much to be regretted, that these lectures are not to be found among his papers, and it is presumed they were lost with his furniture and many valuable books, at sea, on their way from Washington to Philadelphia.

Every spring he delivered to the class a course of lectures on Botany, and took them upon repeated botanical excursions. Each lady, as the lectures were delivered, was required to draw off a short system in a book for the purpose, which might prove useful to her after she had left the institution.

To assist the recollection of his pupils, he was in the habit of throwing together his illustrations in verse, or referring them to similar efforts made by other hands. The following proofs of the rotundity of the earth, from his pen, have been of service to many, and may contribute to the information of the rising generation. Teachers, we are confident, will be pleased to employ them.

"We clearly demonstrate the earth to be round,
Since such a form fittest for motion is found;
The higher the eye is, the prospect's more vast,
And a ship's hull is seen not so soon as her mast:
Round the earth the bold mariner often has been,
And the rest of the planets are circular seen.
This, too, in all lunar eclipses, is shewn,
That the shadow is round on the face of the moon;
The polar star sinks as we sail to the line,
And canals from a level must gently decline."

We insert, also, in this place, the names and order of the Old and New Testament books, having the same end in view, the instruction of youth. They appeared several years since, in the Latter Day Luminary.

Names and Order of the Books of the Old Testament.

"The great Jehovah speaks to us,
In Genesis and Exodus,
Leviticus, and Numbers, see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand;
Samuel, and numerous Kings, appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
Ezra, and Nehemiah, now,
Esther, the beauteous mourner, show;
Job speaks in sighs, David, in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms;
Ecclesiastes, then, comes on,
And the sweet Song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah, then,
With Lamentations, takes his pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres,
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's—
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum, come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room;
While Zephaniah, Haggai, calls,
Wrapt Zechariah builds his walls—
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament."

Names and Order of the Books of the New Testament.

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the life of their Lord,
The Acts, what Apostles accomplish, record;
Rome, Corinth, Galatia, and Ephesus, hear,
What Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians revere.

Timotheus, Titus, Philemon, precede
The epistle which Hebrews must gratefully read:
James, Peter, and John, with the short letter Jude,
The round of divine Revelation conclude."

At an early period of his residence in Philadelphia, he directed his attention to the education of young men for usefulness in the ministry. In the year 1812, the Baptist Education Society of the Middle States was organized. At a subsequent meeting, in the commencement of the year 1813, he was unanimously elected tutor. The first three articles of the Constitution of the Society read thus:

"Art. 1. The Society shall be known by the name of the Baptist Education Society of the Middle States of America.

"Art. 2. Its avowed and explicit design is, with a divine blessing, the assisting of pious men in obtaining such literary and theological aid, as shall enable them, with greater ease to themselves and usefulness to the churches, to fulfil the duties of the Christian ministry.

"Art. 3. Such persons only shall be considered as eligible to the privileges of the Society, as are regular members of Baptist churches, and as have been licensed to the ministry, and are, by the trustees of the Society, considered as possessing talents likely to contribute to ministerial usefulness."

The Doctor received young men of the character above described into his family, and not only instructed them, but contributed, in a variety of ways, to their personal comfort. He did this with great cheerfulness, though at the sacrifice of many comforts to himself and his family. To his family these things are well known, but it is unnecessary to detail them in this place. Mrs. Staughton, by her kindness and counsel, contributed much to the interests of the cause in which her beloved partner was engaged.

Such was her anxiety to see the Baptist ministry placed upon a respectable footing, that she was willing to submit to any privation to promote their respectability and their happiness. The young gentlemen were treated with the greatest kindness, and their improvement was rapid and substantial. The character, theological soundness, and public usefulness of the students generally, who received their first touches from his master-hand, are his highest commendation.

To say that his pupils respected him, is cold—they loved him as a father—and while they breathe, his memory will be cherished with gratitude to God, and serve to urge them onward in the path of virtue and usefulness.

His counsels were well adapted to prepare them for the various exigencies that might occur in their ministerial connexions. The writer of this sketch can never forget the earnestness and solemnity with which he urged two points upon the attention of the class, while he formed one of its number. The first was, to pursue a condescending course to those brethren in the ministry who had not received the advantages of education. He loved them, and respected them for their zeal and piety, and entreated us never to wound their feelings by unkind allusions or indifferent treatment. The second was, to make Christ and him crucified the substance of all our preaching. It pained his heart, to hear a discourse, however excellent as to style and delivery, which was not sanctified with the blood of the Saviour. Christ was *his* theme, the burden of all his pulpit exhibitions; and to this example, with which the students were for a time familiar, as well as to his advice in the class, much of the subsequent character of their preaching is to be ascribed. It is a truth, which it were folly to controvert, that the student imperceptibly catches the spirit of his instructer. To place a dry, argumenta-

tive, drawling moralizer at the head of a Theological Institution, is a perfect farce. It is an imposition upon the Christian community and the public, which cannot be too severely reprehended. Learning is no substitute for *life*. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," are the characteristics of a useful preacher.

His students will never forget the tenderness and decision with which he criticised their incipient efforts. There was a delicacy in the mode that removed every thought of murmuring, endeared him to their hearts, and acted as a speedy and effective cure.

He delivered lectures to the class on a great variety of subjects: on the inspiration and truth of the Old and New Testament records, as proved by miracles, internal evidence, fulfilment of prophecies, and historical facts; on the nature, interpretation, and use of prophecy; on the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion; on the ministerial office, the composition of sermons, the tempers of mind necessary to usefulness, and pastoral duties; on the interpretation of the Scriptures, including the languages in which they were written, ancient manuscripts, translations, remarks on important words, the writers, the different dispensations; and also on the missionary office. He attended faithfully to the recitations of the class in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, with other appropriate exercises in the different branches of study.

For many years, his labors in various departments were truly onerous; but he accomplished all with perfect ease, and without the least appearance of haste or confusion. In addition to his daily school, and the instruction of Theological students, he met his brethren in the Board of Missions at every meeting, and these were frequent, conducted all the correspondence of that body, and maintained, at the same time, an extensive friendly communication with

his brethren in England, and with the English Baptist Missionaries in India. He contributed extensively to the publications of the day, by original essays. When the Latter Day Luminary was commenced, its pages were considerably indebted to his pen. To insert all the valuable pieces of which he was the author, would be to swell this Memoir to an improper size.

We cannot refrain, however, from inserting his beautiful and pious effusion upon the comet, which made its appearance in the year 1819.

"Hail, wonderful stranger! with thousands I hail
Thy lunar-like orb, thy illustrious trail!
Say, why to our ether thy course thou hast run?
To feed with new fires the diminishing sun?
Over nations in guilt to exhibit the rod?
Or invite to the high contemplation of God?
Dost thou range with the links, which, let down from the throne,
Bind suns and their far-spreading systems in one?
Or, say, dost thou kindly descend to repair,
With life-cheering virtues the regions of air?
Or, wait'st thou the will of yon infinite Sire,
To shock earth to fragments, or whelm it in fire?
A Tycho, a Newton, may measure thy course,
Determine thy fervors and value thy force;
But, alas! to frail man 'tis not given to know,
What fields thou hast traversed of sun-beam or snow!
Perhaps when releas'd from this mansion of clay,
My soul may attend thy mysterious way,
With holy inhabitants pass through the sky,
And sing the loud praises of God as we fly!
Great Father! thy wisdom, thy goodness, and power,
Revealed in yon firmament, lo, I adore:
My dearest attachments to Thee, I resign,
Since the God of creation—of comets, is mine."

His hospitality was proverbial. Strangers were anxious to cultivate his acquaintance, and though incessantly engaged, he found sufficient time to give them all a hearty

welcome, and a social interview. In reviewing this part of his life, it seems almost incredible that such varied and laborious exercises should have been sustained by one man.

His addresses to the theological students, at the close of their studies, manifest the deep interest which he cherished for their prosperity. That which follows was the last he ever delivered on an occasion of this kind. It occured in the Sansom street meeting-house, in Philadelphia, a short time before the removal of the institution to the city of Washington.

"My young Brethren,

"The period has arrived for your leaving an Institution, in which most of you, for the last three years, have been actively engaged in the pursuits of literature, with a special reference to those sacred services, which you are desirous should constitute the business of your earthly existence. The memory of the hours in which you have been studying to become workmen approved of God, your hearts will cherish for years to come. Your amiable tempers, your incessant application, your Christian deportment, your pious zeal for the promotion of the kingdom of the Redeemer on earth, will, by my worthy associate in your instruction, and myself, be remembered with conscious satisfaction while life shall continue. You have seen the Institution in all the weakness and anxiety of infancy, and leave it in the possession of that juvenile vigor, which it will be your ambition and consolation to promote.

"About to enter on the active and responsible career of ministerial life, permit me to offer you a few ideas, which I trust your understanding will approve, and your piety make use of as the counsel, which a parting moment suggests.

"The work before you is of the most solemn importance, a work denied to angels. You have to impress on your species a sense of their moral defection, the enormity of their guilt, the dismal stain of their depravation, the insufficiency of human agency to effect their recovery, and the dreadful, yet righteous and unavoidable results to which a career of transgression exposes. You have to develope the ancient decisions of infinite mercy, to disclose the system of salvation which the outlines of prophecy, and the veiled, but impressive system of shadows and types, in the earlier ages of our world, intimated to man. You have to proclaim the glories of Him, who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich; to teach the necessity of the renovation of the heart, of faith in a Mediator's name, and of a holy conversation, to prepare a sinner for the paradise of God. You have to encourage the bosom oppressed with iniquity, to cast its onerous affliction on the Lord Jesus, to cheer the believer amid the temptations and discouragements of the pilgrimage he is pursuing, to arouse the slumbering professor of the Gospel into life and exertion, and to train up regenerated men for glory and immortality.

"That in this sacred work you may abound and succeed, cultivate a conviction of your own insufficiency, and by fervent supplication entreat the Lord whom you serve to afford you the instructions of his divine Spirit, and the stimulating influence of his grace, that you may comprehend the import of the oracles of God, and continue instantly, in season and out of season, to preach the word to your fellow-men. Imagine not that your release to-day from the duties of the Institution, is to be regarded as the close of studious application. If you would attain to eminence in your holy profession, you must continue to labor

while life shall endure. Read much. Let not your knowledge of the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written, be suffered to decay. On the contrary, render yourselves more and more familiar with their construction and force. While you value the Bible as the source of theological knowledge, you will find it conduce to your advantage to drink of those lateral reservoirs which enlightened expositors have dug out. Draw from the page of history whatever can illustrate the visions of prophecy. Be masters of every manly and beautiful criticism that is offered for the refuting of the creed of the infidel, and the improvement of the taste of your hearers. Value highly the writings of our best commentators. The rabbinical quotations spread through the writings of the laborious Gill; the easy and practical inferences of the ingenious Henry; the judicious and elegant criticisms of the pious Doddridge; the frequently borrowed, but abundant and well selected observations of Burkitt; the wise and original remarks of Poole, in the first volume of his Annotations, and the no less pious ideas of his Continuator; the sober reasonings of Scott, and the occasionally eccentric, but frequently useful, conceptions of Trappe and Clarke, with a multitude of others, will enlarge the sphere of your information, and furnish an opportunity for judicious selection.

"In your preparations for the pulpit, never be satisfied with the offspring of a moment. Such productions, like the ephemeræ of the natural world, may be expected to be short-lived and useless. Accustom yourselves, and especially in the morning of your existence, to careful and laborious preparation. If I may use an old, but happy allusion to the services of the ancient dispensation, let the oil you bring into the temple be beaten oil. The present is the spring of your ministerial character, and your har-

vest will bear, with a divine blessing, an exact ratio to the labors of seed-time. You will reap the solid advantage of early industry, when domestic and ecclesiastical toils shall have so filled your hands, that your leisure for study shall have become materially diminished. Early studies are to the mind, what early temperance is to the body. They return a hundred fold the blessing of virtuous habit and sound constitution.

"Beware of the risings of a pedantic temper. Illustrate the worth of your improvements by the humility which they shall have created. Our Institution can suffer from no source a higher disadvantage than from the vanity of its alumni. Let it be seen, that the knowledge you have acquired has made you more amiable, more condescending, more self-denying, than the want of such information ever could have effected. The young preacher, who feels and acts under the impression, that he is less than the least of all saints, may seem to sink; but he sinks only as vernal tides, to rise with augmented current.

"Be not hasty in the choice of a station for life. Endeavor not to control, but to obey the providence of God. His cloud, shady or illumined, will teach you when to journey and where to pause. Be careful in the estimates you form of human approbation and censure. Study the sources whence they spring, and let neither so far prevail over your judgment as to enrapture or depress you. Value the testimony that you please God, above every other consideration.

"Imitate the primitive preachers of the Gospel as to the theme and manner of your public ministrations. Study attentively the character of that illustrious model, who said to his hearers; 'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus sake.'

"Pay strict attention to the affections of the heart. Send into everlasting exile the spirit of ambition and pride. Be gentle and kind towards all men, and especially towards your brethren in the ministry.

"Remember, my young brethren, that it is the avowed aim of your existence to be useful. Endeavor to be serviceable to pious young candidates for the ministry approved by the churches, by introducing them into those grammatical, and other studies, which the Institution delights to recognize, and which will contribute as much to the establishment of your own literary improvement, as it will prepare the way for theirs. I need not remind you, that the Institution which has led you thus far up the steep of mental refinement, is justified in hoping that her maternal endeavors will be followed with filial affection and support.

"And now, my dear young friends, in behalf of the Board of Managers of the Baptist General Convention, and of those who have contributed to your subsistence or education, I have to bid you an affectionate farewell. Bear with you the assurances of our most sincere attachments, and of our readiness to every future service that can promote your usefulness, respectability, or comfort. The Lord be with you, the Lord bless you, and make you a blessing, Amen."

He frequently received into his family young men, sons of his particular friends at a distance, who came to Philadelphia to attend the Medical Lectures. With what anxiety he watched over them, with what kindness he acted towards them, may be seen from the following extract of a letter written by a brother in the South.

Speaking of his son, he says; "For all your kindness to him, my dear friend, accept my warmest acknowledg-

ments. You have laid us under obligations which I fear we can never discharge. This, indeed, we do not pretend to do, and we must beg of you to indulge us, in attempting to make some expression of it by act, as well as by words, when it is in our power."

CHAPTER VII.

His missionary spirit—labors and usefulness as Corresponding Secretary of the General Convention—his sympathy with the missionaries of the cross—instructions to missionaries—confidence in God under difficulties—poetry on the sailing of the first missionaries of the Convention—incident at the Philadelphia Association, in 1829—a vision.

With Fuller, and Ryland, and Carey, and other distinguished ministers, the subject of this Memoir assisted in kindling the flame, which has since lighted up the Christian world, and by their side he was permitted to stand as a pillar in the great superstructure of benevolent effort. He was to the Baptist mission cause in this country, what Fuller was among his brethren in England. He was present at the first missionary meeting in England, which was held at Kettering in Northamptonshire, October 2, 1792.

We cannot pass by this interesting occasion hastily. We pause, we linger on the threshhold, and with gratitude to God, gaze upon the moral sublimity of the scene.

The origin of the society formed at this period may be traced to the celebrated Dr. Carey, whose praise has been wafted to every clime. The following interesting narrative of its first establishment, is taken from the periodical accounts of the society, published upwards of thirty years since in England:

"The origin of this society will be found in the workings of our brother Carey's mind, which, for the last nine or ten years, has been directed to this object with very little intermission. His heart appears to have been set upon the

conversion of the heathen, before he came to reside at Moulton, in 1786. It was here he wrote the manuscript, which has since been printed, entitled, 'An Inquiry into the obligations of Christians to use means for the conversion of the Heathen,' and his conversations, prayers and sermons, were mostly accompanied with something relative to this subject. In the year 1791, being at a meeting of ministers at Clipstone in Northamptonshire, after two discourses had been preached, by brother Sutcliffe and brother Fuller, on jealousy for the Lord of Hosts, and the pernicious influence of delay, he proposed a question, Whether it were not practicable, and our bounden duty, to attempt somewhat toward spreading the gospel in the heathen world?

"But the chief thing agreed upon was, to desire brother Carey to draw up his thoughts on the subject and publish them. At the next association of the Baptist churches at Oakham, June 16, 1791, it was requested that brothers Sutcliffe and Fuller would print the sermons above referred to; with which request they complied, which were followed some months afterwards by brother Carey's '*Inquiry*,' &c.

"At the next annual meeting of the association at Nottingham, May 31, 1792, brother Carey preached a very animating discourse from Isaiah 54: 2, in which he expressed two things in particular, as expository of 'lengthening our cords and strengthening our stakes.' (1.) That we should expect great things. (2.) That we should attempt great things. After public worship was over, the subject was revived, and a resolution made, 'That a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering, for forming a society among the Baptists, for propagating the gospel among the heathen;' and brother Carey generously proposed to devote whatever profits might arise from his late publication to the use of such a society.

"Accordingly at a ministers' meeting at Kettering, October 2, 1792, after the public services of the day were ended, the ministers retired to consult further on the matter, and to lay a foundation at least for a society, when the following resolutions were proposed and unanimously agreed to.

Resolutions, &c.

"1. Desirous of making an effort for the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen, agreeably to what is recommended in brother Carey's late publication on that subject, we, whose names appear in the subsequent subscription, do solemnly agree to act in society for that purpose.

"2. As in the present divided state of Christendom, it seems that each denomination, by exerting itself separately, is most likely to accomplish the great ends of a mission, it is agreed that this society be called, *The Particular Baptist Society for Propagating the Gospel amongst the Heathen.*

"3. As such an undertaking must needs be attended with expense, we agree immediately to open a subscription for the above purpose, and recommend it to others.

"4. Every person who shall subscribe ten pounds at once, or ten shillings and sixpence annually, shall be considered as a member of the society.

"5. That the Rev. John Ryland, Reynold Hogg, William Carey, John Sutcliffe, and Andrew Fuller, be appointed a committee, three of whom shall be empowered to act in carrying into effect the purposes of the society.

"6. That the Rev. Reynold Hogg, be appointed Treasurer, and the Rev. Andrew Fuller, Secretary.

"7. That the subscriptions be paid in at the Northampton ministers' meeting, October 31, 1792, at which time the subject shall be considered more particularly, by the committee and other subscribers who may be present.

"*Signed*, John Ryland, Reynold Hogg, John Sutcliffe, Andrew Fuller, Abraham Greenwood, Edward Sharman, Joshua Burton, Samuel Pearce, Thomas Blundell, William Staughton, John Eayres, Joseph Timms; whose subscription in all amounted to £13 2*s*. 6*d*."

What hath God wrought! This small, but solemn meeting may be considered as having first given to the Christian world that missionary impulse, which is the glory of our age, and as having roused up the spirit that had been sleeping from the days of the apostles. Not more certainly did the providence of God raise up Washington, and those noble minds by whose influence he was sustained in our revolutionary struggle, with a view to the destruction of the oppressor and the ultimate liberty of the world; than did His holy Spirit impart to Carey and those excellent men by whom he was surrounded, an apostolic zeal for the conversion of the heathen, and the final establishment of the gospel in all the earth.

Millions in Asia, Africa, and the isles of the sea, that at the close of the last century, were sunk in absolute darkness, unacquainted with the character of Jehovah and the mediation of his Son Jesus Christ, are now reading in their own tongues the wonderful works of God.

Dr. Staughton has frequently observed, that he considered his being present at that meeting, and contributing all the money he had with him, which was half a guinea, as one of the best *achievements* of his life. He was the last of this apostolic band that bid adieu to earth.

The spirit which animated that body, was a ruling spirit in his soul through life. It appears that the subject of foreign missions was agitated by him, at an early period of his residence in this country. Under date of August 3d, 1802, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain a missionary to India, who was then on a visit to this country, and spending a few days with Dr. Staughton at Burlington, writes:

"Brother Staughton, of Burlington, is principal of the academy in this place, and has lately been presented with

a diploma from Princeton college. He interests himself much in the prosperity of Zion, partakes of a missionary spirit, and stands as a witness against the negligence of many in this country who profess Christianity. At several associations he has proposed that something should be done for the spread of the gospel among the heathen, and though it has been hitherto in vain, yet he renews his applications every year, and I hope he will finally succeed. His object is to establish a society in this place to co-operate with the Baptist Missionary Society in England, or to send missionaries among the heathen from hence."

It is necessary, in this place, to take a short view of the origin of Baptist missions in this country, and the means by which the subject of this Memoir was introduced to those official labors, which, under God, have so richly contributed to the advancement of the missionary enterprise.

The Rev. Messrs. Judson, Newell, Hall, Nott and Rice, were set apart as missionaries to the East Indies, at Salem, Massachusetts, on the sixth day of February 1812, and on the eighteenth and nineteenth of the same month, part in the ship Harmony from Philadelphia, and part in the Caravan, from Salem, sailed for their destination under the patronage of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Brethren Judson and Newell with their wives, arrived at Calcutta on the eighteenth of June following, and on the next day proceeded to the Mission House at Serampore, about fifteen miles up the river, where they were most affectionately welcomed. The missionaries in the ship Harmony arrived about six weeks after the Caravan.

During their passage Mr. Judson thought much of the circumstance that he was going to Serampore where all

were Baptists, and that he should, in all probability, have occasion to defend infant sprinkling. To be prepared for this exigency he began to examine the foundations of pedobaptism. The more he examined, the more he was convinced that it had no support from the word of God. His mind was nearly made up before he arrived in India. He still pursued the subject after his arrival, and read all the authors he could obtain on both sides of the question. Finally he became convinced that he had never been baptized, and that he could not conscientiously sprinkle infants. At an early period of the examination, he suggested his difficulties to his companion, and after a solemn and prayerful investigation, she became perfectly satisfied, that the immersion of a professing believer, in the name of Christ, is the only Christian baptism. They were both baptized on the sixth of September, in the Baptist chapel in Calcutta. The Rev. Mr. Rice, also, entered into an examination of the subject, and in a few weeks after this, he was also baptized.

Their situation was now embarrassing. Their connexion with the American Board was virtually dissolved, and it was doubtful whether the Baptists in America would organize a society and direct their attention to Foreign Missions. The brethren at Serampore, wrote letters to some of the most distinguished Baptists in this country, and recommended to their attention this favorable opening in providence for their enterprise in this great work. This small missionary band were impressed with the conviction, that it was the duty of Mr. Rice to return to the United States, and to employ his efforts in awakening the Baptist churches to the importance of the subject. In the mean time providence directed Mr. and Mrs. Judson to the Burman empire, as the scene of their future labors. The Rev. Mr. Rice accordingly returned, and, sustained by

many brethren of enlarged benevolence and influence, and particularly by the special providence that threw this opportunity in their way, was highly successful in awakening a missionary spirit, and originating a large number of Missionary societies in various parts of the country. In the month of April, 1814, was formed at Philadelphia, the Baptist General Convention, since called "The General Convention of the Baptist denomination in the United States for Foreign Missions," and for other important objects relating to the Redeemer's kingdom. Of this body the Rev. Dr. Staughton, who was one of its founders, was appointed Corresponding Secretary, which he held till the Convention of 1826, when it was determined to locate the Board of Managers in Boston.

His work in this department was extensive and responsible. To those who are acquainted with the infancy of the Board of Managers, and the difficulties which they had to encounter, it is perfectly obvious, that nothing short of holy prudence, wisdom, and decision could have steered the trembling bark on its boisterous passage. These qualifications eminently characterized the subject of this Memoir. His was the hand that gave direction to the movements of the body, and contributed so successfully under the divine blessing, to its prosperity and usefulness. Familiar with all the official documents of the Board, and favored with a discriminating mind, his plans were matured, and, sustained by appropriate arguments, rarely failed to secure the cordial co-operation of his brethren. Never did he attempt to assume the office of dictator; but with mildness, with the highest regard for the opinions of others, and with a decision that indicated his confidence in the God of missions, he recommended measures and supported them.

The acting Board in Philadelphia was the subject of some serious charges, and Dr. Staughton received the

largest share, as the supposed originator of its objectionable measures. But in the Convention, held in May, 1817, which was composed of about forty delegates from various sections of the United States, these charges received a most triumphant refutation. In accordance with a request of the Board that their measures should be examined, a respectable committee unanimously presented the following report, which received the sanction of the Convention.

"The committee to whom was referred that part of the address, in which the Board 'respectfully ask of the Convention an attentive investigation of their conduct, and an avowal of the sentiments of your body, whether it deserve censure or support?' beg leave to report, that, after a satisfactory investigation of the proceedings of the Board, they are unanimously of the opinion, that the Board deserve the explicit approbation and thanks of this Convention, for their zealous and unremitting labors. Your committee are sensible of the embarrassments which have impeded the operations of the Board, and cannot but view, with regret and disapprobation, the measures which have been taken by certain individuals to impair the public confidence, and to repress the missionary spirit, which has been so happily and extensively excited.

JESSE MERCER, *Chairman.*
DANIEL SHARP, *Secretary.*"

As the Corresponding Secretary of the Convention, an immense amount of writing was requisite, and while others were enjoying the repose of sleep, he was often laboriously engaged in preparing communications of an official character. The annual addresses were written by him, and many of the reports, which were called for at the meetings of the Convention.

If missionary information was desirable for the preparation of a sermon on a special occasion, or for the purpose of writing a report in relation to any of the missionary stations, his brethren felt it their pleasure to solicit, and their advantage to employ the information he was capable of imparting.

To encourage the missionaries in their work was his great delight. Amid the numerous toils it was his to experience, he remembered them still. He was anxious that others should cheer their hearts by friendly correspondence, and he who would read the breathings of his soul, may read them in the following familiar effusion to his friend and brother, Mr. Maylin. He had resided in India many years in intimate intercourse with the Serampore band, but was at this time on a visit to New York, in company with brother Fernandez.

"I have this morning had an interview with Captain Bowen, of the ship Helvetius. He intends sailing in about fifteen days for Calcutta, and offers to take any letters or packets we may choose to transmit. Receiving the intelligence thus early, you may have time to prepare communications. An hour each morning spent in writing to India will be time well improved. The arrival of a vessel from Philadelphia, without letters from you, will pain the friends of the Mission House. On the contrary, conceive the lustre that will be kindled in the countenances of Carey, Marshman, Ward, and, especially, in the face of a father and friend of Fernandez, at Dinagepoôr, when a native comes running and crying, 'Bolottee Sahaib,' 'Bolottee Sahaib.'"

To the missionaries in India, he was in the habit of writing frequently, communicating such intelligence as he thought might cheer their hearts and encourage them to renewed exertions. Papers and pamphlets calculated to impart light in reference to the operations of their brethren

in this country, he would forward by every favorable opportunity that occurred. This was not done as an act of mere duty, but one of pleasure. He was frequently in search of such opportunities, and gladly availed himself of every mode, in which he could transmit information and encouragement.

The instructions which he was in the habit of directing to missionaries, exhibit the fact, that he was exceedingly desirous of promoting the Gospel among the heathen, and that he was particularly concerned for the deportment of the missionaries themselves, that through their example, the influence of divine truth should be recognized.

Letter to one of the Missionaries, under date of October 10, 1816.

" My dear Friend,

" Your communication from Calcutta, together with the parcel of letters you transmitted, has come safe to hand. Our prayers are answered, and you are borne in safety to your desired haven. I am happy that your passage has proved so comfortable, and that the kindness of the Captain has been so distinguished and uniform. God, who has the hearts of all persons in his hands, can raise up friends for his children where and when he pleases. Past deliverances, I hope, will assist you to exercise future confidence.

" Your character, my sister, from the opposition of enemies and the interested feelings of friends, has acquired a publicity, that will require much prudence, circumspection and prayer. May the Lord assist you day by day. Cherish to the utmost possible extent a conciliating temper. Forgive not only seven times, but seventy times seven. Take care lest self-respect, should degenerate into self-importance. Be willing to be any thing, provided the

cause for which you have given up the endearments of your natal soil and home, may be promoted. Study only and ever, the things that make for peace. You know I am your friend, your pastor; you call me your father. I am sure, under such relations, you can bear advice dictated by the purest affection, and intended to promote your personal comfort, and the honor of the infant mission.

"Our Board will be happy to hear from you all, what are the expenses of living at Rangoon, that we may accommodate our remittances to your comfort. In this we request you to be explicit. The Board feels it a sacred duty to practise economy; but it feels the duty equally sacred, that your conveniences be met and your happiness promoted.

"I trust you will be able to live near the Lord. You will find his presence capable of cheering your heart under every change, and be able to say, 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.' I have often admired the motto of Mr. Cruden's family coat of arms, 'Nil desperandum Christo duce,'—Never despair with Jesus for your leader."

To another of the Missionaries.

"*Philadelphia, Oct.* 2, 1818.

"Dear Brother,

"Called, as you have been, to the important office of a missionary of the cross, agreeably to a custom of the Board of Foreign Missions, under whose patronage you go forth, they present you with a few general instructions, which they hope may contribute to your assistance and comfort.

"As you are about to labor in a sphere corresponding with that occupied by our beloved brother, the Rev. Mr.

Ranaldson, the Board wishes you to consider the substance of the instructions given to him as directed to yourself, and trust that the same fervors of holy zeal and unwearied exertion, which he has so pleasingly discovered, will be found in you. In him, and in our worthy brother, Dr. Cooper, you will find affectionate friends and able counsellors.

"In the regions of the Mississippi State, and in Louisiana, where the gospel is rarely preached, you will perceive an important field of action, which we wish you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to endeavor to occupy; but still the Board wish you to have an eye directed, as far as may be, to the Indians in the West. Visit them when you can, and communicate all you can collect relative to their local situation, and the probable openings for doing good among them. The inhabitants of the United States are debtors to those unhappy, and untaught wanderers; and the Christian community feel their obligation to contribute to the discharge of the debt. The American Baptists, in common with their brethren of other denominations, are anxious to convince the *natives*, that the Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

"We hope you will be enabled to 'Walk in wisdom,' and that the presence of the Redeemer, and the influences of his good Spirit, will afford you consolation and guidance. We shall be happy to hear from you often, and hope you may have tidings to communicate, that will impart evangelic pleasure to our hearts, and to the hearts of thousands.

WILLIAM STAUGHTON, *Cor. Sec.*"

Every thing that related to missions deeply affected his heart, and nothing more so than the death of its distinguished advocates. This was not merely the feeling of regret, he improved the dispensation.

In a letter to a distant friend, dated Philadelphia, February 13, 1815, he writes; "An excellent veteran in the mission cause, the Rev. Mr. Sutcliffe, who, with Ryland and Fuller, formed our great missionary triumvirate, has gone to his heavenly home. The last words of this eminent saint were,

> 'I have tasted Canaan's grapes,
> But O, I long to go
> Where my dear Lord his vineyard keeps,
> And grapes in clusters grow.'

"O! that our latter end may be like his. Samson, when about pressing down the pillars, exclaimed, 'Let me die with the Philistines.' I would rather say, 'Let me die the death of the righteous.'"

His confidence in the overruling providence of God was steadfast. When some intelligence reached the Board, that he feared might be employed against the mission by its opposers, he felt assured that the hand of God would direct, and that no weapon formed against them should prosper. He observed to a friend, "Fear not; He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns," the kingdoms are his. He must increase. If no mountains towered, no vallies sunk, how could we hope to see the power displayed, by which every valley is exalted and every mountain and hill laid low?"

In every event, it was his felicity to acknowledge the hand of God. To Mrs. White, then in New York, and about to sail to India, as a missionary, he wrote the lines under date of August 25, 1815. "*God is with us!* The best ship in the harbor of Philadelphia is at the service of brother Hough and yourself. The passage *without money.*"

The following hymn was composed by him at New-

castle, upon the sailing of these missionaries for India, on the 12th of December, 1815.

"Adieu, loved friends, in Jesus' name
We bid the heart-inspired adieu;
In yon fair bark descend the stream,
To Indian climes your course pursue.

"Affection soft and memory stand,
To hold you to your natal soil;
But grace can stretch the parting hand,
Possessed of all in Jesus' smile.

"A thousand prayers for you ascend,
A thousand blessings shall return,
Diffused by that imperial Friend,
Whose glory bids your bosoms burn.

"Brethren, beloved, on eastern shores,
Shall hail you welcome to the field;
Prudence unveil her sacred stores,
And Love her rich refreshments yield.

"Go firm in faith, maintain the fight,
Jehovah shall all nations know,
Veils shall be rent, and banished, night,
Where beams the sun or breezes blow.

"Sustained by heaven, devoutly swear,
Perpetual league of heart and hands!
Nor hell, nor earth, nor time shall tear
The sweet, inviolable bands.

"A few more moons, and we shall meet,
Our labors and our sufferings o'er;
And stand and sing at Jesus' feet,
Nor mourn dividing oceans more."

Whatever might contribute to awaken or to sustain the missionary spirit, his heart was prepared to employ. He frequently read letters received from his friends upon the

subject of missions, and by this means assisted to keep alive the missionary flame. Sometimes he would accomplish the same end by the exhibition of idols received from India, with a description of their object and the character of that devotion with which the worshipper knows them. Most of these were subsequently presented to the museum of Mr. Peale, where they excited considerable public attention.

He frequently travelled, and obtained considerable sums for mission and education purposes, and on these occasions threw all the weight of his character and the influence of his eloquence into the scale. How many dormant spirits he was instrumental in arousing, how many feeble hands he strengthened, the day of judgment alone can exhibit.

A respected brother of Philadelphia has furnished me with an incident that strongly marks the vigor of his missionary spirit. "The last Philadelphia Association he attended, in October, 1829, some queries were introduced by one of the churches, calling their attention to more vigorous exertions for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. A desire being expressed to postpone the subject, roused at once all his former energies, and he warmly contended that the subject required every thing to give place to it. *The business of the Association is the promotion of the religion of Christ, if not, their existence is useless.* The effect of this was such as to induce that body to engage their immediate attention to missionary exertions. The remainder of the session was really a manifestation of divine power, in provoking one another to love and good works. At this meeting considerable sums were pledged for the purpose of sustaining the cause of Missions." This is but one example among many in which his zeal, his convincing arguments and his eloquence, contributed to kindle the missionary flame.

At the meeting of the Convention in New-York, in 1826, he was elected President of the Board of Managers. In 1829 he was re-elected to the same office, and retained it until his death.

The fact, that his whole soul was absorbed in this interesting subject, is very finely exhibited in the Vision, which he wrote and published in the Latter Day Luminary, and which cannot be read without interest.

A VISION.

"Sitting, a few days ago, in my easy chair, and meditating, with sorrow of heart, on the miserable condition of the race of man, I instantly fell asleep. Whether the sleep were induced by a despairing conclusion that human miseries would not soon be abolished, or whether, as physicians frequently assert, grief lulls the body to slumber, and had such an effect on me, I cannot determine. The world was scarcely shut out from my senses, before I heard a voice louder than thunder, in which majesty and sweetness, decision and energy were combined, utter the sounds, 'Behold, I create all things new.' A chorus instantly succeeded, loud and harmonious, the theme of which was, 'Good will toward men.' I felt as though I were in a new world. Involuntarily I looked up to the heavens. The moon was setting, a few stars were still visible, and the increasing crimson of the east gave assurance that the morning sun was about to throw over the earth its reviving lustre. But what, thought I, of novelty is there here? These glorious luminaries may hereafter become useless in the system of things, and the power that framed may destroy them; yet as they are not objects of moral turpitude, whence the necessity of creating them anew? Occupied in reflection, I heard again the music of heaven in sounds more combined and vigorous than before. I saw a form

descend, mild and trailing as a shooting star; he came nearer, sustaining a roll in his hand, and suppressed my alarm, by saying, 'Child of dust, dismiss thy apprehensions: he who sits on the rainbow has seen thy sorrow. Believe me, I am the genius of prophecy, and am sent to show thee scenes which in a few years shall be amply realized: ascend with me.' He took me by the hand: my body became light as air the instant he touched me. I ascended. 'Seest thou yon hill?' said my instructer. 'Mark it well.' Its summit was rugged and barren; but down its sides, in every direction, I saw (for we flew round the hill) falling the most beautiful currents. The celestial messenger seemed as though he could have continued gazing on the spot forever; and indeed, when we left it, I remarked that, with a countenance beaming with joy, and bespeaking a heart occupied with contemplation, he would often look back. I could not help observing, that wherever the streams directed their course, the soil, otherwise steril, was covered with flowers and fruits. I was sorry to observe, that after a while, the waters appeared to run under ground, excepting here and there a narrow stream threw back the rays of the sun. At length, after miles of desolation, they again broke up, and continued, with some interruptions, gradually to swell. 'Extend thy vision,' said the genius; when, I know not by what enchanting virtue, or by what unperceived elevation, I saw the earth, far as the eye could reach, yielding her increase. The cattle fed in large pastures. The vine gave her fruit, and the heavens their dew. I was particularly delighted to observe the interest which a number of cherubim took in the beautiful scene. Now they were flying through the air, and now apparently alighting on the ground, as if such a soil they could wish to inhabit. I could hear them saying, partly in the voice of proclamation, and partly in song,

'The glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams.' I could not forbear asking the name of the hill whence these blessings issued. I was answered, 'It is Calvary, where the Lord was crucified: but come,' said the genius, 'let us draw nearer to these happy regions.' But how shall I describe what I had the felicity to observe! I could not help exclaiming,

> O, scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
> Scenes of accomplished bliss!

In one place I heard the sound of ponderous hammers; thousands were busily employed. They were beating swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks. They sang as they labored, and at the end of every stanza the air rang with the chorus, 'There shall be war no more.' I saw in the same pasture the kid and the lion sporting, and children fearlessly playing with adders and asps. The countenances of the inhabitants every where exhibited the appearance of vigorous health; there was not one weak or sickly among them. Many were far advanced in age; a century or more had passed over them. They bent like the grain of harvest, showing themselves richer, because older than those around them. It was gratifying to see bands of youth crowding around the aged; some offering their arms to sustain them, others presenting them milk and fruits, and all listening to their pious instructions. Nearly every one had under his arm a book, which my guide told me was the volume of inspiration. Some of them had the book open, and were offering observations more sublime, evangelic and lucid than any thing I had ever heard before; even the youth seemed to possess the mental vigor and clear discernment of manhood. I asked the genius whence this wondrous illumination had proceeded? He told me the temple of God was opened in heaven, and

that this happy people had seen in his temple the ark of his testament.

"My instructer perceived my attention directed to a particular class of men, that were almost every where to be traced. They seemed greatly to excel in the spirit of wisdom and love. They always walked arm in arm. The attachment of the people to these men was surprising. Some of the men were on their knees, and with eyes bright with tears of rapture, cried, 'Lord, it is enough!' A few were engaged in public addresses; but most of them were saying to the people, 'In every place your faith to Godward is spread abroad, so that we need not to speak any thing.' I was informed they were ministers of the Gospel, who had lived to see the answer of their prayers and the fruit of their ministrations.

"I was struck with observing, at some distance, immense volumes of smoke ascending in the air. My director invited me to approach the spot. In one place were large furnaces, with prodigious crucibles, into which were cast gods of gold and silver. The workmen were so zealous in their employ, that one melting-pot could scarcely be poured, before they wanted to throw in other gods. The matrices gave to each ingot characters which every one might read, 'The silver and the gold is the Lord's.' In another place blazed a prodigious fire, which at first appeared composed of logs of wood, but, on nearer inspection, I found them gods from the forest. I recognized in them the forms of Brumha, and Kishnoo, and Shivu, and mentioned them to the genius. 'Yes,' added he, 'and here are the representations of Indru, and Sooryu, and Guneshu, and Kariketu, and Ugnu, and Puvunu, and Vuroonu, and Yamu, and Gaudama, and all the three hundred and thirty millions of Indian gods at once on fire.' Many similar piles were seen in every direction. It was really

delightful, to observe with what eagerness men were carrying their idols to the pyre. The women and children and old men were no less active than the rest. 'This,' said the guide, 'is the way in which God will purge the earth, by *the spirit of burning*.' One stream of fire ascended more vivid than the rest. I supposed the reason to be, because the materials were more combustible. I arrived just in time to spell out some few characters, for I found them to be papers, rolls and books. I distinctly discovered the words Koran, Veda, Shastra. 'Come with me,' said the genius, 'to the other side of the pile.' I went, and saw amid the fire the names of Chubb, Collins, Herbert, Shaftsbury, Hume, Gibbon, Paine, and several others that I do not distinctly recollect. On a neighboring spot were burning beads and crucifixes, dispensations and mitres. As I was contemplating the fiery mass, I heard a voice from the sky, 'These the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming.' Seeing at a distance some vessels very deeply laden, I asked my instructer what these meant? He said, 'Come and see.' We hastened to the rivers, and passed, in our way, many heathen temples, over each of which were written the words, *empty, void, and waste*. We discovered that the vessels were filled with gods of stone and clay, which, with shouts of joy, the seamen threw into the depths of the ocean, to be seen no more.

"Walking among the inhabitants, I could not but remark that they had some familiar terms in conversation, that I never found used so much before. I often heard the words, *showers, wind, water of the sanctuary, jubilee, year of release, mountain of the Lord's house, latter days*, and the like. I ventured to speak with one of the happy people; with which I saw my conducter was not displeased. I asked, Do you keep the Sabbath? The answer was, 'Sir,

ours is perpetual Sabbath; the seven thousandth year of the creation of God is come.' Are there any hospitals, or alms-houses in your regions? 'No, disease is not.' Have you any courts of judicature, or prison houses? I was told, 'the former still remain, the latter are demolished, for the people are all righteous.' I had proceeded, but the genius said, 'Come, let us survey at large the glorious landscape.' We ascended, and pursued our way. The seas were covered with ships, but on every pendant were such mottos as *joy*, *love*, *peace*, *zeal*, *holiness*, *the end is come*, &c. &c. In one situation I saw multitudes of Chinese occupied in evangelic devotions. There Tartars, in immense congregations, were celebrating the name of Jesus. Hindoos and Bengalees, Gentoos and Burmans, were hailing the light of the glorious gospel. Ethiopians were lifting up their hands to the heavens. Indians of the west were rejoicing, that to their deserts the excellency of Carmel was given. The face of the Jew was without a veil; and the names of Mecca and Medina were in a manner forgotten.

"'These,' said my director, 'are some of the glories of future times, which I have been instructed to unfold to thee; but the half has not been told. Return to thy station in life; believe in the Lord, and bid adieu to thy griefs.' The thought of losing the delightsome vision seemed intolerable. I said, how long, my inestimable instructer, shall it be, before these glories shall be universally realized? He replied, 'Come with me, I will show you the hill of prophecy.' Turning to the east, I beheld the most magnificent eminence I had ever seen. Its base was granite, coral and gold, on which were engraved, as with a pen of iron on the rock, in letters which time had not in the least degree defaced, 'HATH HE SAID, AND SHALL HE NOT DO IT?' The mountain rose sublime and awful; in some parts it showed a steady resplendence, in others it

was involved in clouds which seemed gradually vanishing. A bright effulgence, descending from above, rested on its summit, on which stood forty or fifty venerable forms. Several of them bore standards waving long and beautiful. On two, that flamed with red, I saw the figures 666 and 1000. But several, which my guide pointed to me, were of the purest white. On one was written, 'his times;' on another, 'time, times, and the dividing of a time;' on a third, 'forty and two months;' on a fourth, 'twelve hundred and sixty days.' I regretted that a part of the ensigns seemed wound round the staffs that supported them, so that I could not ascertain the dates, whence to calculate the period intended. On expressing my sorrow on this account, my instructer said, with the greatest tenderness of manner, 'You remember, child of dust, the words of your Lord and mine, 'it is not given to you to know the times and seasons.'' But, said I, may we not hope that in one hundred and a few years all these things shall come to pass? He smiled. I understood the smile to say, *yes*, thou hast rightly divined. He, however, only said, opening the scroll he held in his hand, 'Read this.' I saw, in golden letters, Moravian missions, Baptist Mission Society, London Mission Society, Bible societies, Sunday schools, &c.; and the names, Elliott, Brainerd, Vanderkemp, Kircherer, Carey, Marshman, Ward, &c. I was continuing to read the opening roll, when the prophets on the hill struck with their lyres and uttered with their voices such rapturous strains, that, overpowered with their sweetness, their fulness, and their harmony, I awoke."

CHAPTER VIII.

His private character—his kindness, affability and philanthropy—cheerfulness and simplicity in the social circle—his hospitality—friend of the widow and orphan—his pleasure in making others happy—several letters of condolence—an incident—confidence which his brethren exercised in him—letter from Joseph Butterworth, member of parliament—his independence and decision of character—his piety—constant effort to promote piety among the young, and to be useful to all—his cheerfulness.

The private character of our deceased friend was as amiable and unblemished as his public career was useful and splendid. His temper was naturally irritable; but through grace, he obtained an astonishing command over it, so that to his acquaintance, it appeared almost impossible that any circumstance could destroy its equilibrium. His heart was susceptible of quick impulse, and if, for a moment, roused to any thing like undue heat, it was but for a moment, and all was forgotten. His kindness and affability were probably never surpassed. Careless of his own convenience, there was no sacrifice but he was prepared to make, no labor but he was ready to undertake, in order to promote the comfort of his friends. His philanthropy was of the highest order. To do good was his great delight, and when his means were incompetent to supply the claims of benevolence, he sought the aid of the wealthy and the influential in society, with whom he had an extensive intercourse.

His company was at all times hailed with delight. He had a peculiar facility in giving entertainment to the social circle,

by the sweet flow of his conversation, and by the animation with which his manner inspired the breasts of the aged and the young. There was no ostentatious display, no forbidding solemnity; traits often assumed for the purpose of exhibiting the dignity of the minister of God. Who has not been amused and yet disgusted by the stern countenance, the stiffened demeanor, the measured sentence, and the labored dignity of the Christian minister, while the young sat chilled by the icy atmosphere, and the aged drew nearer to the fire to warm their shivering frames. The subject of this Memoir knew how to preserve the dignity of his character, while he could exhibit the simplicity of the child, and act as though he were possessor of talents as humble as the least that surrounded him. All felt unembarrassed in his presence; and even the little children would approach him with confidence, and speak their artless strains encouraged by his voice.

His friendship and hospitality knew no bounds. The distant brother was welcomed to his house, and shared his kindness. Many expressions of acknowledgment on the part of those who visited him, were afterwards given in their correspondence.

The Rev. Mr. Chamberlain has the following memento in his journal. "Our visit at Burlington has been very happy. The kindness we have met with, in a strange land, especially from brother Staughton and family, has laid us under great obligations."

To the poor he was a devoted friend. The widow and the orphan shared his sympathies, and, impelled by the generous tide of his benevolence, he contrived means to contribute to their comfort. Though he had been the subject of many shameful deceptions, yet his desire to relieve the afflicted was not in the least abated. He used frequently to quote the words of his friend, the Rev.

Samuel Pearce, of Birmingham; "I had rather be deceived ninety-nine times, than turn one poor afflicted person away unassisted," and the passage, "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." The fatal fire, which consumed the orphan asylum in Philadelphia, on the 23d of January, 1822, is still fresh in the memory of its inhabitants. Twenty-three children fell victims to its flames. The poetic production of his pen, which on this occasion appeared in the public prints, was not written with a view to fame, but with the hope that it might impress the orphan's condition with greater force upon the minds of the citizens.

"Cold, cold was the night and was absent the moon,
And were sinking the stars in the sky,
When bursting in flame, the sad Orphan House shone,
And the sparkles flew crowded and high.

"The bells through the darkness toll'd awful and loud,
And the watchmen cried mournfully, '*Fire!*'—
The engines roll'd rapid, dragg'd on by the crowd,
While the sparkles rose thicker and higher.

"The engines were mighty and flexile the hose,
And active the generous men;
But the keen breeze of night the sad current had froze,
And the levers moved heavy and vain.

"From the softness of slumber, and juvenile dreams,
As frighted he sprung from his bed,
Oh! sad on the ear were the orphan's dread screams,
Consigned by the blaze to the dead!

"Though darkness surround *Thee*, we bow to thy will,
The poor thy munificence share;
Since, Father of Mercies, thy providence still,
Makes the widow and orphan thy care."

Whatever called for gratitude on the part of his friends excited the same lively exercise in his own bosom. What-

ever imparted pleasure to his own heart, he communicated under the impression of a reciprocity of feeling. No apology is deemed necessary for introducing in illustration, a letter which he wrote to a ministering brother then in England.

"*February* 21, 1807.

"My dear Brother,

"I received duly your affectionate letter, dated October 6, 1806. With multitudes of your Philadelphia friends, I rejoiced to hear of your safe arrival in your native land. Your letter came to hand on Tuesday afternoon. I read the substance of it the same evening at Mrs. Bright's society, when we gave public thanks to a prayer-hearing God, and again commended you to the word of his grace. The kindness you received from Captain Smith, the preservation you experienced while the sea was strewed with wrecks, the recovery of your vessel from its beam ends, call for gratitude and future confidence in the name of your great deliverer.

"I was a few evenings ago at Mr. B's. Himself and Mrs. B. had just been revived by a letter from their friends, informing them that you had been with them, and that the interview had been conducive to your mutual gratification. You will be pleased to hear that Mr. and Mrs. B., and their daughter Mary, have been united to the church.

"In Philadelphia the work of the Lord seems on its way. We have had additions every month since you left us. Our society meetings continue crowded. We have heard of considerable fruit from our happy six o'clock services at Mr. Beasly's.

"No communications have been lately received from India. The last, was a letter to one of our Boston brethren, containing very encouraging information. You de-

served, and you shared the cordial esteem of the brethren of America, and I have no doubt but that you find more, if possible, than a counterpart in the affections of the brethren in England. Do not, however, amid the flow of the latter, forget that the former still remains. We are waiting anxiously the pleasure of welcoming you to our altars and fire-sides, and hope that you will determine here to winter.

"Now, my dear brother, I must once more commend you to the care of our merciful Mediator. May you derive abundant profit from the communion of saints, and at last enter on the pure, uninterrupted, and everlasting communion in heaven.

"The Lord bless you. Write me soon and often, and when it is well with you, remember your affectionate brother,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

He rejoiced with those who rejoiced and wept with those who wept. When he learned that a friend was in affliction, all his sensibilities were aroused. If his location justified, an immediate visit was the result, and the bleeding heart acknowledged its influence. If distance interposed, a letter, bearing on its secret page the stamp of affection and sympathy, was despatched to the mourner. The few letters here presented, may serve to illustrate this point of his character.

"*Philadelphia, April* 13, 1813.

"Dear Madam,

"Your favor, bearing date of the 1st instant, did not come to hand until yesterday, a short time before your brother exchanged this world for a better. I rejoice to learn that your heart has been placed on a gracious Re-

deemer for life eternal, and am pleased with the anxiety you felt for the everlasting welfare of your brother.

"I have reason to believe, that attendance on the worship of the Lord first led his mind to serious meditation. I have been in the habit of attending him ever since his confinement, and have been gratified to see the work of the Lord gradually deepening on his heart. His inquiries appeared very sincere; but not until a little before his decease did his soul attain to that holy consolation, which an entire reliance on a gracious Mediator creates. I was, however, fully satisfied that his impressions were real, and had no doubt of their result. I had a solemn interview with him and Mrs. S. alone, on Lord's day last, and another yesterday, an hour and a half before his death. He told me, 'All is arranged for this world, and what is infinitely better, I believe all is well for the world to come.' His confidence was exclusively on the name of the Lord Jesus. A short time before his departure, his soul was delightfully enlarged. He begged his wife, and mother, and friends, by no means to weep. He saw his interest in his Saviour. He knew, he said, he was going to everlasting glory, to the company of the blessed angels and saints. He had no fear. After which he cried out, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' and calmly fell asleep.

"I trust your heart will feel resigned to the stroke. Hope in the death of our dear relatives, is among the best consolations we can enjoy when they are gone from us. I trust Mrs. S. has experienced a saving change in her heart also."

The letter that follows, addressed to the same lady, though not strictly of the same character as the former, is introduced here with a view of showing his opinions upon a subject of considerable interest.

"*October*, 31, 1814.

"Dear Madam,

"By your worthy mother, who, I learn, leaves this place for W., I do myself the pleasure of writing you a few lines. I rejoice to find that your heart glows with love to the Lord Jesus, and with anxiety for the promotion of his most blessed cause. His name is, to his people, as ointment poured forth; and his cause is, and ought to be to us, dearer than our lives. We have reason to rejoice that amid the carnage of war, and the convulsions of nations, it makes its silent and triumphant way. Missionary and Bible institutions, multiply and prosper. The walls of Zion are rising, and the period is not distant, when all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God.

"Your mind appears to have been greatly exercised on the diversity of sentiment prevailing among the sincere followers of the Lamb of God. Considering the various powers of the human mind in different individuals, the diversified measure of grace in the heart, and of application in the search of truth, the power of early prejudices, and the general imperfection of the present state, we cannot wonder that so great a variety in religious opinions exists. The Lord in his infinite wisdom permits it, and no change for the better, probably will occur, until, in the latter day glory, the watchmen see eye to eye. Yet even this variety in religious views is capable of being employed and improved to useful purposes. It should remind us of our frailty, provoke our investigation of the holy word of God, that in relation to duty and doctrine, we may be satisfied for ourselves, and urge to that spirit of forbearance and candor, in respect to others, which we claim on the behalf of ourselves. Certainly difference of religious views should never be permitted to originate animosity.

"May the Lord guide you, by his blessed counsel, through this vale of tears, and at length receive you to his glory."

"*College Hill, D. C., November* 4, 1824.

"My dear friend,

"I understand that last evening the remains of your beloved Jane were committed to the silent mansion appointed for all living. The trial must have been peculiarly severe, and I rejoice to learn that you have thus far borne up under it with that resignation and fortitude, which becomes a disciple of the Lord Jesus.

"Afflictions of this nature, through the tender arrangements of the God of mercy, do not come with their full force. You will yet feel that your child 'is not,' and perhaps may yet say, 'and I, whither shall I go?' I have seen your sister this morning, whose eyes are streaming with sorrow. I told her I would write you. I wish I could offer some word fitly spoken, that might be found as 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

"Your Jane is not; but remember your covenant God remains the same yesterday, to-day and forever. A summer stream has been dried up, but the ocean is as large and abundant as ever. His way may be hidden from us, but it is always righteous and best. You will one day see that your child has died precisely at the right season. She had her time to be born, and in that you rejoiced; she has had her time to die, and the economy is as replete with wisdom and mercy, in one part of it as in another. What you know not now, you shall know hereafter.

"Your dear Jane is not; but what have you lost? Nothing but what you know was mortal. She, like ourselves, was born under the decree, 'dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.' Had she lived a little longer, she had still been but a stranger and sojourner here. She has had the consolation, which, under other circumstances, she might not have had, of a kind mother's hand to wipe from her forehead the dew of death, and to administer every

comfort that affection could devise. And he who provides for our dying friends, will, when it is requisite, provide for us also. Nay, more, he himself will make all our bed in our sickness. Though gone, she still lives with you in the lovely children she has left behind, and whom, should it fall to your lot, yourself and brother M. will take pleasure in training up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

"Jane is not: but where is she? From what I have heard, she had tasted that the Lord is gracious, and committed her spirit into the hands of the Redeemer. Let not then your thoughts delight to wander among the tombs. Let them rise to the heavenly state, and anticipate the day when your attachments shall be revived and refined, and be subject to no fear of separation forever.

"It were easy to increase the topics which are calculated to allay the effervescence of grief, and to calm the soul into holy submission. When your heart becomes overwhelmed within you, may you be lead to the rock that is higher than yourself. Open the book of the Lord, there you will find patience recommended and comfort administered. And recollect it is but a short time, and our sorrows and conflicts shall cease. Yet a little while and the soft hand of Jesus shall wipe away every tear.

"My family unite with me in their affectionate sympathies. Present me affectionately to brother M. What if

> 'Long nights and darkness dwell below,
> With scarce a twinkling ray;
> Yet the bright world to which we go
> Is everlasting day.'

"Your brother in the kingdom and patience of Jesus,

WM. STAUGHTON."

"*Baltimore, May* 24, 1829.

"My dear sister,

"Miss C. who is staying awhile in Baltimore, incidentally mentioned yesterday, what before I had not heard, the decease of your excellent husband. I am sincerely sorry I could not, by the mingling of Christian sympathies, diminish your sorrows at the painful rupture of bonds that more than half a century had rendered you so much of domestic delight.

"Anxious to see my dear children, I came hither on the close of our business, transacted by our Convention and Board. I hope to be in Philadelphia by Wednesday next, at farthest. Still I cannot forbear weeping with those that weep. I should have been happy to have attended the funeral of a brother, whom I sincerely loved. I know full well that you feel yourself a widow sitting solitarily; but forget not, your Maker is your husband. Be thankful the dear deceased was continued to you so long. It is only a little while, and you will meet again, to part no more forever. Consider how many mercies are left behind. Look on your amiable children and grand children, all of whom are anxious to contribute to your happiness. Meditate much on the promises of the divine word, particularly on the words, 'I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee.' The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are everlasting arms. Cast your burden on the Lord in the exercise of fervent prayer, and be assured that the Lord will help you, and strengthen you with the right hand of his righteousness. Consider too, that the whole is the Lord's doing. If a sparrow cannot fall, much less can a saint, without the will of a heavenly Father. I could multiply topics of consolation; but I know I am writing to one prepared to say, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good in his sight.' My children unite in tenderest sympathies. Present our affectionate regards to each of your

children. I hope in a few days to see you and all of them. Meanwhile, I pray the Lord may be your strength and your stay, your light and your salvation.

"I am, my afflicted sister, your sincere friend and brother.

WM. STAUGHTON."

The reader will pardon the insertion of an incident which, though trifling in itself, nevertheless strikingly exhibits the kindness of his heart. A short time before the decease of the Rev. Mr. Eastbourne, known extensively as a preacher at the Seaman's Bethel in Philadelphia, they became passengers together in the steam-boat from Baltimore to the former place. At that time Mr. Eastbourne was quite feeble. The old gentleman being without company, Dr. Staughton paid very particular attention to him, to see that every want was supplied, and anticipated every wish. Mr. Eastbourne felt the kindness, and, with tears in his eyes, repeatedly said to some of the Doctor's friends, "Oh what a dear friend Dr. Staughton is, how he waited on me on board the boat; on me, an old man,—what a Christian he is. It must have been the love of Christ that influenced him to be so kind to *me*, an old man."

He had the confidence of his brethren from the North to the South, and from the East to the West, as far as his name was known, from whom he received testimonies of high respect and sincere affection. To name his friends, would be to repeat the names of our wisest and holiest men. He stood deservedly high in the estimation of all who had the honor of his acquaintance, and were capable of appreciating moral worth, both in this country and in England. The following extract of a letter from a distinguished individual, shows the high sense which he entertained of his valuable character and services in the cause

of truth. The letter was written to the Rev. Alva Woods, then soliciting funds in England, for the aid of the Columbian college. It is dated,

"*Bedford Square, October* 10, 1822.

"I am the more gratified by the perusal of your documents, in observing, that my highly respected friend the Rev. Dr. William Staughton, has been chosen President of the college, whose character and talents so eminently qualify him for that important office. He was the companion of my childhood; and though I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for upwards of forty years, yet I have, on many occasions, heard of his rising reputation, and of his extensive and increasing sphere of usefulness in his adopted country.

"As a small token of respect and affection for my old friend, the President, and of my cordial good wishes for the success of the Columbian college, I have to request your acceptance of twenty pounds, enclosed, towards its funds, which I should most gladly have increased but for numerous other claims.

"With much respect, &c.

JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH."

His life was uniformly marked by independence and decision of character. When his judgment was once formed as to the path of duty, no difficulties could turn him aside, or shake his confidence in God. He was equally distinguished by a noble spirit of disinterestedness. During the period of his residence in Philadelphia, he received nothing for his laborious services as Corresponding Secretary of the General Convention. The sum of four hundred dollars, annually, was voted to him for this service; but he permitted it to fall into the mission funds to aid in the great work of evangelizing the heathen. Money was never with

him an object of concern. Through his efforts in teaching and the salary which he received from his church, his income was large; but the whole was expended in the hospitalities of his house, and in the advancement of benevolent works.

His piety was unassuming and sincere. On one occasion, writing to a friend, he says: "Tidings have lately reached me from London, of the decease of one of the most excellent of mothers. She departed suddenly, the chariot descended and she almost instantly arose. *Oh, for habitual preparedness for heaven.*" On Sabbath morning at family worship, he uniformly read the eighty-fourth Psalm. And on Saturday evenings, he always remembered the missionary brethren in India, who were then about commencing their Sabbath.

Such was his earnestness to reconcile those from whom he had not received kind treatment, that an old acquaintance bitterly complained, *that he neglected his friends to serve his enemies.* A greater eulogium on his Christian character, could scarcely be offered. It was his delight to conceal, as far as possible, the infirmities of his brethren, and to reconcile their differences of judgment and feeling. He was emphatically a peace-maker; and often, by the mildness and felicity of his interposition, he has succeeded in allaying the rising tempest of contention. His piety was not marked by gloomy austerity, it was cheerful, active and animating. He was remarkable for his cheerfulness; but this trait in him was constitutional, and, in the hand of God, it was overruled for the public good, as well as for his own encouragement. The Lord operates through instrumentalities of various kinds, and in this native buoyancy of animal spirits was found a powerful aid in the support of his mind under every trial.

His spirit agonized for a blessing upon his pulpit labors. Walking home one Sabbath evening after the exercises of the day, he observed to his wife, "Oh how I desired, how I panted that the Lord would bless the word, to even one soul of the multitude! Oh could they have had such views of the blessed Lamb as I had, surely love would have constrained them!" This was not an occasional, but the habitual desire of his soul. His talents were not more splendid than his humility was lovely. His brother in Christ, the Rev. Mr. Peckworth, who was pastor of the Southwark Baptist church in Philadelphia, informed me, that for many years, every Saturday afternoon, the Doctor would visit him and converse upon the subject of their exercises for the following day. He made the proposition himself, and his first inquiry turned upon the passages of Scripture selected for their public addresses. He would then inquire of brother Peckworth, in what way he intended to illustrate them, and in the most delicate manner suggest some valuable hints. Then mentioning the passages from which he intended to speak, and exhibiting his plan, he would invite in return, the remarks of his brother, and receive any observations that might be offered, with affection and thankfulness. In this intercourse, which subsisted for many years, he manifested the simplicity of the child and the chastened piety of the old disciple.

He would frequently sit and sing, with tears, the hymn,

> "Wayfaring men and sojourners
> Are we, who seek the heavenly spheres,
> Nor do we here belong:
> Our certain dwelling place is where
> The Lamb's triumphant hosts appear,
> That dear redeemed throng, &c."

He took great delight in singing it, and used to say, that every line was soul touching.

Another favorite hymn commenced with the words:

> "Not all the blood of beasts,
> On Jewish altars slain, &c."

He loved it for its sweetness, its richness, its evangelical strain. This accounts for the fact, that he gave it out very frequently from the pulpit. The lines,

> "That powerful blood did once atone,
> And now it pleads before the throne,"

he has been often heard to repeat, and particularly the expressions, "*powerful blood.*" Of these words he was an enthusiastic admirer, and considered them the most impressive of any of the compositions of Dr. Watts. He loved to speak of the blood of Christ, he loved to contemplate its glorious sufficiency. He rejoiced that it was *powerful* blood.

To exhibit the native dignity of the Mediator was with him a favorite point. Repeating at one time the words, "*Who being the brightness of his glory,*" he said, "Oh! there is a richness in that passage, I cannot get at. I long to preach from it. I have tried, but cannot reach it." He was not in the habit of keeping a diary of his exercises. He was employed through life in better work. Yet occasionally, he made a note of the goodness of God on paper. He spent the winter of 1827, in a journey to the South to aid the Baptist Mission, and on his way met with a most wonderful escape from death. He records this in the following passage:

February 14. "Experienced a most wonderful preservation. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' "

On the same page is another:

January 10. "The fourth year of the decease of my dear wife. May my last end be like hers."

His sentiments on the spirit of Christianity, may be seen in the extract from a letter which follows. It was written shortly after the news of *peace* arrived in this country.

"Permit me to congratulate you on the return of *peace*. I most sincerely hope that our rulers will throw in no obstacles to its ratification. Surely the country, without any advantage, has bled long enough. How joyous, and yet how sure the hopes of the Christian! Jesus must universally reign. Of his dominion and *peace*, there shall be no end. Many of my brethren think they see the spirit of war, in the spirit of Christianity. I confess I have on this point so much of the Quaker about me, I cannot. If this were true, the more of Christianity in the world, the more a fighting disposition must be cherished. But its great Author says, 'I say unto you that ye resist not evil.' I believe that, to convert swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, nothing but the triumph of Christian principle is needed."

He rejoiced to see his friends cherish a spirit of earnest devotion to God, and endeavored to promote it. In the same letter he says, "I am happy to find, that though absent from the means of grace, your soul is prospering in the divine life. Certainly no joy is like joy in God, no peace like peace addressed to the soul, through the blood of Jesus Christ. To live ever dependent on him, less than nothing in ourselves, and desirous of loving and obeying him continually, approaches nearest to 'all we know of heaven,' of any course the mind can conceive."

He loved to direct little children into the path of piety, and improved every opportunity to bring them to an acquaintance with the Saviour. His pen was ever at command to contribute to their moral improvement, as the following incident, poetically described, will prove.

Conversation between a brother and sister, on the death of their cousin, a little girl of nine years of age.

"Come hither, dear George, take a seat by the fire,
Said Jane, and her brother sat instantly by her;
I will tell you, my love, a most sorrowful tale—
She burst into tears, and her brother looked pale.

"Recovering, she said, Cousin Mary is dead,
I saw her this morning stretched out on the bed;
Her mouth and her dear little eyelids are shut,
And she's cold as a stone, from the head to the foot.

"On Saturday last, she was visiting us;
Going home, she caught cold, and grew afterwards worse;
As her fever was raging, and aching her head,
'My Jesus will hasten to fetch me,' she said.

"The Minister, entering, said, 'Mary, my dear,
I'm sorry to see you lie suffering here;'
'Don't say so,' she answered, 'the Lord is so good,
He has washed out my stains in Jesus' blood.'

"'You *love* the Lord Jesus, then, Mary,' said he;
The tears came, she smiled and said, 'He has loved me,
I shall praise and behold his dear countenance soon,
In the place where you say there's no need of the moon.'

"He prayed, while we all of us kneeled round the bed,
On rising, we thought little Mary was dead;
But she opened her eyes, they looked all over bliss,
And calling her mother, she gave her a kiss.

"'Farewell, dearest mother,' we all heard her say,
'And thank you for telling me Christ is the way,'
'Farewell, my dear Jane, and tell Georgy from me,
That in glory, I pray, I may each of you see.'

"Then she bade farewell all, and when turned on her side,
'My Jesus,' she said, and then very soon died;
Oh George, let us pray, don't defer it too late,
You're now turned of six, and I'm going on eight.

"Upon this, little George could no longer refrain—
The tears tumbled down, and then, turning to Jane,
The Lord will I seek, that he mercy may show,
But you, my dear sister, must pray for me too."

It was the constant aim of the deceased to advance the kingdom of Christ; and hence, in all his public addresses, literary and theological, he impressed upon the minds of his hearers, and particularly upon the youthful part, the cultivation of every noble affection. We give an extract from an address to the candidates for the degree of M. D. in the medical department of the Columbian College, delivered March 16, 1826, which not only illustrates this remark, but shows him to be, what he uniformly was, the poor man's friend.

"Let me recommend to the cherishing of benevolent affections. Let there be seen in your countenance, when you enter the chamber of disease, that mildness which will beguile the sorrowful heart, a mildness that shall fall sweet as the moonbeam on the midnight dew. A fair and liberal recompense for the expenses incurred in the acquisition of your education, and for the labors in which you may yet engage, is your reasonable claim, and, from a generous public, you will receive it; but cases of distress and poverty will offer themselves to your charitable feeling, that you must not neglect. Be good Samaritans! If the Priest and the Levite shall have passed by, deaf to the voice of misery, go, bind up the wounded, pour in your oil and your wine; and if the 'half dead' cannot recompense you, you shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Boerhaave used to say, and I have often heard Dr. Rush repeat the sentiment with pleasure, 'I esteem the poor my most profitable patients, for God is their pay-master.' On one point, gentlemen, I must leave you to exercise your judgment, after simply intimating, that as far as my obser-

vation has extended, no physician was ever a loser in reputation or fortune, on account of his attending the family of a clergyman gratuitously. I offer no apology for any thing which might appear, in relation to myself, personal in this remark. My relations to the college render it unnecessary.

"In the pursuit of your profession, you will not unfrequently, judging from the history of eminent physicians, find occasions for vexation. Caprice may possibly induce a family to change their physician, to whom they owe their health, if not the continuance of their existence, for one to whom they owe nothing, and whose chief recommendation may be only a little brief empyrical confidence. Suffer no such occurrence to depress your spirits, much less to arouse indignant passions. We can do no other than take human nature as it presents itself The consciousness of the integrity of your heart, and of the fidelity which has governed your exertions, will minister to your bosoms ample support. Disdain the indulgence of a low spirit of rivalship. Superior to intrigue, let a manly independence, a generous openness characterize your conduct. You will find it command respect, widen the sphere of your practice, and preserve in your minds that delightful tranquillity, that tone of high and generous feeling, which are amongst the noblest acquisitions of human nature. Slander, whether malicious or inconsiderate, ought ever to be considered as far beneath the real philosopher, as it is inconsistent with the profession of the sincere Christian."

He was an attentive observer of passing events, and occasionally made a remark upon the aspect of political affairs. His opinion of the change of office made in the case of the Hon. Judge McLean will be felt by many to be perfectly just. It occurs in a letter to his son.

"Surely, surely, the President has erred. It will be

found a step the most unhappy he could possibly have taken. I almost wept as I read your letter. The post office department has been visited with meteor and moon-beam, but it never saw the light of the sun, until the days of our inestimable friend."

His constant aim was usefulness. The "Marseilles Hymn" at one time awakened considerable interest in this country; and he conceived its bold measure, with other sentiments, might be equally animating to the Christian, to urge him onward in the cause of glory, incorruptible and unfading. Several attempts of the same kind have been made, but none which I have seen will bear a comparison with this:

"Ye sons of God awake to glory,
A host of foes before you lies,
The saints renowned in sacred story,
Behold them seize the glittering prize.
Shall frowns of earth, or hell's loud thunder,
Afflict your bosom with dismay,
Or chase you from the narrow way,
While angels gaze with joy and wonder?

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave,
See, see the standard wave,
March on, march on, the trumpet sounds,
For victory or death.

"Launch out a feeble arm no longer,
Rush, rush on contest, win the day;
The foe turns pale, the saint grows stronger,
While great Immanuel leads the way:
No more a hoard of terrors nourish,
Nor seem of every hope bereft,
For on the right hand and the left
The heavenly tempered armies flourish.
To arms, &c

"The treacherous world stands yonder smiling,
And points to wealth's delight and fame,
More venomed than the serpent coiling,
She leads to anguish, want and pain:
Fly her embrace, disdain her fury,
What though her legions she engage!
From all the follies of her rage,
The shield of faith can well secure ye.
To arms, &c.

"Do inward foes, thy path impeding,
Through all thy members, shout for war?
Resist to blood, assured, though bleeding,
You soon shall mount Elijah's car:
Go crucify each bold invader,
Drive firm the nail, deep plunge the spear,
Bright eyes, bright hands, no longer dear,
Pursue your great immortal Leader.
To arms, &c.

"March on, nor fear death's sable waters,
The foe stands silent as a stone,
While Jesus' ransomed sons and daughters
Go through to claim the promised throne:
White robes, and crowns of highest glory,
Victorious palms, and endless songs,
Friendship, with heaven's triumphant throng,
And God's bright presence is before ye.
To arms, &c."

Thousands have been charmed with the well-known music "Strike the cymbal." The words were composed by Dr. Staughton, at the request of Mr. Carr, of Philadelphia, by whom the harmony was arranged.

The following lines were written by him in a lady's album:

"You ask me, dear girl, in your album to write,
The request I can never oppose;
But my muse, an old Eagle, deficient for flight,
A paragraph wishes in prose.

I yield not to such inadmissible thing,
I care very little about her;
And if she refuses to lend me her wing,
I'll write you a stanza without her.

"May the angel of health all your footsteps attend,
May plenty her horn ever shed;
May the dews of the hills on your dwelling descend,
And peace be the wreath of your head:
May your choice be the virtuous; as chooses the deer
The stream that pellucidly flows,
May your path be all verdant, your sky ever clear,
And the bosom of God your repose.
May streams of salvation attend you below,
A Saviour your constant protection,
And when the last trumpet shall Gabriel blow,
May you share in the first resurrection."

A FABLE,

Founded on fact, which occurred in the river Delaware, Feb. 27, 1821, when the motion of a fine steam-boat, commanded by Capt. Whilden, was impeded by a corn-husk.

"A boat, as proud as boat could be,
Fit for a river, or a sea,
Now blazed within with furious flame,
Now poured in air the impatient steam;
Loosed from the wharf, she freedom feels,
And whirls around her easy wheels—
Full in the stream, she pompous cries,
'On me see fixed a thousand eyes;
Volumes of smoke I fling behind,
Despise the surge, and dare the wind.
Avaunt, ye schooners, brigs, and ships,
Leave me to my majestic trips!
Go, wait for tides, invoke the breeze!
Steam-boats despise such aids as these.
The sun scarce travels through the sky,
Surprised at such a power as I;
While every Nereid of the stream
Is wondering whence or why I came.'

"A husk of corn, late thrown away,
No more with summer verdure gay,
Mounting the stream with serious float,
O'erheard the ostentatious boat:—
'Vain, heated, vaporing thing!' she cried,
'A withering husk shall check thy pride:
For chastisement I see thee ripe,'
Then entered the induction pipe.

"The boat is conscious of her sin,
Mourns the calamity within,
Flashes around the useless steam,
Her levers rest their pond'rous beam;
Powerless and faint, herself she sees
Moving where winds and waters please.

MORAL.

"Boast not of shape or kindled soul,
A trifle can derange the whole:
Humbly confess a Saviour's sway,
And calmly trace thy destined way."

The following is a *jeu de mot*, in which the Doctor excelled: Married, Jan. 24, 1811, by Rev. Wm. Staughton, Mr. William Applegate to Miss Diadema Thorn, both of Philadelphia.

"Lovers, ye well may envy them,
Whom such fair joys adorn;
His hand receives a Diadem,
And she has lost a Thorn."

CHAPTER IX.

An important change in the scene of his labors—proceedings of the General Convention in reference to it—chosen President of the Columbian college—his qualifications for this station—death of Mrs. Staughton—letters of sympathy.

In pursuing the history of the deceased, our attention is now directed to an important change that occurred in the scene of his labors. We have already stated the origin of the Baptist Education Society for the Middle States, but we must recur to its subsequent progress.

To embody the efforts of the denomination in one institution, was thought by many to be a desirable measure. The Rev. Dr. Furman, of Charleston, S. C., was, for several successive periods, President of the Baptist General Convention. He submitted, at the triennial meeting in 1817, a plan of education to the Convention, which plan was referred to the Board. The Board appointed a committee to consider it, and report. In July of the same year, the Education Society addressed a letter to the Board, offering their immediate co-operation in accomplishing the objects contemplated by the Convention. This offer was accepted, and the Rev. William Staughton, D. D., was appointed Principal of the Institution, and the Rev. Irah Chase, A. M., Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature.

At a meeting of the Board, held in New York, in August, 1818, further measures were adopted, and a plan

devised for the consideration of the churches. In the address of the Board to the Convention, assembled in Philadelphia, in the year 1820, we have a condensed view of their proceedings up to that time.

"From a serious consideration of the duty enjoined in the fourteenth article of the Constitution, and particularly from the communication made by the President of the Convention, at the last triennial meeting, the Board felt it their duty to 'bring to full effect,' as early as practicable, the subject of assisting the education of such pious young men as appear to be called of God to the work of the ministry. The plan submitted to the Convention was referred to a committee of the Board, who, after a delay of twelve months, stated in their report, that 'they approve, in the main, highly of the plan the President proposed, and are of opinion that it will, ultimately, in substance, probably, in a few years, be found in successful operation.' They, however, stated, that 'until it can be accomplished, and for its accomplishment very ample funds must be obtained, something may be done that will prepare the way for more comprehensive measures.' The expressions 'competent and distinct funds,' used in the Constitution, were understood by the Board to intend funds distinct from those collected for missionary purposes, that should be found competent for commencing, rather than for completing, an institution of the kind contemplated; and were of opinion, that scarcely any thing would more usefully lead on the design to the wished for perfection, than the diffusion of pious young men among the churches, who might be assisted in their education, and whose profiting should appear to all. The Board endeavored to call in the sentiments and co-operation of Education societies, and of brethren and churches around, that might aid in the work. They held, for this purpose, a special meeting

in New York, in August, 1818, when the subject was taken into solemn consideration; a plan sketched for the perusal of churches and associations, subject to any changes or modifications, which their judgment and piety might suggest; and proper provisions made for the accommodation of students, and the temporary superintendence of their education. A considerable number of young men have already entered, some on their own foundation, but most of them depending on the distinct funds that have been, and shall yet be collected, for their education and support. The Board has reason to believe that much good has already been done, and they trust that the Convention will be guided by divine wisdom in all the measures on this important subject, which they may be led to adopt. It has been stated to them by the Agent, that a lot has been procured in Washington city, peculiarly eligible for the erection of suitable buildings for the institution. The Board are aware of many advantages that would attend such a location, but have resolved to leave the subject entirely to the decision of the Convention."

At this meeting of the Convention, the following resolutions were passed:—

"1. *Resolved*, That the institution for the education of Gospel ministers, be located at the city of Washington, or in its vicinity, in the District of Columbia; and that the Board be directed to cause its removal thither, whenever suitable preparations shall be made for its reception in that place, and when, in their opinion, such removal shall be expedient.

"2. *Resolved*, That this Convention accept of the premises tendered to them for the site of an institution for the education of Gospel ministers, and for a college, adjoining the city of Washington; and that the Board be directed to take measures, as soon as convenient, for ob-

taining a legal title to the same; and that the Board be further directed to keep the institution, already in a state of progress, first in view, and not to incur expenses beyond the amount of funds which may be obtained for the establishment of either of the institutions."

To the Presidency of this college, the Rev. Dr. Staughton was unanimously elected. At a subsequent period the following resolution was passed by the Board of Trustees.

"*Resolved*, That the President of the college be Professor of General History, Belles Lettres, Rhetoric and Moral Philosophy in the Classical,—and of Divinity and Pulpit Eloquence in the Theological Department."

In the month of September, 1821, the Theological Department was removed from Philadelphia to Washington. On the 9th of January, 1822, the President, Professors and Tutors, were solemnly inducted by the President of the Board of Trustees, into their respective offices; and the Classical Department was opened on the second Wednesday of the same month.

Dr. Staughton, the President, did not remove from Philadelphia, until the autumn of 1823, but supplied his place by an occasional visit of a few weeks.

For this high and responsible station, the subject of this Memoir was eminently qualified. His mind seemed to be prepared for every emergency. His taste was of the highest and most delicate order, delicate as his own sensibilities; his invention was rich and rapid, and his imagination of the finest brilliancy. Few men have been favored with a memory so retentive, and, at the same, with a judgment so profound. To him it was no task to ascertain the merits of a question. He saw every bearing, viewed it in all its combinations, and before most men would have passed the threshhold, he had visited the whole interior and formed his decision. Of others, who have gained the sum-

mit of eminence, and whose writings prove their indefatigable exertions, as well as native vigor of mind, it may be said, *they lived in the closet.* Dr. Staughton lived in the *field. Action* was his motto, and his success proves how strictly he maintained it. Not favored, as many have been, with early education, he rose, principally, by his own exertions; and though through life he labored to support his family, and engaged in teaching, preaching and visiting, to an extent which few are capable of supporting, yet his knowledge was of a very comprehensive character. His reading was extensive; there were but few books on literature, science, philosophy or theology, which he had not read with attention and profit. The classics were familiar to him; and yet it is a fact, known but by a few of his friends, that he never received a lesson in Greek. His translations were distinguished by peculiar smoothness and spirit. Among his papers, I find the following beautiful translation of Martial's Epigram, book iv. ep. 49, with some remarks appended.

> "Among the boughs the unconscious viper creeps,
> While each sad poplar precious amber weeps;
> The reptile pausing on the Heliad bloom,
> Wonders and dies, the Concrete drops his tomb.
> Insidious queen! thy monument resign,
> Vipers have nobler sepulchres than thine."

In order to a perception of the beauty of the point of the epigram, it should be remembered that the Heliades were the daughters of the Sun and Clymene. The catastrophe which befel their brother Phæton, so affected them, that as they stood weeping on the banks of the Po, they were changed into poplars, and their tears into the finest amber. It is proper also to observe, that when Cleopatra fled from the battle of Actium into Egypt, she shut herself up in a most magnificent sepulchre, which she had built, where she perished by the bite of an asp.

He published an edition of Virgil with Notes, which has been highly approved, and extensively adopted in the education of youth. The natural sciences presented a wide field to his view, and he explored it with fervor and advantage. He gave frequent lectures to his classes on Natural History, and occasionally illustrated by a morning visit to the Museum of Mr. Peale, in Philadelphia. His pupils will long remember these seasons with pleasure. In the science of Botany he was at home, and here the elegance and delicacy of his mind, the fervor of his imagination, and the charm of his eloquence, had ample flow. The flowers of the garden and the field were his favorite friends; he loved to converse with them, and to make them speak the wisdom, the goodness, and the power of their author. Even now, I seem to hear their voice, which years ago fell upon my ear most sweetly, as he unfolded their character, from the delicate germ to the finished fruit,

"The hand that made *us* is *divine*."

The following pleasing piece from his pen, appeared in the National Gazette, at Washington, on the 25th of April, 1824.

To the Editors of the National Gazette.

"Gentlemen,

"On entering into the House of Representatives this morning, I saw on the left of the Speaker, a fine branch, as I thought it, of the *Amygdalus nana*, or flowering almond. I felt for the branch,—it seemed to me in the presence of the great council of our nation, to blush a deeper tint and to say,

'How came I thus—how here?'

Ah, thought I, lovely flower, I wish I could tell you, but I cannot. Involuntarily my mind was turned to the circumstance. It cannot be, said I to myself, to *set off* the person or the talents of the venerable Speaker. The former is manly, and the latter unsurpassed. Perhaps, thought I, some motion is about to be made for enriching the Washington Botanical Garden, but no speaker on the floor said a word concerning botany; had they, I should have been delighted, for plants and flowers are my much-loved friends. I asked myself again, is that sweet flower designed to teach our great men a moral lesson, that man, in his highest glory, is destined, as the flower, to fade? If so, the emblem is excellent. I could not admit the idea, that as this kind of flower never produces fruit, it could for a moment intimate the idea of sterility, either in the bodies or the minds of the fine assembly of men that were before me.

"Perhaps, thought I, it is meant to intimate, that in the House of Representatives the members are almost all in the vigor of vernal glory. Gentlemen, tell me, was the conjecture right or not? If correct, permit me to beg of you to recommend that on the table of the President of the Senate there be set plates of fine ripe oranges, figs, raisins, and almonds. It will convey at once a beautiful and correct idea of the character of the two Houses—in the one you have the opened but not unproductive flower—in the other the consolidated fruit.

"Happily for my anxieties, I found, I suspect, the meaning of the symbol. The early discussion of the day turned on the propriety of bringing the business of Congress to a close. The beautiful flower seemed to me to have caught the object of its location, and to say, with alternate paleness and blushes on its cheek,

'Welcome the coming—speed the going guest.'"—VISITOR.

The mathematical branches he taught, with great success, for many years, and delivered frequent courses of lectures on Natural Philosophy. He stood almost alone in his day in that plan of public instruction, which is now so extensively developed through the medium of Lyceums and Mechanic Institutes. He was a member of the American Philosophical Society, a society composed of none but those who have distinguished themselves in science. But that which most adorned his character, was the application of his vast resources to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ.

When the Columbian college received its existence in the deliberations of the General Convention, every eye was turned upon him as the man under whose talents and weight of character the institution was to take its stand among the first in our country. Shortly after his acceptance of this responsible and useful station, and previously to his removal, a most afflictive event occurred in his family. His partner and bosom companion was called to her eternal reward. After an illness of about one week, she departed in the triumphs of faith. They had lived for thirty years together in uninterrupted harmony and affection, and his heart received in this providence a stroke from which it never recovered. He bore the separation with astonishing firmness and resignation. No murmur escaped his lips, and long will his heavenly conversation be remembered by those who heard him, while the preparations were making for the funeral solemnities. All classes sympathized with him in his bereavement; and though the day on which she was buried was unusually inclement, and a heavy snow was falling at the time, the streets to a considerable distance were crowded with solemn observers of the scene. The ministers of the different denominations, upwards of thirty in number, attended, to pay their last re-

spects to the deceased, with whom many of them were personally acquainted. Her kindness to the numerous friends who visited their house, her efforts to promote the comfort of theological students, her connexion with many of the benevolent societies of the day, and her unwavering attachment to the interests of Zion, have formed for her memory a place in the hearts of a large circle of society, and demand in this Memoir a suitable notice. We subjoin an account of her dying experience, in a letter from her bereaved companion to the Rev. Dr. Allison:

"My dear brother,

"You request me to communicate to you some account of the departure of one, who, for nearly thirty years, had been the companion of my cares and consolations. For several months before her decease her health was imperfect. She spent the last summer in a country situation, with evident advantage, and, at the time she was taken sick, appeared no more indisposed than usual.

"On the morning of Saturday, the 4th of January last, while sitting by the bed-side of our afflicted niece, ministering with anxious kindness to her relief, she said, 'O, how chilly I feel; I never felt more cold in my life.' We advised her to lie down, and gave her some warm drinks. The chilly sensation for a few moments subsided, but was followed shortly by another, equally severe. At length a profuse perspiration ensued. No alarm was created until the succeeding night, when a third chill was experienced, more intense than the preceding. She considered it the forerunner of approaching dissolution. It proved to be the introduction of a decided typhus fever.

"For many weeks before her sickness her mind appeared to have become more heavenly than before. She was much engaged in reading the Scriptures, much in medita-

tion, much in prayer. The world seemed to have lost the power of distressing or amusing. Her conversation was delightful, and her hopes of heaven firm and joyous. I never saw a stronger exemplification of what the Apostle denominates, being made *meet* for an inheritance among the saints in light. With perfect tranquillity she said, 'The will of the Lord be done.'

"Her illness continued about six days. In its early stages her mind discovered a holy thoughtfulness. She observed that 'death was a serious visitation, and trying to nature.' She felt no desire for rapture, content that her bark should calmly enter the desired haven. Anxious to glorify her Redeemer, in her affliction, she said to her nurse, 'If, through the weakness of nature, you discover any thing in me like impatience, do tell me, and I will pray for strength to overcome it.' She frequently said, 'I feel grateful for affectionate friends—O, how good is the Lord to me.' After a night somewhat restless, she, in the morning, addressed her beloved daughters: 'O, my dear, dear children, my dear L——, my dear E——, don't be fascinated with this present world. Set your thoughts on heavenly things.' Having mentioned a sweet idea that had come to her mind, and being unable to repeat it, she said, 'O, it is in my dear James' last letter.' I presume the following is the passage to which she referred: 'I was happy to receive a letter from your dear hand. Don't distress yourself. I am in the path of duty, and under the *ever-watchful* eye of Providence."

"With the increase of disease, she was favored with an increase of consolation. I continued, as well as my sorrows would permit, to pen down her expressions, with the hope that they might prove useful, at least to myself and my children.

"On Thursday, the day preceding that on which she

died, I asked her, 'My dear Maria, do you feel happy in your mind?' She answered, 'I think I do.' 'You know in whom you have believed?' 'I trust I do?' 'Is your mind stayed on the Lord Jesus?' 'I trust it is.' 'You were taught early to believe in his name.' 'I believe I was taught to commit my soul into His hands. He is my only strength, my only comfort.' In the afternoon, at a moment when I was absent from the room, she said, 'Where is dear father;' for so she familiarly called me; 'tell him not to distress himself, for it will be all well with me.' To her weeping daughters, she said, 'My dear, dear children, you will soon be without a mother; but the Lord will take care of you.' Addressing her niece, whom she adopted when an infant, she observed, 'My dear A. you are called upon to give me up.' She replied with tears, 'I am obliged to do it.' She answered, 'O, my child, you should not say you are obliged; you ought to do it voluntarily.'

"Friday, the day of release to my invaluable saint, was to her a day of holy triumph. Early in the morning, she said to me, 'My dear, a change is coming!' I answered, 'I hope it may prove a change that will give you back again to us.' She calmly replied, 'Earth or heaven, as my Father pleases.' The nature of her indisposition induced such a prostration of strength, that she was unable to give utterance to the sacred pleasures she enjoyed. She repeatedly said, 'O could I tell! I'd tell! I would, but cannot.' O, my brother, how cold, how worthless, how hateful the creed of an infidel! How deep the gloom that in death surrounds him! If, at any period more than another, I pitied and abhorred the destiny and pretensions of the deist, it was while weeping by the side of my Maria, while she stood

> 'With her starry pinions on,
> Dressed for the flight, and ready to be gone.'

If ever I valued 'the GLORIOUS GOSPEL of the BLESSED GOD,' with most admiring gratitude, it was when I heard her say, 'I am easy, I am going to repose in the arms of my Redeemer. The angels are already waiting.'

"With a desire of soliciting all I could from her dying lips, without adding to her weakness, I said, 'My dear, you feel happy;' she added, 'I do, I do.' 'You find Jesus precious;' she said,

'My transport and my trust,
Jewels to thee! Jewels to thee! * * * *

after a short pause, while she could recover a little strength, she added,

'are gaudy toys!
And gold is sordid dust!'

A few moments afterwards, with a heavenly smile,

'And dying clasp thee in my arms,
I die in the arms of Jesus!'

Among the numerous sentiments she expressed on this never-to-be-forgotten day, were the following:

'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest—stand drest———'
'Rivers of love and mercy *there*
In a rich ocean join.'

On her uttering the words, 'And linger, linger,' a Christian sister said, 'Is Mrs. Staughton afraid to *launch away?*' She said, 'No, I am not. Sweet Jesus, come! come!'

"Several passages of scripture were a firm support to her mind, particularly the text, 'Underneath are everlasting arms.' She often repeated, 'I feel underneath his everlasting arms." The passage also, 'We have not a High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our in-

firmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are.' She appeared to enter into the meaning of the word, 'touched,' and when she was unable to repeat the text, would say, 'touched! touched!'

> 'Touched with a sympathy within,
> He knows our feeble frame.'

"In the course of the day she cried out, 'Miracle! miracle! miracle!' A kind friend standing by her, said, 'What! a miracle of grace?' 'O yes,' she replied, 'a miracle of grace!' Her disease was attended with an insatiable thirst. Apologizing for requesting so frequently a little water, she observed, 'I shall soon drink of streams that never dry. There is a river whose streams make glad the city of our God. I shall soon drink at the fountain. No pain there; no thirst there; I shall be free! I shall be free!'

"Perceiving that nature was sinking, I asked her what I should say to our dear James, now in Europe, between whom and his dear mother, as you well know, a more tender interchange of maternal and filial love could scarcely exist; she said, 'His mother's blessing. I hope to meet him in glory.' And what to Mr. Rice? 'I love Mr. Rice; the Lord bless him; the Lord bless the mission; the Lord bless the college.'

"She was told the Lord had long been her supporter, and that though she walked through the valley of the shadow of death, she need fear no evil. She added, 'I fear none! His rod and his staff comfort me.' On being asked, by a kind attendant, whether in the prospect of death, she could resign her husband, and children, and niece, into the hands of God; she said, 'Yes, I can, 'tis all that I can do, but I can do it.' Some of the last words she uttered, were, 'Ten thousand, thousand pleasures; O,

ten thousand, thousand! Joy unspeakable and full of glory.' When speech was no longer at her command, on being told that I was standing by her side, she protruded her lips to kiss me. I left the tender adieu, uttering in my full heart, the sweet lines of Bishop Lowth:

> 'Cara, Maria, vale; at veniet felicius ævum
> Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.'*

"She continued apparently engaged in prayer, her lips moving, and her hands occasionally raised, until about twenty minutes before twelve o'clock, when she softly fell asleep.

"My dear brother, you have known her long and intimately. I need not remind you of her wisdom and tenderness as a parent and friend. I need not call up to your recollection her zeal and services in the mission cause, in reference to Bible institutions, or to the promotion of sound learning among pious youth, destined to serve in the sanctuary. My loss is great; but it is the Lord who has occasioned the void I feel. You have experienced a similar bereavement; yet, He has sustained you. I find relief in reflecting on the mercies I am still permitted to enjoy. My amiable children are left. Never could a church discover more sincere and lively sympathies towards its afflicted pastor, than my beloved brethren and sisters in Sansom-street, manifested. I pray they may be recompensed a thousand fold! I am sincerely grateful for the sympathetic consideration of the trustees, the faculty, and the students of the Columbian college, and to the numerous inhabitants of Philadelphia, who, on an inclement day, thronged to witness the burial of one, dear to yourself, and still dearer to your affectionate brother,

WM. STAUGHTON."

* Dear Mary, farewell; but a happier time shall come, when I shall again be with thee, should I only be worthy of you.

The following resolution was passed by the Board of Trustees of the college, upon receiving the intelligence of her death:

"*Resolved, unanimously*, That this Board sincerely condole with the President of the college, the Rev. Dr. Staughton, in the afflicting stroke of Divine Providence, which has bereft him of an amiable and affectionate companion—his children of the best of mothers—this institution of a cordial friend—society of an invaluable member—and the church of God of one of its brightest ornaments: and that the Rev. President be requested to accept this expression of our warmest sympathies, and assurance of our fervent prayers, that God, in his infinite goodness, will sustain him and his family under this trying dispensation, and sanctify it to their everlasting benefit."

The students of the Columbian college presented their sympathies, in a style that alike honored their intellectual merit and their moral feeling.

"*Columbian College, Jan.* 15, 1823.

"Reverend Sir,

"The students in this institution, cherishing for yourself, as its President, sentiments of affectionate regard, cannot but be deeply interested in every thing which affects your happiness. In this hour of sorrow, therefore, they feel it to be alike the dictate of their hearts, and appropriate to the relation which they sustain, to address you, with the expression of their respectful sympathy. The loss which you have sustained they are not able justly to appreciate. To most of them your lamented lady was personally a stranger; yet they cannot but feel, that by her decease they have themselves been deprived of an affectionate friend, whose speedy accession to a station where her warm and kindly feelings, and her masculine

intellect, might be more directly exerted for their welfare, they had loved to anticipate. They, therefore, cannot deem it an intrusion, to mingle their sorrows with your own, on this mournful occasion. They are aware of the impotence of human sympathy; and they feel themselves inadequate, were it requisite or befitting their character and age, to offer the language of consolation. They rejoice to believe that the sacred truths and the cheering promises, which you have so long unfolded to others, have breathed into your own bosom a 'peace which the world cannot give,' and enabled you to hear, in this solemn message, 'the voice which Jesus sends,' to summon his saints from the sorrows of life to the fulness of joy and immortality of heaven.

"As an expression of their respect for the memory of Mrs. Staughton, the students have voted to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days. To yourself, Sir, with the assurance of their sincere condolence, they beg leave to offer their affectionate wishes for your happiness; with their hope that they may be soon permitted, in the Providence of God, to be taught by your paternal counsels and example, how to discharge with honor the duties of life, and to sustain its calamities, with the patience of a 'hope full of immortality.'

"With great respect, Sir,

"We are your obedient servants,

"JAMES D. KNOWLES,

"On behalf of a committee of the students.

Rev. Dr. WILLIAM STAUGHTON, Philadelphia."

The answer returned to this letter breathes a sweet, devoted spirit, and an unaffected desire for their present and everlasting prosperity.

"*Philadelphia, Jan.* 21, 1823.

"Dear Sir,

"I cannot give utterance to the emotion with which I received your favor of the 15th, in behalf of a committee of the students of the Columbian college. Could sorrow be removed by participation, the mass which has recently pressed on my soul had been borne away. It is already diminished by the sense I possess of the rectitude and excellency of the Divine Government, and by the generous sympathies of the students of the college, who have learned to feel before they are called to suffer. The examinations which I have had the pleasure of attending, convinced me of the superiority of their intellectual improvement. I had not anticipated so early a demonstration of their attention to the culture of the heart. I shall never look on the left arm of any of the amiable band, without recollecting the obligations under which I am laid.

"To most of them my deceased companion was unknown. Acquaintance, nevertheless, I am satisfied, would have detracted nothing from the impression of her desert. She was not less a friend of science than a disciple of Jesus. It was her expectation,—but O how vain is human calculation,—that she should have slept in your cemetery until the resurrection of the just. She has bequeathed to the college her anxious blessing.

"Her last illness was short, but it was associated with a calm, far different from what an inflexible philosophy can pretend. It was softened by the promises of inspiration, by the rays of Heaven, by the vision of her Saviour. The victory of the grave is too trivial and transient to deserve the name.

"I beg of you to present to the students every assurance of the gratitude of a heart, that has long combined the welfare of youth with its most elevated desires. Pur-

suing their present course of assiduity in their studies, and of respect for the laws of the Institution, the fond hopes of their parents and guardians will be substantiated, and the Columbian college, with innocent pride, rejoice that she has contributed to the fairest interests of the Republic. And assure them that *that* religion alone is worthy their veneration and grasp, which can enable its possessor, in the immediate view of death and eternity, to say, 'To me, to live is Christ, and to die, is gain.'

"With sentiments of the most cordial esteem, I am, dear Sir, yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

A friend in Washington, writing to her son then in Europe, closes by saying, "Think not, my dear friend, that your immediate family are the only mourners on this occasion. The church of Christ, the Mission, the Education Society, and the cause of piety and virtue, have lost a warm and zealous patron, a friend, and mother. As far as she was known is her death lamented. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'"

CHAPTER X.

His character as a parent—resignation of the pastoral office of the Sansom-street church.

In kindness and affection, in all that gives value to the comforts of domestic life, Dr. Staughton was a bright example. He asked no higher earthly favor, than to be surrounded by his family. It was astonishing, that, amid his various labors, he could find so much time to be with them. For many years it was his uniform custom, to rise in summer at four o'clock, and in winter at five, to pursue his studies; by that means enabling himself to spend a short time occasionally with his family. It was even the aim, both of Mrs. Staughton and himself, to make their children feel, that they were not in the presence of rigid parents, but with their friends. His motto was, "Make your commands as few as possible, but what you direct have it obeyed." He despised the rod for correction; he used to say, that it was an appeal to the baser part of their nature; and many very sprightly controversies has he held on the passage, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." He was peculiarly anxious for his only son, being fully aware that many temptations were presented to young men, particularly in a large city. He would take him to public lectures on Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, &c.; he had him instructed in music and drawing, and by every possible means he endeavored to lead his mind from the dangerous fascinations to which the young are exposed. He ever desired, that his children, like himself, should consider *home*, as beyond any spot that earth could present.

He was not only anxious that they should rise amiable, accomplished and virtuous members of society, but that they should become disciples of the ascended Redeemer. How often did the ardent prayer arise, that they might be children of the living God! Their eternal interests lay near his heart.

In a letter, written in the year 1814, on board a steam-boat to Baltimore, to his eldest daughter, he says, "I hope my dear L. will endeavor to do every thing to make her mamma comfortable and happy. Be always affectionate and kind to your brother and sister. I know your heart is naturally kind, but take care that no bad habits destroy that kindness. Such habits are easily contracted, not easily lost, and always injurious. I hope, too, my dear daughter will be found among the daughters of Jerusalem. You have often heard, and you may read it in the best of books, that you have gone astray from God, as a lost sheep. We all by nature wander from him; but he has sent his beloved Son to seek and to save that which is lost. May you have a heart to love and fear him. I, at one time, thought of having put on the grave-stone of the dear little brother you never saw, what I hope you may experimentally feel,

> 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
> Save my dear from burning flame,
> Bitter groans and endless crying,
> That the great Redeemer came!'

"*Philadelphia, May* 30, 1828.

"My ever beloved child,

"Mr. L. has just called to inform me, that you have had another attack of disease, but the Doctor thinks you are better. God grant that it may be the case. I do hope I may receive a letter by mail of to-day. If your sickness does not subside very soon, you will see your poor old father.

"May the blessed Jesus comfort your heart. You have nothing, my precious creature, to fear. All is well. Yours,

'While life, or thought, or being last.'

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

In another letter he writes;

"My beloved child,

"I was very happy to receive a line or two from you by the mail of yesterday, and the more so, as it announced your freedom from pain, and your prospect of recovery. I hope all our wishes may be realized. I believe, had Samuel's letter come an hour earlier, I should have taken the steam-boat, and have hurried to see you. I would have offered a father's affectionate sympathies, if no more. The Lord in his infinite mercy abundantly bless you."

One of the most painful circumstances of his life, was absence from his children. He had, at one time, the company of his eldest grand-child, which seemed to diminish the sorrow of his heart, in consequence of separation from his own children. Writing to her mother, he observes,

"I sometimes feel half sorry, *solely* on your account and Samuel's, that you have not her with you; but she receives, as you know, and will receive, the most incessant and tenderest attention. Her company here is inappreciably desirable. Amid your domestic cares, some little portion is taken off by her absence; and you will, as well you can, pity a poor old man, who though he have three children, has not one by his side when his head aches, or his heart aches, to say, 'Pa, I sympathise with you.'

"I am very anxious to hear of the improvement of your health. God Almighty bless you forever and ever.

"I am, my beloved child, your very affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

His letters to his son while in Europe, discover not only the affectionate parent, but the devout Christian.

"*Philadelphia, June* 8, 1822.

"My ever dear James,

"On Monday, the 10th, the Unicorn is advertised for sailing. As to-morrow I expect to preach three times, and as I know not the hour on Monday, at which the letter-bag may be removed, I take time by the fore-lock, and write you to-day. Mr. L. and myself rose between four and five in the morning, after you left us. We thought we saw the Philadelphia, near the Pea-patch, hoisting her sails. We threw a thousand good wishes after you, and, I trust, a fervent prayer to heaven for your preservation. Your Cape letter came safe to hand, for which we thank you. Your dear mother and sisters have borne the separation quite as well as I expected. Your mother especially has discovered that fortitude, which a persuasion that you are in the path of duty, and a deep anxiety for your future professional eminence, were so well calculated to produce. She knows, and we all know, that you are in the hands of an Almighty Protector, and though the loss of the Albion created, as you will suppose, a good deal of solicitous feeling, that feeling has subsided, and we are now calculating, that as this is the 21st day since you left the Capes, that our James,

"Aut portum tenet, aut pleno subit ostia velo."

"We have kept an accurate register of the winds since you left us, which we hope to forward by the Manchester.

"You may rest assured the papers are well searched to ascertain whether the Philadelphia has been spoken or not. The Manchester is expected to sail on the 20th inst. Professor Woods, it is next to a certainty, will come out in

her. I expected to have seen him by the steam-boat of this morning. His success has been astonishing. He has obtained subscriptions, between fourteen and fifteen thousand dollars, of which three or four thousand have been paid. I have no doubt he will stir up the English to make handsome contributions. Your mother, sisters, and, I suppose, almost all the family, calculate on writing you by the Professor.

"Arrived in England, you will feel you are in the land of your forefathers. I am sure that your ambition will prompt you to seize every opportunity for the improvement of your mind. I know I need not urge you to husband well your time. Resolve to shine in your profession. You have a sphere of action already noble, and which is replete with promise. I beg of you to write much. A continued novelty of scene will tend to obliterate from the memory, what ought to be retained. Above all, my dear child, commend your body and spirit into the hand of the God who has created you, and of that divine Redeemer, whose loving kindness is better than life.

"Your dear mother sends you her tenderest love, and largest blessings. Leonora, Elizabeth, and Amelia desire their love. They often regret that they have nobody to tease them. They all long to see your face again, and to hear you speak.

"Present our very affectionate regards to your uncle John and wife, and to all our dear relations in London.

"Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

"*Steam-boat Delaware, June* 20, 1822.

"My dear James,

"Your mother and sisters have written you. I have been a good deal employed in writing letters for Professor

Woods, so that you will have to excuse me. I wrote you, however, on the 10th pretty largely, by the Unicorn. The similitude of the case of Mr. Woods, whom I am now accompanying to Newcastle, as I, about thirty-six days ago, accompanied yourself, brings up a number of tender recollections.

"By the present time, I trust you are safely landed on the 'fast anchored isle.' We have carefully inspected the ship news ever since you left us; but we do not find that you have been spoken. That, however, is merely an incident, and we don't allow it to communicate a moment's pain. In about a month or six weeks at most, from the present, we shall look for a letter.

"Several vessels are about leaving Philadelphia for Liverpool. You will, if all be well, soon hear from me again. Meanwhile, my dear child, I commend you into the hands of a gracious God.

"Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

"*Philadelphia, August* 5, 1822.

"My ever dear Son,

"One of Mr. Welsh's sons has just called to tell me that the Philadelphia arrived in Liverpool the 25th of June, the same day that the Cortes, which brings the intelligence, left that port for New York. Blessed be the Lord for all his mercies! Having heard nothing of you from the time of your sailing, your dear mother and myself began to feel very anxious, but God is ever merciful beyond our fears.

"We are all well, excepting your dear mother, who complains much of the want both of appetite and strength. I am satisfied she will be better as soon as she hears of your safe arrival. She and your sisters are still boarding

at Frankford, where I expect they will stay a few days longer, and the more so, as some cases of yellow fever have occurred in New York, and from the constant intercommunication between this city and that, it is not improbable we shall have cases here.

"I propose calling this morning on Mr. Fry, and obtaining a file of his papers from the time of your sailing. This will give you the news, and afford you amusement. Should I succeed in obtaining them, I shall send them to the care of Samuel Hope, Esq. Liverpool.

"Well, my dear boy! you are now in the land of your forefathers. Improve well your time. See all you can. Learn all you can. Make frequent memorandums of every thing that strikes you. We shall expect to find you wiser, in every point of view, than when you left us. Never let your spirits grow dejected. You have many in England that will prove intelligent and affectionate friends. I am sure your relations will make you as happy as they can. The blessing of your affectionate parents, and the blessing, I trust, of the God of mercy, rest upon you.

"The post-man has just brought me your letter, of the date July 24th. I thank you, my dear child, for the intelligence it contains. Write us often.

"Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

"*Philadelphia, Oct.* 10, 1822.

"My ever dear James,

"I have almost all day long been engaged in attending to the business of the Domestic Mission Society, which the whole morning, and part of the afternoon has been holding its annual meeting. This evening Miss G. came to say that Mr. C. was in Wilmington, and that her brother would leave Philadelphia to-morrow morning, and

would furnish an opportunity of conveying to him any letters we might wish to send. He sails in the Moss. It is probable he will not reach England before you have set out for Paris. I shall give him direction to find you in London, should you yet be there. If not, he will hand you this when you are surrounded with Monsieurs and Madames.

"I trust you have kept your French in view, and I advise you to speak *boldly* in France all the French you know. Your ear will soon catch the idioms in common conversation. Cut boldly, and your razor will get through the whetstone. I confide in your talent and industry for understanding all the lectures. I am content you should laugh at your father's French, provided you will master the language yourself, a task which I am confident you can accomplish. Depend much on your ear,—more on your reading and grammatical knowledge.

"It gives your father and mother pleasure to find you dining with Mr. Rush, Mr. Wilberforce, &c. You have too much good sense to become vain by such attentions on the one hand, and to undervalue them on the other. I am glad you have been introduced to Adam Clarke, L. L. D. I cannot in every point of divinity go hand in hand with him; but his Commentary proves, that he is no common scholar, no common Christian.

"The fever in New York still rages,—nine new cases yesterday. It would seem that Dr. *Frost* is in higher estimation than all the New York doctors besides. The people there are no doubt looking and praying for his arrival. The doctors here inquire affectionately after you. Dr. B. met me in the street yesterday. He had many questions to ask, and many good wishes to utter. Dr. C., a few days ago, inquired after your welfare with much earnestness.

"The letter bag of the Moss and the Electia will be taken from the coffee-house on Sabbath morning. By the one or the other I shall endeavor to write you again. I beg you, my dear child, to accept our affectionate thanks for your letters. I know you will continue to write often. Give us a view of Paris, similar to what you have given of Liverpool and London.

"We are all grieved at your walking so much. I beg of you to refrain. *Ne quid nimis.* Do, my son, refrain. Fatigue of body will not only hinder your health, but your studies. Your mamma continues tolerably well. She and your sisters will tell you the news better than I can.

"Your ever affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

Extract from a Letter, dated Oct. 19, 1822.

"We talk of you every day, and shall hail the day, on which, if the Lord will, we may welcome you to a *home* which you have learned to love, whose portals are always open, and whose tables are always spread for our beloved children. I cannot but highly approve your resolution, not to return until you shall have accomplished the object of your voyage. The Lord bless you, my dearest boy, and grant you the grace that shall determine your choice to that good thing which shall never be taken from you."

December 12, 1822.

"My dear child,

"We have had the pleasure of receiving your letters of the 20th of September, by the Halcyon, and the 12th of October, by the Manchester. The latter arrived some days before the former. Your dear mother, and all of us,

thank you a thousand times for your very pleasant communications. They are as cold waters to a thirsty soul! If you have been so happy as to have received our answers, you will find we are not delinquents in correspondence.

"We are glad you have made a tour through Oxford, Bristol, Worcester, &c. The whole route is still familiar to my recollection. I will take care very particularly to acknowledge the kindness of the excellent men, with whom I am happy you have formed an acquaintance, and whose readiness to contribute to your comfort was so amiable and uniform. Your access to the colleges in Oxford must have been peculiarly pleasing. 'And so,' mother says, 'My dear James has crossed Bromsgrove Lickey!' You have, no doubt, been struck with the loftiness and antiquity of the spire of St. Michael's, in Coventry, unless London scenes had taken off the impressions which novel objects usually awaken.

"You little know what pleasure it gave us to find our dear boy, rising before a Bible society, an advocate for the best book the world contains. May you often vindicate its honors, and rejoice in the blessings which it communicates.

"Your funds, my dear son, you have husbanded surprisingly. I shall expect very soon to hear that you have drawn upon me for more. You can do this, I trust, with ease, through the medium of Mr. Ivimey, Mr. Page or Mr. Butterworth. Any amount you may draw for shall be, *most assuredly, duly honored.* I again beseech you to draw for whatever you want. I like the idea of your boarding with Dr. Cox, and yet I am afraid you and he will talk too much English together. I almost wish you were separate, each in a French family. I would have you get as much French as you can. An ability to con-

verse in French, may prove to you a treasure. All unite in tenderest love. The Lord preserve and bless you.

"Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

"*Philadelphia, Jan.* 20, 1823.

"My dearest James,

"The Manchester left this place on the 5th instant. I wrote you by her. She descended the river as far as the fort, where she has been, by the ice, ever since detained. Mr. W. has written me a line to say, that she has got down farther, and that if I send him a letter to-night, he will see to its being forwarded by her. But O, my precious child, what different intelligence will the two letters convey. In that of the 5th, I told you we were all well. Your dear mother was seized with a chill about half past eleven, on the 4th, but we supposed it then, and when I closed my letter, a mere aguish attack. Dr. Paris was sent for, he thought otherwise. It was the forerunner of a typhus fever,—its seat was more immediately in the breast. She continued until twenty minutes before twelve, on Friday evening, and then left us. I wrote you an account of her indisposition and dissolution, by the Columbia, about six or seven days from New York. That letter, I expect, will reach you before this can, as the Columbia is said to be a fast sailer.

"Now, my dear, dear son, I feel for you. The sorrowful intelligence will reach you in a land of strangers, a land of levity. I pray you may find the affliction sanctified to your immortal welfare. But don't, my ever dear child, don't *sink* under it. You have had your dear mother many years. Your father, if he lives, will endeavor to be father and mother too. Her final sickness was short, and not painful. She died gentle as an infant

falling asleep on a mother's knee. Her soul was filled with heavenly consolation. Death had no sting,—the grave no victory. She could never have departed more happily as to her own feelings. Let me beg of you not to suffer the decease of your dearest mother to disturb any of your plans. Her sudden attack, which Dr. P. told us was more like that of Dr. Wistar's than any he had ever seen, no earthly power could prevent or repel. It was not the decay of nature, it was the irruption of typhus fever. Had you been here, your skill and filial tenderness would have been alike unavailable. Now remember that it was the wish of your dear mother that you visit Italy, and especially Rome. See Naples too, if possible. Make the very best you can of your visit to Europe, before you return to the arms of your father, your sisters, and Amelia.

"The testimonies of respect your dear mother's memory has received, are multiplied and affecting. Letters have come from the trustees of the college, the faculty, the students, in form. The latter have resolved on wearing crape on the left arm for thirty days. This is truly kind. Philadelphia has done her part. A larger funeral, perhaps, was never seen. It seemed as if not only Sansom-street, but the whole city felt respect and affection to be a solemn duty.

"Your sisters and Amelia send their best love. We all long for what you amiably call 'the glorious day' of your return.

"The Lord bless and support you. Amid the mutations of time, may you find that God is your soul's eternal rock.

"Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

Extract from a letter of January 23, 1823, relating to the same mournful subject.

"Each of my last mentioned an occurrence, which we shall never forget. The 10th of January was the last day of your dear mother's continuance on earth. Her departure was soft and calm. Her consolations in Christ Jesus were divinely strong. O, my dear child, how much I wish I were near you, to pour into your wounds all a father's sympathies. But, my James, the Lord is near, cast thy burden on him.

"Recollect, my child, the sources of comfort that open before you. Your dear mother had reached her sixtieth year. She had escaped many a pain and infirmity that accompany life's decline. Her soul was ready for its passage; she has left us her example and her blessing, and, I trust, it will be our mercy to meet her in the land, where

'Adieus and farewells are sounds unknown.'"

"*Philadelphia, April* 24, 1823.

"My dearest James,

"Your kind favors, of February 20th and 27th, have arrived. I will not renew to your mind the sorrowful theme on which they so tenderly and amiably treat. God grant that we may all find our hearts made better by affliction; and should you become a parent, may you have children whose kindness shall repay to you your amiable obedience to the best of mothers. I send you the number of the Luminary, which contains the outlines of her decease. A few days ago I wrote Dr. Collyer, thanking him for all his very obliging attentions to you, and informing him that he has been unanimously elected a member of the American Philosophical Society. Show him your dear mother's dying experience.

"I am pleased much with the idea of Professor Wood's accompanying you on your Italian tour. I do hope he may be able to be with you. It will promote his happiness and yours also.

* * * * * * * *

"The Lord bless you, my dear son. Into the hands of the Father of mercy, you are affectionately commended, by one, who will never cease to love you.

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

To write to his children and grand-children, was an exercise in which he delighted. Every thing which interested himself, he wished to share with them. The simple and affectionate character of his effusions, and the anxiety which he manifested in their welfare, are exhibited in the most artless manner, in the letter which follows, addressed to his eldest grand-child. It shows him at *home*, and portrays the warmth of his attachment.

"My dear Mary,

"Grandpa would be very glad to see you; but he is under the necessity of living a *great way off* from you. He loves you still as much as ever. He hopes he may come down the Delaware and Chesapeake to see you. Be, my darling, a very good child. Mind all Pa and Ma say to you, and every body will love you,—the Lord will love you, and you will be happy while you live, and when you die."

Poetry for his grand-daughter Mary, composed a short time previous to his death.

"Judea, once a female gave,
As virtue fair, as sorrow grave,
Mother of him who came to save,
Her name was *Mary*

"An amiable sister sat,
At the Redeemer's feet,
And heard his words in accents sweet,
Her name was *Mary*.

"A sad spectatress of his tears,
To Jesus' tomb, her spices bears,
The Saviour chased her swelling fears.
Her name was *Mary*.

"And see disciples weep and pray,
When Peter deep imprisoned lay,
'Twas to thy house, he shaped his way,
Thou pious *Mary*.

"Cowper, I bless thy magic line,
Thy classic touch, thy strain divine,
A sympathizing friend was thine,
Her name was *Mary*.

"And I had a soft soother too,
But she has vanish'd from my view,
Far, far above heaven's brightest blue,
Her name was *Mary*.

"But I have a sweet prattler still,
Sweeter than morn on eastern hill,
Dear opening flower, I'll love thee still,
Her name is *Mary*.

Letter to his youngest daughter.

"*Washington, Feb.* 9, 1823.

"My dear Elizabeth,

"Your letter of the 7th instant was handed me half an hour ago, for which accept my thanks. I thought much of poor Gross, as I was riding on Friday, and am obliged by what you have written relative to his execution. I trust, notwithstanding the enormity of his offence, its stain has been washed away by the atoning blood of the Redeemer. It must have been an affecting sight, to have beheld him walking with the rope round his body. The hymns sung

must, at least, have soothed, as to his own mind, the mournful procession. Ever, my child, reflect on the evil of sin, and pray for grace, to be preserved from its destroying influence. This morning I preached for Mr. B., and this afternoon administered for him the Lord's Supper. To-morrow, I commence teaching at the college. I shall tell you, in a day or two, how I like it. I was struck, this morning, on seeing the crape on the arms of the students, in memory of the loss of your invaluable mother. I understand, that the idea originated wholly with themselves.

"Wishing you, my dearest child, to engrave on your memory, your dear mother's dying charge—'My dear Elizabeth, don't be fascinated with the objects of this vain and dying world,' and that her God may be yours forever and ever,

"I am your affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

The following letter, written to the gentleman who was then engaged, and afterwards married, to his youngest daughter, contains a brief but pointed exhibition of the immoral tendency of theatrical exhibitions.

"*Columbian College, Feb.* 24, 1823.

"My dear friend,

"I have received a few lines from you this morning, which came by the mail, that should have arrived at two o'clock yesterday. From the delay I am led to infer that the roads are almost impassable. How I shall make my way home this week, I know not.

"I thank you for the spirit in which your kindness has received my last letter to you. Far be it from me, at any time, for a single moment, to give you pain. I wrote under the impulse of feelings, which I believe to have been

correct, and with a sincere desire to prevent *that* from rising into habit, which I am confident has been the ruin of thousands. At the theatre, plays are usually admired in proportion to the intrigue which they discover; and unsuspecting minds learn these intrigues; and instead of upright, virtuous citizens, become the victims of fraudulent passions. The Greek word for a stage-player, ὑποκριτης, signifies a hypocrite. At the theatre, the whole system is hypocrisy. The tears, the joys, the declamations, &c. are all a round of dissembling. To every thing that can contribute to your happiness, I shall ever be proud to contribute; but such are the views I am constrained to cherish concerning play-houses, whatever the splendor of their structure, or the magnificence of their internal decorations, that I am compelled to say with the Patriarch, 'To their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united.' I never wish to dictate the path that any of my dear children shall pursue. Arrived at the age of reflection, in a thousand things they must judge for themselves; but if I saw a dear child exposed to flames, and did not fly to caution and to rescue, I should, in my child's estimation, ill deserve the sacred and endearing name of father. Permit me, my dear sir, to say, that the affectionate manner in which you have received what I have written, has endeared you to my heart more than ever. Let the subject henceforth drop, and become like waters 'forgotten of the foot.'

"Yours, very sincerely,
WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

The following letter to his son, upon receiving the welcome news of his return from Europe, exhibits the breathings of parental affection. He landed in Philadelphia, and remained a few days with his sister and the friends in that place, previously to his repairing to the city of Washington

"*Washington, Nov.* 12, 1823.

"My dear child,

"Your letter has arrived, announcing your safe arrival in Philadelphia. My full heart can only say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.'

"When your letter came, we were setting at dinner. Bessy danced for joy; Amelia grew sick for joy. How is my dear Nora? Great big round tears have tumbled out of her fountains. I envy her joy, but I share it at the same time. I shall not write you much to-night. *Mind now*, I give you to your dear Leonora, and all your Philadelphia friends until Monday next, at noon. That will be just what I promised, a week. Then Elizabeth, Amelia, and I will, if the Lord please, meet you at Mr. B.'s, who invites us to dine on Tuesday.

"Your too happy father,
WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

The circumstances which led to his connexion with the Columbian college have been stated. The resignation of his pastoral charge in Philadelphia, with a view to his location in the District of Columbia, gave him considerable anxiety and embarrassment. He was aware of the sacrifices he must make, and most deeply regretted leaving his church and congregation. He firmly believed, that his happiness would be promoted by remaining with them; and nothing but deference to the wishes of the Convention, and his own convictions of duty, induced him to accept the presidency. The correspondence, which occurred in relation to this movement, will prove the best illustration which can now be given.

Copy of a letter from the church in Sansom-street, dated October 15, 1821.

"Rev. William Staughton,

"Beloved brother and pastor,

"With deep anxiety we have heard, since the last meeting of the Convention, that efforts were making to induce you to resign your relationship as our pastor, with a view of your becoming president of the new college at Washington. We were much agitated on the subject; yet, as a church, no notice was taken of it, in hopes that time would dissipate the rumors; but at a late meeting of the Board of Trustees of that institution, when your appointment to that office was made, greatly increased our uneasiness. We have been anxiously expecting to hear from you on the subject; but as this has not been the case, we find it necessary to address you, because we are persuaded it has tended generally to paralyze our efforts to extinguish the debt of the church, or even to provide for our periodical expenses. Some, to whom application has been made, have refused their aid, unless they could be assured of your continuance.

"These, together with a general inability to contribute to the support of divine worship, as formerly, from the almost unparalleled stagnation and embarrassment of every kind of business for some years past, which has involved several of our number in the deepest affliction, have prevented their compliance with the command, 'to owe no man any thing.'

"In addition to these, the arm of the Lord has not been revealed among us as heretofore, which almost induces us to say, 'the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint.' Truth and duty call upon us to declare, that this is not owing to any want of zeal or faithfulness in your public labors among us.

"We, therefore, most affectionately beg leave to submit to that wisdom and prudence, which have marked your going in and out among us, why you should continue with us, the following reasons:

"1. Because your labors in the Lord have been more abundantly owned and blessed in this city than any where else.

"2. Because your pastoral labors, as far as we can judge, have been more useful than any other you can engage in; we therefore submit, that any employment that would interfere with them, is undesirable.

"3. Because as a church, we are the first of your labors, we are joined in sincere affection to you, and though we have been unable to tender to you that support we could wish, we hope that by determining to remain with us, it would so be the means of uniting our exertions, that aided by yours, we would be enabled to fulfil our engagements with you, and reduce, and finally extinguish, our debt; and you, in the mean time, so supported, that those affections which your services in the sanctuary have enkindled, may be increased more permanently in the social circle.

"4. Because your leaving us, under the pressure of a debt large as ours, would, in all probability, entirely bankrupt us; a circumstance which we are assured could not fail greatly to afflict you.

"5. Because, after your departing, we fear grievous wolves may enter in among us, not sparing the flock; also of our own selves men may arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them; and so necessary are your continued exertions in support of missionary and education societies among our denomination in this city, that there is every reason to fear, were you to leave it, they would be, in a great measure, prostrated.

"Lastly, should you have conceived the idea of leaving us, which we sincerely trust, has not been the case, and the foregoing reasons with many others that might be urged, should not induce you to continue with us, we will, we trust, both endeavor and earnestly pray, that your going out from us may be as affectionate as your coming in was.

"We remain, dear pastor, your affectionate brethren and sisters in the gospel of our common Lord and Saviour.

"Read and approved at a special meeting of the Baptist church in Sansom-street, and signed by order and in behalf of the whole.

JOHN OWENS, *Clerk.*"

The reply to the above letter.

"*November* 2, 1821.

"Dear brethren,

"The circumstances in which I have lately found myself, have been in a high degree painful and embarrassing. Few pastors of a church of Christ have enjoyed more pleasure than myself, in the relation that has subsisted between us, and none ever felt less inclination to relinquish his charge. It has been in my heart to live and die with you. On the other hand, an institution has been established at Washington, whose location, I had hoped, would have been in or near Philadelphia, which promises to be extensively useful to our denomination at large, with which I have been, in various ways, for several years, more or less connected, and to the presidency of which I have been chosen.

"The only reason for your not having heard from me on the subject, has arisen from the extreme difficulty I have felt to determine what course I ought to pursue. I fully appreciate the arguments you offer for my stay among

you. I am thankful for any success that has attended my imperfect labors in Philadelphia, and particularly in Sansom-street. I reciprocate, from my inmost heart, every expression of affection you utter, and trust that from grievous wolves, and men speaking (lies) perverse things, to which every church is exposed, the Head of the church will ever preserve you.

"Be assured, nothing but a sense of duty can ever reconcile my mind to leaving Philadelphia. I will not, my dear people, enlarge on the importance of the Columbian college, particularly the theological department, the welfare of our churches, nor mention to you the importunity expressed by the trustees, professors and students, for my acceptance of the presidency, and the sentiments of some of our most judicious ministers and other brethren. The institution has, in Philadelphia, been so immediately before you, that on your judgment here I may rely with safety.

"After much anxious deliberation and prayer for divine assistance, the following seems to open before me as the path of duty. Eighteen months from the present time, about the meeting of the General Convention in Washington, a new election of president will take place. The duties of this office, I have had a thought of discharging until that time. This would afford me an opportunity of assisting in the arrangement of the college, and would enable me still to fulfil the duties I owe to the affection I bear you, and the relation I sustain. It would be necessary for me to visit Washington, I suspect, only two or three times in a year, and that only for two, or at most, for three weeks at a visit. It would give time to us both to observe the providence of God, which is often a faithful interpreter of his will, and would afford equal satisfaction to the trustees of the college and yourselves. I feel the

whole force of the difficulty you state in relation to our pecuniary circumstances, as a church; but what can I say on this subject? Can I, at my time of life, hope that another ten years' labor among you would be more popular, and, of course, more productive than the past? Exertions on the part of the church and congregation, bold, systematized, and persevering, will soon diminish, and ultimately destroy the debt. Without these, it is a consideration of inferior moment by whom our pulpit is filled. In every attempt to accomplish these objects I shall most cheerfully unite. Whatever providence may determine, I trust, with you, we shall ever live in each other's affections. Wishing you peace, with love and faith from God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, I am, dear brethren,

"Your faithful friend, and affectionate pastor,
WILLIAM STAUGHTON.

"N. B. I have, as yet, returned no answer to the trustees of the Columbian college. W. S."

Copy of a letter from the Trustees of the Columbian college to the Sansom-street church.

"Beloved and highly respected brethren and friends,

"It has to us been a circumstance of peculiar gratification that the voice of the Convention, without a solitary dissentient, so far as we can learn, have determined that your worthy pastor, the Rev. Dr. William Staughton, is the proper person to fill the presidency of the Columbian college, in the District of Columbia.

"At the same time, the Convention have felt, and we participate a sentiment of sorrow at the termination of the immediate connexion between your pastor and yourselves.

We believe that he has lived in your affections, and been sustained by your benevolence and your prayers. We are sensible, also, that towards you he possesses as sincere and as tender an attachment, as ever glowed in the pastoral bosom. Separations, under such circumstances, are peculiarly trying.

"We are, nevertheless, assured, from all we have known of your interesting history, that you are among the readiest of the churches to make a sacrifice of all you hold dear, for the sake of Christ Jesus, and his sacred cause. Though the sphere for the preaching of your beloved pastor will be less extensive at this place than in Philadelphia, a sphere of another kind that may prove still more useful to the church at large, invites his labors. With regard to the pecuniary affliction under which your house of worship is laboring, we trust that the Lord, whom you serve, will make provision. The silver and the gold are his. For ourselves, we are ready to assure you, that for the purpose of obtaining your exoneration, we shall feel happy in employing every agency in our power. Permit us to offer you the tribute of our undissembled and most affectionate consideration and attachment, and to assure you of our best wishes and prayers, that among you the righteousness of the Lord may long continue to go forth as brightness, and his salvation as a lamp that burneth.

"Signed by order of the Board,

ENOCH REYNOLDS, *Sec'ry.*"

Washington City, May 15, 1823.

The voice of the Convention, and his own convictions of duty, at length issued in the resignation of his pastoral charge, and his removal to the city of Washington.

Letter of Resignation.

"*May* 26, 1823.

"To the Baptist church in Sansom-street, Philadelphia.

"Beloved brethren,

"The relation of pastor among you in the Lord, it has been my honor and my happiness for many years to have sustained. Were my destination at my own control, I would wish no higher station on earth than to continue my labors among you, and to live in the pious affections of your hearts. For your fraternal sympathies under my late affliction, I tender you my sincerest gratitude. While I continue to live, I shall not cease to love you.

"I will not state the train of circumstances (because you know the whole) which inflict on me the pain of telling you, that at the beginning of September next, the endeared relation between us, as shepherd and flock, in the providence of God, must cease. I know the difficulties of various kinds under which you are distressed. I wish I could relieve them all. My heart is with you, and my hand prepared to serve you to the utmost extent of my power; but we are not our own. At present, excuse my adding more, than that I am yours in Christ Jesus.

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

He preached his farewell sermon to the church from the words recorded in 1 Peter, v. 10. "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory, by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, establish, strengthen, settle you." It was a solemn, weeping occasion. A gentleman of high respectability observed, that it had been many years since a tear had fallen from his eye; but when he saw the church and congregation all in tears, he found he could weep with those that weep.

CHAPTER XI.

Part of his address at the opening of the Columbian college—his behavior towards the young men—prosperity of the college—its subsequent pecuniary distress, and his difficulties resulting from this state—resignation of the presidency and return to Philadelphia.

Upon the duties of the college, he entered, with a decided devotion to its best interests, and with his intellectual powers in full vigor. Reference has been already made to the opening of this institution, and the induction of the professors. This event, which was throughout one of great interest and solemnity, was followed by an address from the president of the college, distinguished for classical purity, learning, and eloquence.

His views on the subject of a public education are thus stated; "Colleges, under proper government, are by no means inauspicious to the habits of virtue; on the contrary, they contain the best correctives of vicious propensities. Dr. Barrow, whose acuteness of observation has been rarely exceeded, and whose experience as a professor was extensive, asserts with confidence, that he had seldom known a youth deeply involved in depravity at schools, who did not bring the seeds of it along with him. Desirable as it may be thought that every Telemachus have a Mentor by his side, the voice of reason, the impulse of feeling, intimate distinctly that youth are the natural companions of youth. In public seminaries as much se-

clusion is enjoined and practised, as learning can demand, or health can authorize. Shut up, if it be thought best, the delicate plant in a well-secured green-house; but, remember, the saplings that are to become oaks of Bashan and cedars of Lebanon, ask for breezes, and showers, and sunshine. At public schools emulation is ever on the stretch; a generous sense of honor is inspired; the science of human nature is, to a considerable extent, attained; and such friendships, as is remarked by Tertullian, are frequently contracted, as solace and ennoble the whole progress of future existence. It is not a truth,—I appeal to universal experience,—that living a while in a college destroys a relish for the endearing attractions of a father's dwelling. It is not an inglorious delight in indolence, but a well-retained affection for home, that is ever calculating the day that ushers in a vacation. I am satisfied, from long observation, that our young men, with few exceptions, leave their *alma mater*, not simply with an informed understanding, but with their manners softened, and their hearts improved. Parents are constantly exposed to the mistake of overruling the faculties of their children. The apologies of natural affection are, indeed, tender and forcible, but require to be admitted with caution. Boys of corrupt disposition, whether educated in the retirement of a parlor, or introduced into the public halls of science, will sagaciously find a model for themselves, associates whose inclinations shall coincide with their own. Other circumstances, apart from cultivation, distinguish Arabia the Desert from Arabia the Blest."

The conclusion of the Address is among the finest specimens of eloquence.

"Among the numerous considerations, which afford pleasure to the patrons of our college, and inspirit their generous hopes, its *location* must be mentioned. From

this hill, as from the eminence on which Æneas stood, the frequent pupil shall look down and exclaim,—

'O fortunati! quorum jam mœnia surgunt.'

He will behold a rising metropolis,—not the city Carthage, but the city Washington. From the window of his study, he shall look out and ask,—What spot is that, whose trees rise high above the surrounding foliage? and shall learn, it is Vernon, where Washington lived,—where Washington sleeps. Tully acknowledges the transports he experienced when he saw the laurel grove, where Plato held his disputations, and the porticoes at Athens, where Socrates taught. But superior transports shall swell the bosom of the young American, while he gazes on the Mount, where dwelt the hero, who, with the eagle for his standard, fought the battles of his country, achieved her liberty, illumined her councils; and, leaving her a legacy of paternal advice and patriotic example, in peace expired. Imagination, on the soft breezes of evening, shall hear the notes which the trumpet of the Genius of Liberty sounds over his sepulchre; and affection shall exult and weep for Washington!

"When Solomon was anointed to the government of Israel, he was led, at the command of his father, to the fountain of Gihon. Some of the Rabbis tell us, that it was common, when officers were set apart to public, or more private stations, for the ceremonies of inauguration to take place by the side of running water; as if to express a hope that their services, like the stream, might refresh, and fertilize, and continue. Alas! it is the lot of mortals to die! Rivers will pursue their meanders to the sea, when upon us the night of death shall have fallen. Yet, surely, we may be permitted to express our strong desire, and reverent supplication, that long as the adjacent Poto-

mac shall flow, this seat of learning and virtue may flourish, a blessing to the District, to the Union, to the world."

Towards the young men under his charge, he acted the part of a friend and a father. He treated them as young gentlemen, and never would he consent to the degradation of a pupil by discipline, till every possible appeal to his honor proved unavailing. In this course, he was sustained by the professors and tutors, all of whom were tender of the feelings of their students. No difficulty of any magnitude occurred under his presidency, no combinations were formed to resist the government of the college. He never checked with austerity the cheerful waywardness of the young men, but ever frowned upon mischief and vice. He was beloved by all. His duties were laborious and multiplied. Besides his attention to classes, he officiated two sessions in the capacity of chaplain to Congress, being elected by the senate to this station; and besides these duties, he carried on, till the Convention of 1826, the correspondence of the Board of Missions.

The college increased rapidly in numbers and respectability. The classical department opened with thirty students, in January, 1822. By the ensuing October, the number had increased to forty-six, and, at the meeting of the Convention, in 1823, fifty-nine young gentlemen were pursuing their studies. In April, of the year succeeding, the number amounted to ninety-three. Before the close of another year the edifice was crowded with pupils, and another building was contemplated.

For some time after he removed to Washington, his situation was quite comfortable, but he was, nevertheless, the subject of almost constant depression of spirits. Probably the death of his wife, with the sacrifice of feeling which he must, of necessity, have made in separating him-

self from a beloved church, and an overflowing congregation, in Philadelphia, contributed, in no small degree, to this depression. On this subject, writing to a friend, he observes, "I suffer much from depression of spirits, and yet I have no real reason for depression. I have the comforts of the present life in abundance, and in prospect of eternity,

> 'Christ is my life, my light, my care,
> My blessed hope, my glorious prize.'

"My general health is rather better, I think, than when I was in Philadelphia. I trust I feel myself in the hands of the Lord, content that he do with me as seemeth good in his sight. Pray for me, and cherish the hope, that before long, our prayers will be changed into everlasting thanksgivings."

There was much in the kind attentions of his friends to cheer his heart. Many testimonials of affection were received from his former charge in Philadelphia; one of which, for the delicate manner in which it was presented, is worthy of record. He was on a visit to that city, as the winter of 1826 was approaching. One day there was brought to him an elegant cloth cloak. Attached to the fastening, in front of the collar, was a neat silver plate, bearing the inscription,—"*Our father, William Staughton, D. D.*" Accompanying the present was the following beautiful, affectionate note:—

"*Philadelphia, Nov.* 25, 1826.

"Very dear father, in the gospel of Jesus,

"From a conviction of the spiritual blessings we have experienced, through the instrumentality of *your ministry*, under God, we desire to express, in some humble manner, our affectionate regards, by presenting you a cloth cloak;

hoping you will receive this as a *token* of our best wishes for your welfare and happiness in this world, and in the world to come.

"With sentiments of Christian affection, we are your spiritual sons and daughters in the kingdom of the Lord Jesus. SANSOM-STREET.

Rev. William Staughton, D. D."

He had unbounded confidence in those who managed the pecuniary concerns of the college, and while the note of complaint was swelling louder and louder, in different sections of the country, he seemed to view it merely as the result of hostility to the institution. He entered into their defence, on every suitable occasion, with ardor.

In the summer of 1821, he made an excursion to the North, for the purpose of creating, as far as possible, a more favorable impression in regard to the infant college. In a letter to one of his family, dated Worcester, August 14th, he writes; "I preached on Friday evening for the Rev. Mr. Bolles; spent Saturday in Salem, a hot, oppressive, close, trying day. I thought I was almost very sick, but on Sabbath morning felt vastly better. Preached morning and afternoon for Mr. Bolles; in the afternoon took up a collection of $25,64. After service, Mr. Bolles brought me in his chaise to Boston, where I preached again, and took up a second collection of $48,00.

"I had almost forgotten to say, that brother Bolles has done admirably. He has himself, at this present time, subscribed upwards of three hundred dollars to the Washington concern. Though a direct application has been no part of our object, we have raised, on our present tour, from seven to eight hundred dollars."

The subsequent embarrassments of the college are well known. It is equally well known, that pecuniary affairs were

the least that ever occupied the mind of Dr. Staughton. He appeared to be entirely satisfied with the statements of those to whom the management of the college was intrusted. He was assured, in his own mind, that the pecuniary difficulties of the college were trifling: and he was sanguine of its success. Writing to his son, in Europe, under date of December 12, 1822, he observes; "Mr. Rice, in his late tour to the North, has very much relieved the affairs of the college. He has sold shares in a loan, to the amount of seven thousand dollars. I think he told me that one gentleman made him a present, for the college, of a thousand dollars. His spirits are high. He says, that he sees the shore, and three or four thousand dollars more will land him safely."

But he was disappointed. In a short time, owing to the increased difficulties with which the institution had to contend, his circumstances were totally changed. He felt himself, in numerous instances, personally aggrieved, and one of his expressions in his family, was a clear and forcible exhibition of the state of his feelings. He used to say, "*I am familiar with humiliation.*"

Of his uncomfortable situation, some idea may be formed from the following lines in a letter to his son, written in New York, at the meeting of the Convention, in 1826. "I look for a great struggle in New York, but I have the good hope that righteousness and truth will prevail. Perhaps brighter days are before us. In any case, we are in the hands of a good God, who has led us and fed us all our life long, and whose loving kindness and tender mercies endure from generation to generation. He can lighten our darkness, and dry up our sorrows."

His hopes were considerably brightened by the addition of several distinguished men to the Board of Trustees, nominated by the Convention, in New York, in the year

1826. He thought he discovered in this change the salvation of the college from ruin, and, in the commencement of the year 1827, he made a Southern tour, in company with the Rev. Mr. Waite, of the Preparatory department, to assist in the liquidation of the debt of this institution. The following is a part of the journal which he kept upon this tour.

"Jan. 29th. Mr. Waite and myself expected to have left Norfolk, but found that a horse, which we had purchased, was good for nothing, and had to look out for another.

"30th. Procured a good horse for a hundred dollars, and started for the South, about 3 o'clock, P. M. Travelled ten miles, stopped at the Great Bridge, and staid at what is called Jones' tavern.

"31st. Started at day-break, passed the beautiful Currituck sound, and breakfasted at a Caleb Wilson's, where we obtained ten dollars. Went to what is called North West, stopped and took some refreshment. Entered, to-day, North Carolina. The roads very bad,—could get forward only twenty-five miles. Staid at a Mr. Williams', charged nothing, and treated with great hospitality.

"Feb. 1st. Took breakfast at Mr. Isaac Baxter's, Sheriff of Currituck county, a most pleasant and bounteous brother,—gave us five dollars. Arrived this evening at Elizabeth, and put up with a Mr. Mc Morines. Every thing elegant and kind. Mr. S. the father-in-law of Mr. Mc M. gave us ten dollars.

"2d. Left Elizabeth, and as the roads were very bad, made only twenty-two miles. Staid at a ministering brother's, of the name of Ross, within nine miles of Edenton.

"3d. Reached Edenton about 10 o'clock, where we were most cordially welcomed, particularly by Mr. Mere-

dith, and Dr. Collens Skinner. I made my home with the former, Mr. Waite with the latter. Preached this evening at the Baptist meeting-house, a neat building. Assembly crowded.

"4th. Preached, morning, for the Baptists,—afternoon, for the Methodists. Evening, for the Baptists, and took a collection of fourteen dollars. Obtained here for the college about seventy dollars, and was offered fifty more, if I would stay another Sabbath; but the season is advancing, and I thought it best to proceed. I shall never forget the kindness of the Edenton friends.

"5th and 6th. Spent both days in visiting and obtaining what subscriptions we could.

"7th. Left Edenton,—furnished by Mrs. Skinner with ham, tongue, cake, wine, &c. which we found very acceptable, as there is scarcely a tavern on the road. Pine trees, swamps, miserable bridges, wretched huts, a few solitary ox-carts, and a few wandering negroes, mark all our road. This day we crossed the Albemarle sound, a distance of twelve miles,—a distance of twelve miles! I dreaded this sound. Three weeks before, an Italian musician had been drowned, and three days before, an old Baptist minister, who was one of the great enemies of missions, colleges, bible societies, &c. &c. This night reached Plymouth, nine miles from the sound. I preached in the evening at the court-house.

"8th. Left Plymouth, and arrived at Washington, thirty-three miles, too late for preaching. Staid at Le Roy's tavern.

"9th. Started for Newbern, thirty-five miles. At half past six arrived at brother Hancock's. Received with elegance and ease. Here we have since continued.

"10th. Became acquainted with a Mr. Hatch, a Pres-

byterian brother, one of the loveliest of men. Preached in the evening.

"11th. Preached three times. Morning, for the Baptists,—they have a good, but small and inconveniently located meeting-house. Afternoon, for the Presbyterians,—a splendid house, with a lofty spire and large bell. Evening, at the Baptist meeting-house, and made a collection of $24,73.

"12th. Visits almost all the day,—obtained about thirty dollars. Preached this evening at the Presbyterian meeting-house,—made a collection. I have not yet heard the amount, but suspect it not less than forty-five or fifty dollars.

"13th. My health has, for the most part, been very good, but I had a very poor night last night, and am to-day, very much afflicted with a severe cold, fever, and head-ache; for my strength, I have labored too much. The congregations are crowded, and I have exerted myself, perhaps, imprudently. To-morrow, we expect to start for Wilmington, where we hope to spend the next Lord's day, a dismal, sandy, swampy road, we are told, of ninety-three miles; thence to Georgetown, S. C., ninety-three miles more, on roads of the same forbidding description. May a kind Providence still go before us."

When he arrived in Charleston, S. C., he continued to prosecute his work in behalf of the college, until he received information from Washington, that Judge Mc Lean, and other distinguished members of the Board had resigned their office. A few letters are inserted, in this connexion, to show the deep interest which he felt in the prosperity of the Columbian college.

" *Charleston, March* 12, 1827.

" My dear son,

" More than a week has elapsed since you cheered me with the expectation, that I should receive a line from you by the next mail. I will not indulge the apprehension that you are sick, confident, if you were, that Louisa would have written me. I know your punctuality, and can ascribe my disappointment only to some unaccountable deficiency in the mail.

" Before attempting subscriptions and collections here, my friends have advised me to make myself known, with a view of diminishing aversions to the college, and imparting some good feelings, by visits and my preaching. This, I have attempted. I have preached four times already in the Baptist church, and three times yesterday in Presbyterian churches. Last evening the congregation in the circular church was immense. One hundred and seventy dollars were collected for the " Charleston Port Society." To-morrow evening, I expect to lay before the citizens of Charleston, in the Baptist church, a statement of the college concerns, and the object of my visit. The next morning, I expect to commence a course of personal calls. My friends encourage me to believe that I shall accomplish something handsome in Charleston. My own hopes are rather *low*. I will, however, do what I *can*, and I *can* do no more.

" Your ever affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

" *Charleston, March* 12, 1827.

" My dear son,

" I have this moment received your letter of the 7th instant. My heart is shocked at the resignation of our best men, and our best friends. I scarcely know what

to do. My letter, which accompanies this, will tell you the plan I am pursuing as to Charleston. What *shall* I say to-morrow evening to the assembled citizens? Alas! what *can* I say! I propose a meeting of the best friends of the college in this place, a private meeting, to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. I will listen to their counsel, and if I can approve, follow it.

"I shall write the Post-Master-General to-morrow. I think of putting off my announcement until I can again hear from Washington. Well, my dear child, we are in very deep waters, but let us not despair. Lord Bacon, in distress, was told, 'Sir, it is time to look *about* you.' 'O, no,' said he, 'it is time to look *above* me.' May the God of mercy appear! You will, most probably, hear again to-morrow from

"Your ever affectionate father,
WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

"*Charleston, March* 14, 1827.

"My beloved James,

"I wrote to the Post-Master-General yesterday, and requested him to have the goodness to show you my letter. This, I presume, he has done. I never was more embarrassed than at the present moment. Last evening I had a large assembly of the citizens of Charleston, in the Baptist church, expecting to hear from me the object of my visit. They appeared ready to serve me in any thing. But what could I say to them? The advice of my best friends here urges me to wait until I can hear more from Washington.

"At this juncture, far as I am from the scene of action, every line that can be written me is a treasure! The constant cry among the friends of the college is, 'Doctor, any news from Washington to-day?' I have too fre-

quently to answer, 'None.' I think I can say, 'In the Lord do I put my trust! Why say ye (ye enemies of righteousness) flee as a bird to your mountain.'

"In storm or in sunshine, your affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

"*Charleston, March* 22, 1827.

"My dearest James,

"I have just received your two letters of the 16th. I thank you for them ten thousand, thousand times. I have only had time to run over them *very hastily*. I shall read them as attentively as I can. It is probable, I shall immediately send in my resignation. I wish to act with that circumspection that no enemy of righteousness may take advantage.

"Do forgive me, my dear child, if I have been too importunate. My importunity has been the effervescence of the severest mental affliction. God only knows what I have suffered since I have been in Charleston. I cannot write more now.

"For ever and ever, your affectionate father,

WILLIAM STAUGHTON."

Resolved never again to subject himself to his former trials and distresses, to the great joy of his family, he resigned a situation, which, they had long been convinced, could only render him unhappy.

The result of his resignation was the temporary breaking up of the college; for the other officers soon after resigned, and the students, almost in mass, returned to their homes. Looking at the consequences of this step, partially, it has probably been deemed by many an injudicious one. There is reason, however, to believe, that but for this shock, or something of equal

magnitude, it never would have recovered. The denomination was aroused by it to vigorous action, the interests of the college were placed under the control of other men, and that course was pursued at last, which ought to have been pursued before; and had it been carried out before, Dr. Staughton would not have resigned his situation. By the united voice of the Baptists he was called to that station, and by their united voice justice required that he should be made comfortable. He sacrificed *much* to leave a large, affectionate church, and an overflowing congregation—he sacrificed his own feelings to their wishes, and he relinquished his post only when he felt that to remain any longer would imbitter his own existence, and bring no relief to the college.

He remained in the South about five weeks after his resignation, and collected considerable for the Burman mission. From Savannah he wrote to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Staughton, a description of

A Southern Spring.

"'T is Spring! and the softer sun opens the day,
The clouds, finely mellow'd, bright floating are seen,
The careless young zephyrs their visit repay,
And earth has thrown round her, her garment of green.

"'T is Spring! the chaste snow-drop shrinks fearful no more,
The rose and the shrub, sweetly scented, appear;
The mocking and red-bird their minstrelsy pour,
And the swain follows, chanting, the plough-loving steer.

"'T is Spring! and with blossoms the fruit trees are dress'd,
The gardens, like Eden, their odors diffuse;
The dove and the linnet are building the nest,
As the leaflets throw open their charms to the dews.

"'T is Spring! and, Louisa, with thee it is Spring,
Long, long may thy beauty and transports remain;

But hours, the most vernal, are still on the wing,
And the snows of December are found in their train.

"'T is Spring! and the gospel is lifting its voice,
The nations all hail the acceptable day;
The hills and the heav'ns, with new glories rejoice,
And pilgrims to bliss are pursuing their way.

"O yes, there 's a Spring, ever fresh in the skies,
Where streams ever flow, ever flourish the flow'rs;
Where from seraph and saint the loud anthems arise —
May that blessed clime, dear Louisa, be ours.

"*Savannah, April* 14, 1827."

Shortly after his resignation he returned to visit his children. On his passage from Charleston to Philadelphia, he kept a diary, but, with the exception of one page, it is all lost. The passage was exceedingly tedious and dangerous. We insert the notes of two days, after they had been five days at sea.

"April 30th. Saw several vessels, one from New Orleans fifteen days. Took a pilot on board fifty miles from shore. Strong north-west head wind. Saw Henlopen light-house.

"May 1st. Head wind continued, dreadful tossing. In the afternoon a gale sprung up, and we dropped anchor. The gale increased, with hail-storm. The anchor parted, and we were driven out to sea. I longed much to see my children, but all is well."

On this page is a short poetic effusion, which appears to have been written on board the ship. It has no date.

"The sun has just sunk in the orange of sky,
The ocean's green surface is smooth,
The sea-bird has uttered her evening cry,
And Nature's soft images soothe: —
And yet the tir'd mariner asks, on his knees,
That the deep would her trouble renew,

That the sky would commission a southerly breeze,
And bring a lov'd city to view.
Still, Patience, we bow to thy heart-cheering sway,
And give to the calm all our sorrow,
If the vision of home should descend not to-day,
Perhaps we shall see her to-morrow."

His mind was much perplexed upon his return, as to the path of duty. The minority of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, who claimed to be *the first church*, were, at this time, in litigation with the body meeting in Second Street. The members seemed to regard the Doctor's resignation of the Presidency of Columbian College, as favorable to their interests, and they accordingly invited him to supply their pulpit. He preached to them for some time, with his former vigor, and, as formerly, attracted large assemblies. But he did not feel comfortable in the circumstance of being a mere supply. In his situation, and at his time of life, he saw the importance of having a permanent settlement, in some desirable station, and that without delay. He received several calls to the pastorship of churches, but these did not exactly meet his views. His feelings on this subject are partially expressed in the following extract from a letter, dated May 18th, 1828.

"I spoke yesterday, with much freedom, from the forty-second Psalm. It is rather singular, but it is a fact, I have not had an unpleasant season, in preaching, since I returned to Philadelphia.

"Two of the members (deacons of the church) called on me on Monday last to state, that at a recent church meeting the question of my call to the pastorship was agitated. They stated they had not the least doubt that I should be elected; but that it was the opinion of their attornies, that as the case had come into law, no change ought to take place until the law had decided. They hoped

that next December every thing would be settled ; but suggested that the opposite party might possibly contrive to have it put off for a much longer time. Such is my present standing. Whether to continue in it or not, is to me a subject of some embarrassment. I trust the Lord will be my guide. In the Psalm which I have mentioned, I was much struck with the words, 'When I remember these things, I *pour out my soul in me.*' Depend upon it, my dear child, this is the very *worst* way of managing our sorsows. Pouring out our souls *in* us is merely rendering affliction more severe. O may we be enabled to *pour out* our souls unto the Lord, who will strengthen, help, and bless us."

In another letter, dated December 2d, 1828, he writes: "I cannot as yet distinctly discover the course which I ought to pursue in relation to the church which I am serving. A few days will throw light upon the subject, when I hope to be able to write you."

It became at length his settled conviction, that he could be more useful in some other sphere, and on the 3d of April, 1829, he resigned his connexion.

A few months previously to this event, he was deprived by death of an amiable and valued nephew. He had gone to the North, for the recovery of his health, which was exceedingly impaired, but was never permitted to return to the maternal mansion. He died in Boston, and, during the illness which terminated his life, was most tenderly nursed by some of the friends of the family to whom he was introduced.

The following letters from his affectionate uncle, will be read with pleasure and profit.

"*Philadelphia, September* 14, 1828.

"Dear Sir,

"At the request of our whole family, and particularly of my afflicted sister, Mrs. Wythe, I write you a line to express our gratitude. I can assure you, it is very deep-felt gratitude, for the attentions, yourself, your invaluable daughters, and your whole household paid my deceased nephew, during his affliction, and at the approach of his departure hence. May the God of the widow recompense you ten thousand fold! I have no doubt he will do this. Kindness to the afflicted is bread cast upon the waters. The Saviour claims the kindness, as extended to himself. 'Ye did it unto me.'

"The poor mother has borne up under the trial beyond my expectation. She has found grace equal to her day, and though time is necessary to diminish the effervescence of her distress, she has exhibited that holy resignation which has constrained every pious observer to say, 'Here is the patience and the faith of the saints.' It has been peculiarly supporting to her, that a gracious providence raised up for the dear deceased, friends so kind, when far distant from his native home.

"The providence is truly mysterious which bears from a mother an only son, and she a widow, but, unquestionably, the ways of the Lord are right. We are permitted to discover the paths of infinite wisdom, but not to comprehend divine designs. We have many reasons to justify the belief that Sutton expired a sincere Christian, and that he shall come,

'Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light.'

"An account of the expenses attendant on the interment, you will have the goodness to transmit. The amount shall be forwarded as soon as possible, with many renewed

thanks. I pray the blessing of the Lord may long and largely rest on you and yours. O that it may be our mercy to stand with girded loins and burning lamps, that, at what hour soever the Son of Man shall come, we may have our pinions prepared, to fly away to the land where there is no death.

"My sister and family tender you our respectful and affectionate remembrances.

"I am, dear sir, your obliged and respectful friend,

WM. STAUGHTON.

"S. M. PHILIPS, Esq."

"*Philadelphia, Sept.* 22, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"The kind letters you forwarded to my sister, at the time when the hand of the Lord was heavy upon her, we have received. They were balm to her wounded spirit. I trust the Lord will abundantly compensate you for your humane and pious endeavors to mitigate the affliction, which only the Hand that has smitten can entirely assuage. Perhaps the tide will never wholly subside, until the mother shall reach the land where there is no more sorrow, and when she shall see the dear departed,

'High in salvation and the climes of bliss.'

"The support which she has enjoyed has transcended my highest expectations. She had learned to lean on an everlasting arm, and that arm has been her strength and stay. Sutton was so amiable a youth that he secured to himself not only the best affections of all his relatives, but also of all who knew him. Unassuming in his manners, virtuous in all his habits, unusually skillful in the business he had acquired, and possessed of an integrity as *inflexible* as his heart was *gentle*, he promised to become an ornament to society; and more especially to be the prop

of his mother in life's decline; but infinite mercy and wisdom have frustrated human calculation, and taught us, that

> 'The brightest things below the skies,
> Give but a flattering light.'

"It is a great comfort to his mother to know, that the eye and hand of friendship soothed his declining days. Her own presence could scarcely have contributed more to the calming of his bosom, so much are the strokes of the Lord softened by his gentle Providence, and so true is it, that the spirit of the Gospel stands prepared to sympathize and console where distress presents itself. Like its author, it is 'acquainted with grief.'

"The articles your goodness forwarded have been received. Should it ever be in my power, or, in the power of any of the family, to render offices of kindness at any time to you or yours, it will furnish the highest gratification.

"My sister and her daughter unite in sentiments of grateful esteem.

"I am, dear sir, your obedient friend and servant,

WM. STAUGHTON.

"F. Mosely, Esq."

To Mr. John Wilson.

"Dear Sir,

"I had heard from several sources, but more especially through the channel of our mutual friend, Mr. Sharp, of the kindness you showed to my beloved nephew, while he was yet a sufferer in this valley of tears, and to his *remains*, when it was the pleasure of the Lord to send down his chariot, and convey him hence.

"His poor mother and sister, with all the family, unite in testimonies of the most lively gratitude, and in the

prayer and assurance, that the God of mercy will afford you an ample recompense. He was, indeed, a youth whom all might love. Such was the gentleness of his manners, such his steadiness in business, such the mild intelligence of his countenance, such his habitual bias for the house of God, and for sacred things, that he was not more the hope of his widowed mother, than he was the pride of all his connexions. His heart was affectionate, and his morals unsullied. But, alas! the most promising flowers often fade before the sun, which produced them! Some unseen worm lurks in the blossom, and destroys the anticipations that were created. I am happy to inform you, that my sister has been supported beyond our expectations. She has distinctly seen the hand of the Lord in this visitation, and has been enabled to say,

'Still as thou smitest, smile, and then smite on.'

"Oh how valuable that religion, which can sustain the soul, when the fig-tree forbears to blossom, and when the vine is wasted. The Gospel is a system, above all others, calculated for wiping away the tears of sorrow.

"We regard it as an act of kindness, for which we want language to thank you, that you solicited his interment in your family vault. It is the wish of our hearts that every guest that vault contains, and that may be deposited there, when the last trump shall sound, may come forth fashioned like unto the glorious body of our Lord Jesus Christ. May his gracious eye watch all the dust till he shall bid it rise.

"Should it at any time be in our power to testify our feelings by any acts of kindness, to yourself or to any of the family, it will impart the highest gratification.

"My sister and her daughter unite with us all, in sentiments of the most grateful esteem.

"I am, dear sir, yours most truly,

WM. STAUGHTON."

About this time he wrote to his son in Washington, as follows: 'I went to the House of Refuge, and preached there. It was to me a most affecting scene. Thirty boys, eleven girls, all culprits, separated from accomplished villains, and weeping under the word of life. I spoke with the greatest pleasure from Psalm 34th. 'Hearken unto me, ye children, I will teach you the fear of the Lord.' It was a very melting season. The boys were dressed very neatly, and the girls almost elegantly. You would scarcely have supposed it a prison. Afternoon and evening, I preached at the academy. Evening very crowded. Text, Heb. xi. 1.

> "Many a sermon have I preach'd,
> And exhortation given;
> Yet earth no recompense has reach'd,
> But whispered, wait for heaven."

He is now, we trust, safely beyond the influence of human caprice and mutation.

CHAPTER XII.

His appointment to the Presidency of the Georgetown Literary and Theological Institution—its influence upon that place—his marriage—removal from Philadelphia, and decease, at the city of Washington—Letters of condolence.

For a short time Dr. Staughton preached to the church, meeting in New Market-street, Philadelphia, and they were upon the eve of giving him a call to the pastorship, when his attention was directed to another section of the Union.

The Baptists in the State of Kentucky had, previously to this time, originated a Literary and Theological Institution, to be located in Georgetown. It was well endowed, sustained by some of the ablest men in the State, and nothing appeared to be wanting, to raise it at once to the highest standing, but the talents, address, and influence of such a man as Dr. Staughton. On him, therefore, the trustees fixed their hopes.

A correspondence was opened with him upon the subject, as early as the month of July, 1829, through the Rev. Dr. Noel of Kentucky.

"*Frankfort, Ky. July*, 1829.

"Brother Staughton,

"For several years I have not had the pleasure of a line from you. I now address you with some hope of moving you to Kentucky. May I be allowed to name you to our Board, as president of a Baptist college in Georgetown, Kentucky? The prospects are these. The people of Scott

county have secured to the Board 20,000 dollars, and the county academy, &c. worth 5000 dollars, for this purpose, now on interest. We have the promise of 25,000 dollars from an individual, to improve our ministry, about half already in hand. With this beginning can you venture to come to Kentucky, to aid in rearing a college, in connexion with this Corporation?"

About a month after this, he wrote upon the subject to his son in Washington, expressing his feelings, in which separation from his children seemed to lay most heavy on his heart.

"*Philadelphia, Aug.* 11, 1829.

"My dear James,

"I have been waiting for some time with much anxiety for an opening in the providence of God, where I might, for the few remaining days of my existence, find a home. Two have offered. I wrote you last evening on the subject by the Rev. Mr. H——, who promised to deliver my letter as soon as possible. One of the openings is the New Market-street church in this city. The other is a call to the presidency of a college, forming at Georgetown, Ky. On this subject Mr. H.'s packet will communicate all the particulars I know at present. My mind is much divided. The idea of seven or eight hundred miles distance from all of you, and my beloved grand-children, is to my mind almost intolerable. Contemplated and forming rail-roads may lessen the evil, but the evil still strikes me as fearful."

On the 14th of August, 1829, after much conflict of mind, he signified to Dr. Noel his willingness to embark in this new field, and shortly after received the following letter, announcing his election to the presidency.

"*Frankfort, Ky. Sept.* 4, 1829.

"Dear Sir,

"At a meeting of the Kentucky Baptist Education Society, held at Georgetown, on Tuesday last, by the unanimous vote of the trustees, you were elected president of their Literary Institution, established in that town. The society is disposed to make your salary entirely satisfactory to yourself. They earnestly desire to see you, at their approaching semi-annual meeting, on the first Tuesday in November next, in Georgetown.

"Please favor me with an early reply.

"Very affectionately yours,

S. M. NOEL, *President.*"

In another letter from the same hand, it will be perceived how much the infant institution, in the view of its friends, depended upon the influence which he was capable of exerting.

"As the rearing of this college is likely to devolve chiefly on yourself, allow me to advise, that you devote the next winter to travelling through Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana, to awaken the public attention, and particularly that of our brethren, on the subject of education, as well as religion. If necessary, I may go with you. The Board will be disposed to be counselled by you in the entire organization. Apprize me as soon as practicable, when you may be expected.

"Yours truly,

S. M. NOEL."

"*Philadelphia, Sept.* 19, 1829.

"Dear Sir,

"Your favor of the 4th instant, announcing my election to the presidency, about to be established at Georgetown,

Ky. I have received. In the fear of the Lord, and humbly imploring his gracious assistance, I solemnly accept it. From all I know of the character of the trustees, I can have no hesitancy in relying on their firm support, and in anticipating their Christian affection. I beg of them to be assured that whatever contributory hints I may be able to suggest, in reference to the organization of the institution, and what services soever I can render for the promotion of sound learning and evangelical truth, shall be entirely at their command. The training of pious youths, approved by the churches, for the labors of the pulpit, has long been my element and joy. I will try, if practicable, to be present at your semi-annual meeting, if not, as soon as I can after it.

"I am, dear sir, your brother and friend,

WM. STAUGHTON.

S. M. Noel, D. D. *Pres. of the Kentucky Bap. Ed. Society.*"

When his acceptance of the presidency was made known at Georgetown, it threw new life into the place.

Dr. Noel, in a letter to the editor, observes:

"I never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the late Rev. Dr. Staughton. I have been taught, even from my boyhood, by my father (the late Rev. Theodorick Noel, of Essex, Virginia,) and others who knew him well, suitably to appreciate his standing as a Gospel minister.

"When the trustees of the Kentucky Baptist Education Society, were looking about for the most eminent scholar and divine of the Baptist denomination to preside over the destinies of the Georgetown college, Dr. Staughton was selected. When his acceptance was announced, public expectation rose high, the friends of the college could no longer feel themselves in the shade of the older institutions. But

the tidings of his death were most appalling. To this moment we labor under the unhappy consequences of that most unpropitious bereavement."

Another very important change was about this time made in his life. He was united in marriage on the 27th of August, 1829, to Miss Anna C. Peale, daughter of James Peale, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 20th of October, 1829, he left Philadelphia, for the scene of his contemplated labors, but, in the providence of God, was destined never to reach it. From his brethren and friends, he received many testimonials of affectionate and deeply regretted parting. The New Market-street church, for which he had frequently preached, presented to him the following, as an expression of their high regard and affection for his character.

"It has been the pleasure of Almighty God to permit our brother, the Rev. Dr. Staughton, to preach for us the last ten weeks, to our entire satisfaction and edification. He presented the glorious doctrines of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which are held precious by all the Baptist churches in this region of the country. And whereas it appears to be the will of the Great Head of the Church, that he should spend the remainder of his days among the Baptist churches in the Western States, but more especially to fill the important office of president of the college in Georgetown, Kentucky,

"We, therefore, present this as a faint tribute of respect for the high consideration which we have of him, as a servant of the Most High."

The disease, which finally terminated his life, had already commenced its work. The idea of being separated from his children, probably contributed, in no small degree, to sink a constitution, already yielding to its influence. In a letter to one of his children he writes: "My heart is

wrung with the idea of parting with you for the West. I do not think I can give the farewell kiss to my inestimable Mary, (his eldest grand-child) although the rest I know not how to love less. Well, perhaps, we shall see each other in Baltimore again. If not, I trust we are going, where

> 'We shall see and hear and know,
> All we desired or wished below!'"

When he reached Baltimore it was obvious to his family that the moment of his departure was hastening on. After spending a few days with his children in this city, his anxiety to reach the place of his destination, induced him to proceed to Washington, though in a state of health exceedingly delicate and painful. He bore the journey better than was contemplated, and during the night that he was on board the steam-boat, was favored with a peculiarly happy frame of mind. Mrs. Staughton, after their arrival at Washington, writes as follows: "I fell asleep with a heavy heart, thinking of your beloved father's situation. I was awakened by a slight noise, which he made in dreaming. I went to him and spoke, on which he looked at me and said, 'Oh, I have had such a heavenly vision,' and with a low voice repeated, '*Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*'"

At times, hopes were entertained of his recovery, but they ultimately proved delusive. After reaching Washington, he so far regained strength as to preach once, and to write a few letters. The following was written by him to the Rev. Dr. Noel.

"*Washington, Nov.* 2, 1829.

"Dear Sir,

"I have tried, but found it beyond my power, to reach Georgetown by the time of the semi-annual meeting of the

Kentucky Baptist Education Society. I have sent on, by wagons, my books, and some other articles, which I have directed to Georgetown.

"Myself and Mrs. Staughton are thus far on our journey, all anxiety to reach the spot which Providence appears to have pointed to, as our ultimate habitation. I must spend a few days with my children here, and render my journey easy as possible, in consequence of some weakness of body, resulting from a bilious attack, which occurred a little time before I left Philadelphia. In the expectation of shortly seeing yourself and the managers, face to face, and uniting our counsels for the advancement of sound learning, and the cause of the Redeemer,

"I am respectfully yours,

WM. STAUGHTON."

In a few days after this, with a tremulous hand, he wrote to his daughter in Baltimore.

"My precious Leonora,

"Your kind letter of the 2d is received, for which accept my warmest thanks. The evening I took leave of you seemed covered with death's deepest shadows, but they did not endure for a night. I forgot all, in a sweet sense of divine protection, and in refreshing sleep. I am not yet restored, yet I trust I am improving. It is a considerable time since I had so fine a night's rest as the last. Still my recovery shews a reluctance, which I am left to deplore. The will of the Lord be done.

"I should like you, my love, to write me, at farthest, every two or three days, for soon the periods of our intercommunications will become afflictingly remote.

"Indulge me, my child, with an interest in your suppli-

cations at a throne of mercy. I pray, my daughter, for you.

"May the precious rays of a Saviour's countenance, beam on us while here, and descend on our dying hour.

"Your affectionate father,

WM. STAUGHTON."

The last letter he ever wrote, was dated November 27th, 1829. In this he says: "The first fortnight after I arrived at Washington, if I had possessed the power of writing, I should have had worse than nothing to have told you. The Lord has lately been pleased, I trust, to shine on my health. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you, that last Lord's day morning I preached for Mr. Brown. I was very happy once more to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. I expect to preach again next Lord's day."

But he was disappointed. His disease returned with renewed violence. When extremely low, he was very desirous to see his eldest daughter, his other children being with him, but a gracious God saw fit that it should be otherwise. Her husband was at that time lying dangerously ill, and although but thirty-six miles distant, she was unable to be with him.

His perfect resignation to the will of God is evident, from the following extract of a letter from his son.

"*Washington, Dec.* 5, 1829.

"Your letter, which arrived by to-day's mail, created great anxiety in our bosoms. We had been looking for you all the morning. Pa was very anxious. I sat up with him last night, and every hour he would ask, 'is it not almost time for the stage to arrive with my precious Leonora.' When your letter arrived I read him portions of it. 'The will of the Lord be done. Tell Leonora that I have

ceased to wish for her. The Lord has afflicted her. It is not her duty to come to me. Tell her I am resigned.' And, indeed, his mind since then has been quite easy about you. He is very calm. He says but little. Last night Mr. B. called and conversed, and prayed with him. Pa told him, that his hopes on Christ had been fixed for forty years, and that He was still his hope, and joy, and strength, and life. As regards eternity he said, '*All is right; all is right.*' He awoke a few minutes ago exclaiming, 'O what a heavenly view I have just now had,' —but was too weak to tell us any more. We are much gratified that his mind is in such a calm and holy state."

Mrs. Staughton afterwards wrote a letter, by his request, to his daughter in Baltimore, of which the following is an extract.

"*Washington, Dec.* 8, 1829.

"My dearest child,

"Sitting at this time at the side of your beloved Pa, he has just now said, 'My Anna, I want you to write a line to our dear Nora, and tender to her our dearest sympathies; say, if we should never meet again on earth, to sing our hallelujahs together, we hope there is a better world where we shall meet.' I give you, my Leonora, word for word what your dear Pa says. He is still spared to us, but the physicians give no hope. Yesterday he was so much revived, that I fondly flattered myself, that the Lord was about to show his great power and mercy, and raise my beloved husband again. But I dare not flatter myself, against the opinion of all around me. I wish, my dear Leonora, I could say his ideas are clear, but I cannot, he lies almost always quiet, as though he were sleeping, but he is too weak, and his mind is too wandering, to hold any

thing like conversation. Almost as soon as I took up my pen he fell into a dose, and still continues so."

Connected with this was a letter from his son, J. M. Staughton, M. D. "Pa is still very low. He wanders very much in his mind. We have no hope that he will recover. He may linger for several days, but I fear his disease has laid a deadly hold upon him. The Lord's will be done."

He had a very strong impression before he left Philadelphia, that his days were numbered. On one occasion, he took up his grandchild Mary in his arms and said, "*Dear Mary, grandpa will not be with you long, he will die soon.*"

When he was about to leave Philadelphia, and, as the event proved, never to return, he said to an old friend of his, as he shook him by the hand for the last time, "*We shall never meet again on earth.*" His heart was full, the tears rolled down his cheeks. After a moment's pause he recovered, and with a firm voice said, "But we *shall* meet, and all will be well."

His impressions were realized. The time of his departure was at hand. On the 12th day of December, 1829, aged 59 years, 11 months, and 8 days, he fell asleep in Jesus.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yea, from henceforth, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Great anxiety, as to the result of his sickness, was manifested in Philadelphia and other places. His sister's house was continually filled with weeping friends, to obtain the latest information of his situation. The inquiry would often pass from one to another with trembling, Have you heard how Dr. Staughton is? All seemed interested in the question, yet all feared to hear the reply.

The following letter from the Rev. Mr. Ballantine, of Philadelphia, expressed the feeling of multitudes at the time. It was addressed to his son.

" My dear Sir,

" Torn by anxious feelings about the state of your revered and much loved father, I beg you would seize a few moments to say by your own pen, what is his real state. It is my earnest prayer to our heavenly Father, that he would have compassion upon us, by sparing the life of our highly respected brother, your best of fathers, and make him yet in old age to bring forth much fruit. But my fears, hopes and anxieties, have increased amidst the different and contradictory accounts I have been able to obtain. I hope you will send me a few lines, that shall fill me with exceeding joy. His absence from us, in this his almost native city, is, were it not the will of the Lord, affliction enough, how much more to know of his afflicted state in Washington. *We* miss him much, not to say I. The letters and reports from your city, the most of them contradictory, and the questions anxiously proposed here, all discover the esteem in which he has been held. The Lord spare him, that he may recover strength. The Lord make the light of his face to shine upon him, and give him abundance of peace. Do remember me to him, in the simplicity of Christian love. Say, he lives in my heart, and the hearts of thousands.

I am, my dear Sir, your anxious friend,

WILLIAM BALLANTINE.

The following letters give an ample and interesting relation of his sickness and decease.

Extract of a letter from his son.

"*Washington, Dec.* 14, 1829.

"My dear L.

"Our poor dear father has at length been called home by his blessed Master. He died without a single care or distress of mind—he died without pain. The consequence was, that his corpse wore a calm and placid aspect. Oh, my dear sister, you never saw any thing so beautiful as was the dead body of our beloved father. Such majesty and such beauty I never saw. He looked as he did in his best days, only with a softened beauty. We had an artist to take a cast of his face and neck, and when it is finished, I will beg you to accept of a copy for mine and Louisa's sake.

"I had the funeral services performed in the plainest, and yet the most respectful manner. All the clergy were present, even the Roman Catholic Apostolic Vicar. The trustees, faculty and students of all the departments of the college, made arrangements and walked in procession. The house was surrounded by hundreds, who could not procure entrance. The Rev. Mr. Brown spoke, Dr. Chapin and Dr. Lawrie prayed.

"My poor dear father died without feeling the agony of death. He fell asleep quietly and sweetly. I never heard any thing so melancholy, musical and mournful, as the last sighs, the three last sighs, of my dear father. They have been ringing in my ears ever since, and the sound of them will never leave me. Oh! that you could have heard them."

Letter from his afflicted widow.

"My beloved Daughter,

"You request of me some account of your dear father from the time I became his favored and happy wife. That happiness was of short duration, for it pleased the

Lord to take him from me in but little more than three months after we were united. But O, I have great reason to bless the Lord for permitting me the privilege of administering to his last comforts, and smoothing his dying pillow.

"It would seem that he had often at that period a presentiment, that his time in this world of sorrow would be short; for sometimes when he was enjoying every appearance of health, he would say, 'My dear Anna, I sometimes think my life may not be spared to be united to you. O how much do I need a dear companion, to soothe me in the decline of life. I have, for five years past, been like a pelican in the wilderness.' On the evening of our marriage, my dear husband was suffering with a severe headache, which was for several days attended with much fever. His physician called to see him two or three times, ordering a little mild medicine, which appeared to relieve him. He did not entirely recover his strength while we remained in Philadelphia, but continued his ministerial duties with all his wonted zeal, usually preaching three times on a Lord's day, and once or twice in the week. If there was any change in him at that time, it was his increased desire to see souls converted to God. The last sermon he ever preached in Philadelphia was from the words, 'And they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads.' It was eloquent and powerful, but he was weak and feeble, and the effort was too great. He nearly fainted before he left the house. The congregation continued lingering, each wishing to get a parting blessing, and with many tears testifying their love to him. The house was crowded, and all seemed 'sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more.'* On the

* After service an aged friend came up and remarked to me, that in the course of thirty years, which he had been in the habit of hearing the Doctor preach, he had never heard him speak with more vigor of intellect, than he had done that evening.

Tuesday following, he left Philadelphia for his children, in a neighboring city. He also preached on the morning of that day, although his walk to the meeting-house was very long, and he had gone through great fatigue in the course of the past week, preparing for his journey to the West. I think it was on the morning of that day, as we walked to the meeting-house, that he remarked, how lamentable it was to hear young ministering brethren say, that it was too fatiguing to preach three times on a Sabbath; he said he would, at his time of life, be ashamed to say so.

"His anxiety to commence his labors of usefulness in the West, was exceedingly ardent, and to the unwearied exertions he made to get away from Philadelphia, at the time we did, to pursue that object, do I attribute, in a great degree, the fatal consequences which followed. We left here October 20th, and arrived in Baltimore the same evening. You will recollect, your beloved father appeared unusually overcome with the fatigue of the journey; it was attended with an alarming weakness, which induced me to urge him the next day to obtain medical advice. My dear husband was not altogether confined to his bed, but walked out frequently. His anxiety was so intense to proceed on the journey, that we only staid about ten days in Baltimore. We both flattered ourselves, that as he proceeded, and received the benefit of a change of air, and the advice of our son, that he would continue to improve as he, for the last few days of our stay in Baltimore, appeared to have done. His physician thought him not sufficiently strong to proceed; but seeing his great anxiety, concluded, that it would be best for us to go, as the delay might affect him more seriously than the fatigue of the journey, which could be performed with great ease in the steam-boat. We arrived at Washington on the evening of November 1st. Your beloved father appeared astonish-

ingly better, and I fondly flattered myself he would very soon be quite well. He continued to improve so much, that in about three weeks after our arrival, he was enabled to ascend the pulpit; on which ocsasion he preached from, or rather expounded, the 84th Psalm. He again became more unwell, although he walked and rode out frequently.

"The following Sabbath, after having preached at the Baptist church, he was anxious to preach in the Orphan Asylum. We prevailed on him to relinquish this idea. He, however, accompanied us there in the afternoon, to hear Mr. B., and, at his request, addressed the throne of grace. On the day previous to my becoming seriously alarmed about him, we had spent the day with your sister E. He appeared extremely fatigued, after having walked there, although but a short distance, and declined going to the dinner table. As he lay on the sofa, I prevailed on him to take a little nourishment from my hand, which he did, ever tender and anxious to gratify my wishes, and those of his children, so dear to his heart. It was with difficulty, that with the assistance of Dr. T. and myself, he was able to walk back again to your brother's house.

"His feet had that day become so excessively swelled as to make it painful for him to walk. I was now suddenly and inexpressibly alarmed, unable to conceal from my dear husband the agitation of my feelings. I left him in the parlor with two of his children, and retired to my room to seek relief for the agony of my feelings, in tears. As soon as I became a little composed, I returned to the parlor and found him engaged in conversation. He spoke with difficulty, and I feared the consequences of such an exertion, and urged his retiring to rest. It was the last time of his being up. O how shall I describe the recollection of that mournful period? How shall I tell you my hopes and fears during the twelve days following. His

strength was now totally prostrated; he was not able to sit up for one minute, or even to alter his position when we thought it necessary; it brought on such an alarming shortness of breath, as to deter us sometimes from moving him more than once a day.

"He was unable to speak much, for it invariably brought on a violent cough and shortness of breathing. He would lay for several hours without speaking or noticing any thing. He said but little to me on the prospect of our separation; his tender and affectionate heart could not bear to see the distress it occasioned. O how much have I lamented my weakness. I was often buoyed up with the hope, that his precious and useful life would be spared. I could not realize that he must in that sickness be taken away from me, and he was not aware himself, for some time, that it was a sickness unto death. He asked your brother what was the opinion of the physicians; for he had, besides our dear James, two of the oldest and most experienced practitioners in the place. James, in answer to his inquiry, candidly told him they had no hope of his recovery. My dear husband heard him with great calmness, and observed, that he had not considered himself so ill, but added, 'The Lord will do what is right with me; I am in his hands.' Whilst in this solemn conversation with his son, I sat weeping at a little distance, for I did not wish him to be disturbed at seeing my sorrow. He soon afterwards called me to him, and requested I would sit by him and write his farewell blessing to his dear Leonora, who had been sent for, but could not come, as her dear husband also lay dangerously ill. Seeing me still weeping, he said, 'Don't, my Anna, you know not how it distresses me.' I have great reason to praise the Lord for so wonderfully supporting me in that trying season, so that the last moments of my precious

husband were not disturbed by me. The Lord mercifully kept me from despairing of his life. I could not give up the strong impression I had that his valuable life would be spared for further usefulness. Every circumstance relative to his removal to the West appeared plainly marked out by Providence. But to return. I sat down and wrote what he dictated, sending his tenderest love and farewell blessing; adding, that he gave her up cheerfully, although his anxious desire had been to have her with him in his last moments. When my tea was brought up to me that evening, I urged his taking something to eat, he replied, 'to-morrow I will try, but not to-night. I must now think more, and pray more.' I do not think, as well as I can recollect, that he spoke that night. I sat beside him until morning, and at times he breathed so low, that I frequently became alarmed, and called James, who remained with me to watch that night, to the bed-side; I said, your Pa is sinking. He would feel his pulse, and satisfy himself that there was no cause for alarm. The next day your beloved father appeared much revived.

"On the following Friday, every alarming symptom was so much abated, the physicians gave it as their opinion, that if we could prevail on your dear father to take nourishment, he might be raised. O how did my heart now bound with joy and hope. I prevailed upon him frequently to take nourishing drink. The same afternoon, so cheered was I to see him so much revived, that I sat down by him with some sewing; for he used to love to have me sit by him with my work, while he read aloud. He looked at me and said, in a sweet low voice, 'my Anna, are you going to have your husband back again?' I replied, 'I hope the Lord is about to spare you to me, my trust is alone in him. I know if it is his will he can soon raise you;' he gave me a look signifying you are right. That

night, after having administered to him some drink, he begged me to lie down; it distressed him to find I was sitting up at night; we both slept for more than half an hour. I was awakened by his appearing to be in pain, which in a few minutes went off. A little before 12 o'clock, I observed a slight motion in his limbs. I looked in his face, his eyes were fixed. I put my arm under his head, and said, 'My husband, my dear hushand, look at me, look at your wife.' Alas, he did not seem conscious of my voice or touch. We all stood in silence around his bed, no sound or breath was heard from him. In a moment or two more, three low, soft, sweet sighs, were breathed by him, and again all was still. O I shall never, never, forget that moment of agony. James raised his hand, as a token of silence, we still listened to catch another sweet, mournful sound. It was, as our dear James observed to me afterwards, like the wind softly sweeping over the fine chords of an Æolian harp. I continued with my arms round him, listening in vain for another breath, or some sign of life, his dear eyes closed, as though he had sunk into a sweet sleep, only to wake and see his Saviour's face, without a veil between.

"Those who knew him best, knew how familiar he was wont to make himself with the thought of death. It had no terror to him; he looked forward with a calm and holy confidence to those realms of bliss, where there is no sorrow, no pain, no night, but where the light of God's countenance shall shine upon him forever and ever, and where he has now '*The Lamb*' written on his forehead.

"During his illness a ministering brother came to see him. He expressed his hope that his life would be spared. My dear husband replied, 'If it is the Lord's will, for my Anna's sake, and for the cause in which I have engaged

in the West, that I live a few years longer, I should be pleased; but with me all is right, I know in whom I have believed; and that He, who has been my consolation and hope, and has kept me for forty years, will not at last forsake me.' To another Christian friend, on being asked, if Christ was still precious to him he said, O yes,

> 'Christ is my light, my life, my care,
> My blessed hope, my heavenly prize.'

"I have lost the tenderest and most affectionate of husbands, and you the best of fathers. Our loss is his everlasting gain. O that the Lord would sanctify it to our souls; and although separated on earth some hundreds of miles, may we at last be permitted to meet him in the Saviour's presence, and there join with him and all the redeemed in glory, in everlasting songs of praise to Him, who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

Extract of a letter from one of his daughters to a friend.

"My dear father had been in the habit for many years of presenting me with a small pocket or memorandum book, on the commencement of every new year; not as a testimony of his love, for that love was ever present to me; but, as he expressed it, 'to note down the goodness of God, as the year rolled round.'

"The last new year's day he ever spent on earth, I had my annual present. On the first page he wrote 'Presented by an affectionate father to a much loved daughter,' and then added the following stanza:

'My lot in future years,
Unable to foresee;
HE kindly, to prevent my fears,
Says, leave it all to me.'

"When I received it from his dear hand, ah! little did I think the sad record it was to bear; for ere another new year's morn appeared,

'He had vanished from my view
Far, far, above heaven's brightest blue,'

and I, left to mourn one of the most tender, affectionate, sympathizing parents, that ever child was blessed with. O my dear C. language fails to express what he was to his family. Every sorrow we felt was his, every joy made him rejoice. I was selfish in wishing him ever with me. He has often said, that his happiness in this world far overbalanced his sorrows; but he had his sorrows. He is now, I doubt not, where 'there shall be no more death, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.'

"His death was everywhere learned with the deepest sorrow. The widow and the orphan wept freely, when they heard he was no more, for he was their benefactor. All classes of society felt the shock, and all could adopt the language, '*A great man—fallen in Israel.*'"

The obituary notices which appeared in different publications of the day, bear testimony to the intense interest with which he was regarded while living, and to the unaffected grief which his departure occasioned in the wide circle of friendship.

We subjoin here a letter from Professor Chase to Dr. James N. Staughton, which, with many other letters of condolence, was received immediately after the Doctor's death.

"Dear Sir,

"The afflictive intelligence, that reached me last evening, has awakened emotions, which I shall not attempt to describe. Most gladly would I pour consolation into your bosom, and wipe away the tears of your bereaved sisters, and of that amiable lady, who has so soon become a widow. But I need to be consoled myself. I feel that I have lost a father. And thousands, I am confident, will sympathize in this bereavement. Long will his memory be cherished. His labors have not been in vain; but though his own eloquent tongue is silent, yet he lives and speaks in the increased usefulness of many a herald of salvation, whom he instructed and encouraged. The fruits of his faith and unwearied efforts in the missionary cause are beginning to be gathered beyond the Ganges. Many a family is rising up to call him blessed. Many a soul on earth, and many a soul now in heaven, was turned to righteousness through his instrumentality.

"May his God be, indeed, the God of all his children, and the refuge of each of us,

'Till the storm of life be passed."

"It would be gratifying to me to know the particulars of his last illness, and I hope that you and brother Lynd will prepare a suitable Memoir of him for the press.

"Mrs. Chase unites with me in affectionate and sympathizing regards to yourself and the other members of the family. Our little son, too, whose name is a memorial of the deceased, mourns the common loss.

"Most sincerely and most respectfully thine own friend, and thy father's friend,

IRAH CHASE."

Doctor Staughton was universally beloved by Christians of every denomination. Although he was a firm Baptist, he ever treated those who differed from him in doctrine, with esteem and affection; and when he had occasion to speak on any controversial point, it was done in such a manner, that his very opponents loved him.

The following is an extract of a letter to Mrs. Staughton, from the Rev. James Taylor, of the Unitarian church of Philadelphia.

"During many years we were personal friends; that is, from the time of his first removal to this city until he left it for the last time. I respected him while he lived, and honor his memory now that he is gone.

"When we think of his talents, acquirements and virtues; of his untiring assiduity, and of the amount of service which he rendered to the Baptists as a body; perhaps no minister ever had higher claims on the respect, esteem and gratitude, of his Christian friends. But he had no *worldly* wisdom; open-hearted, confiding, disinterested and generous; he believed that all were like himself, and was not aware of the artifices of the designing, and the calculations of the selfish. Then, too, he was an Englishman; he was not, and could not be a political brawler, he spoke what he believed to be the truth in love; not with sectarian contractedness; for he had no theological bile.

"Often have I listened to him with high satisfaction; and although differing from him as to certain points of doctrinal belief, the truly Christian spirit, which he invariably manifested when he had occasion to refer to those of other persuasions, was a sure indication that *his* was a faith that worked by love.

"To you, who knew him so well, respected him so highly, and during a few short months stood in so close a connexion with him, much of what has now been written must be unnecessary; yet it may not be wholly superfluous to show, that, beyond the denomination to which he belonged, he was an object of interest and esteem."

CHAPTER XIII.

Conclusion.

Shortly after the decease of the Doctor, the Rev. James E. Welch, of Burlington, N. J. formerly a pupil, wrote to his son, Dr. James M. Staughton, to know whether it would be agreeable to the feelings of the children, that a monument should be erected over the grave, by the theological students of the deceased.

The family cheerfully gave their consent, and the Rev. Messrs. Ashton and Welch, wrote letters, bearing the names of Sharp, Ashton, Welch and others, to all the students, from most of whom answers were received, expressing the gratification it would afford them to forward an object, honorable to themselves, and grateful to the feelings of the numerous friends of Dr. Staughton.

Subsequently to this determination, and while the monument was preparing, his friends in Philadelphia expressed the desire, that his body might be removed to that city, to repose by the side of his former wife. This desire was acceded to on the part of the family, and preparations were made for its removal.

On the 17th of November, 1832, the following publication appeared in "The World," a religious paper, issued weekly, in the city of Philadelphia.

"The remains of the late Dr. Staughton have been removed, under the superintendence of Dr. J. S. Wheeler, from the Episcopal burying-ground in Washington city,

where they had rested for nearly three years, to *this* city; and the 7th instant were re-interred, in the Sansom-street cemetery, by the side of his first wife. Many of his former friends, and those in particular who had heard, during his ministry in this city, the word of life from his lips, a number of his students, and also many brethren of the ministry, were present. At the grave, an appropriate and well received address was delivered by brother Perry, pastor of the first Baptist church; which was followed by an impressive prayer to the throne of grace, offered by brother Dagg, pastor of the fifth church. The benediction was pronounced by brother H. G. Jones, of Lower Merion church.

"The scene was one of solemn interest. Many eyes were filled with tears of sympathy, and the bosoms of many vibrated to the memory of by-gone days, as they could say of the dear departed, in the heart's own silent language, 'We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company.'

Address of the Rev. Mr. Perry, at the re-interment.

"In detailing the history of man, it is customary to speak of his birth, life and adventures; his sickness, death and burial; it is not common to have occasion to describe his re-appearing upon the earth, and his recommitment to the tomb. But such is the case to day. The history of the noble personage, whose endeared remains lie before us, would be one of importance and value under any circumstances; because he lived not so much for himself as he did for man—for the church—for the mental cultivation of others. But it strikes me, that the providence of God intends a very important lesson of admonition and instruction by this occurrence. The sight of the broken

remains of even a stranger, cannot be indulged without emotion, and some serious thought:—to see the noble structure torn down, its walls demolished and laid apart, the damps and rusts of death dissolving and eating up the bones, and turning the flesh to dust, is a lesson, the force of which cannot be well repelled but by the cold-hearted sceptic. But when we can look down and say, that this now shapeless heap of earth was once my dear, intimate, and valued friend, my neighbor, my instructer, the guide of my youth, my *pastor*, from whose lips I heard the words of life, by whom I was baptized, from whose hands I have received the 'Supper of the Lord,'—who stood by the couch of sickness, and the pillow of death, who often came to this very cemetery, to console the living over the dead—I say, in such reflections, we find a group of circumstances which most painfully quickens the memory, excites sympathy, and draws out the heart-touching exclamation—'*My father, my father!*'—and because you see him no more as you have seen him, you may feel as the lamenting prophet did, who 'took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in pieces.' (2 Kings ii. 12.)

"But what are we told by this event? When this man was first interred, he was recognized as bearing the same general features as when living. True, his heart was still, his voice was silent, but he was *known*. He lay wrapped in linen clean and white, enclosed in a small, but highly finished and decorated house. He was carried to the grave, formed and fitted with care and expense, and he was laid down with a cautious, gentle, solemn hand. When his coffin was lodged upon its bed, the sleeping occupant seemed to say, '*here*, friends, most quietly and sweetly I shall rest—I am out of time, and therefore, out of trouble, having hope in the mercy of God.' His place looked enviable, and had it not been for this day's events,

your last thoughts of him would always have been such as were created by the circumstances just detailed. You could not have followed on, and watched the gathering damps, and pale, cold mould of the grave, which forms the riot of the guileful worm, which lives to be buried with the dead, and lives the longer for being buried. Imagination could hardly have painted or art have drawn, the silent, sure, and ever steady work of wasting carried on by death, even where we supposed death had lost its power. But now we shall go from this place under the most solemn, humble, and affecting impressions and convictions of what is done by the destroyer *in the grave*. Look, what do we behold! let the sceptic acknowledge that in one instance certainly, the Scripture is fulfilled, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'

"But, my friends, let us derive instruction from what we here witness. By one man sin entered the world, and death by sin. Death has passed upon all, for all have sinned. There is, therefore, no discharge in this war. Death is a solemn event: it disconcerts the schemes our busy minds had formed; it sunders all the endearments of life; it changeth the countenance, and sendeth man away; it makes the laborer turn from his employ, and the author from his task; it divorces from this life, and marries us to eternity; it does so, by tearing down the house of this tabernacle, and turning it to corruption.

"But death is much more solemn, when we consider our relations to another world. Death is not the extinction of existence, it is only the conclusion of one *mode* of it. We close our eyes on sense and matter, but immediately open them, where it is all around inscribed—*here* there is no *death;* but 'he that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is

holy, let him be holy still.' 'It is appointed unto man, once to die, but after that the judgment.' Death, beyond all comparison, is the most momentous event that can possibly befall us.

"Over the ashes of one whose memory is so dear to us, let us, my brethren of the ministry, learn the value of time, and the importance of discharging the duties of our responsible and holy calling, with zeal, faithfulness, and piety. The shafts, flying on every side, hurled by one whose aim is sure, though they have passed on our right hand and on our left, have struck down lover and friend, and consigned them to the land of silence, will soon be levelled at our hearts; for we too are earthen vessels, liable daily to be broken, and laid aside as unfit longer for the master's use. May our language then be—'It is better to depart and be with Christ.' 'To die is gain.' 'I am ready to be offered.'

"These remains have been removed by these gentlemen to this place, with the intent, here to erect a memento of their departed instructer; and in doing it they place side by side the husband and the wife of his youth. They have been for many years separated, but finally have come to enjoy together their long, silent, and last slumber. We suppose, never again is this tomb to be opened until the heaving earth shall yield to the voice of the judgment trump. *Peace to these ashes*, and let it be here written, '*The memory of the just is blessed.*'

"But while the marble slab shall tell who lies beneath it, and who caused it to be thus placed and inscribed, let those who do it consider that there is another, a better, and more desirable method of preserving the 'memory' they love. You are all ministers,—preach the doctrine your instructer preached, endure hardships as he endured, be zealous and indefatigable as he was, forgive enemies as

he forgave; do these, and the sainted Staughton, even in heaven, can adopt the language, once uttered on earth by an inspired Apostle—'Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men; forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart.' This beautiful sentiment would then be a *living*, acting, walking pillar of fame to the memory of Dr. Staughton over the land; for his theological children are scattered throughout the hosts of our Israel.

"I never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Dr. Staughton, but his name is associated with the progress of our denomination in this region, and with the enlargement and cultivation of learning in the extensive sphere he occupied. But I stand not here to pronounce, in particular, his eulogy, or to detail minutely his eventful and valuable life; but I stand here by the request of those gentlemen, once his students, now his mourners, who have asked of me a few remarks, so that we may derive profit from the melancholy spectacle before our eyes. But before retiring, I must be allowed to say, that Dr. Staughton was, as all who knew him must in truth testify, possessed of rare and high natural endowments, and it is equally true, that he claimed a distinguished degree of mental superiority. His learning was various, and of the first order; his apprehension was quick, his judgment accurate, his imagination vigorous, bold, fertile, and ready; his enunciation was eloquent, his appeals clear and forcible. His poetry was classically correct, thrilling, and often sublime. Of music he was a critical judge, and a decided amateur. Few could more nicely or instantaneously discriminate the defects, or excellencies of a performance; but his modesty, and disinclination to give pain, often led him to

forbear expressing his opinions, unless they were favorable. His friendship was strong, ardent, and sincere. He opposed, or approved with discretion.

He had many, *very many friends*, who loved him through life, unto, and after death; many of whom are now standing around me, and can witness that these things are so. He has passed away from us, but of him it may be truly said—*Mortalitate relictæ, vivit immortalitate indutus.*"

The handsome monument, procured by his pupils in theology, as a testimony of their affection, was erected over his grave, Jan. 4, 1834. On this occasion, the Rev. R. W. Cushman, offered an appropriate prayer; and the Rev. W. E. Ashton, after reading the inscription on the monument, made a few striking remarks. He was thus happy in his closing sentence:—"As he lived much beloved, he died much lamented. We may say that a *great man has fallen.* Though fallen, yet shall he rise; for 'blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.'—'The Lord himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise.' Then shall our much revered and beloved instructer come forth from the 'bondage of corruption,' to be numbered with the teachers who shall 'shine like the sun in the firmament, and having turned many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.'"

With the following inscription on his monument, and Note on the death of his son, we close the volume.

First side.

In Memory of

REV. WILLIAM STAUGHTON, D. D.

for many years

PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH

in

Sansom-street,

and

PRINCIPAL OF THE BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION

in this city.

He was also the

FIRST CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

to the

BAPTIST BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS;

First President of the

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, D. C.

and at the time of his decease

PRESIDENT ELECT

of

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, KENTUCKY.

Second side.

ERECTED BY

HIS PUPILS IN THEOLOGY,

as a

Tribute of Gratitude

to

AN ABLE INSTRUCTER,

and a memento of affection for

A TRIED FRIEND.

Third side.

As an early and efficient friend of

FOREIGN MISSIONS;

As a most eloquent and faithful

PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL;

and

AS A SKILFUL INSTRUCTER OF YOUTH;

He devoted the energies of a vigorous body, and the various erudition of a fertile mind, to the service of his Saviour, and the good of his fellow-men, for more than forty years, with a zeal that never appeared weary in well doing.

Fourth side.

He was born

IN COVENTRY, ENGLAND,

JANUARY 4, 1770.

He rested from his labors

IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEC. 12, 1829.

In the 60th year of his age.

His remains were removed to this city, to sleep among those whom his ministry had pointed to *Heaven;* and here await the resurrection of the Just.

NOTE, which ought to have been inserted in page 32.

* DR. JAMES M. STAUGHTON departed this life on the sixth day of August, in the year of our Lord 1833. Through his whole sickness he entertained a hope of the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ. A few minutes before he expired he was asked the question, "Are your evidences bright now?" He replied, "generally very clear, but sometimes a dark cloud comes." He paused a moment, and said, "Oh, the glory of God---dark! no, it is not dark, it is *all* light! The light of the Lord's countenance! Now I know the meaning of the light of the Lord's countenance how bright the glories of Jesus are!" and he raised his dying hand to his eyes, as though overpowered by the heavenly vision. His eldest sister said to him "Jesus is your friend." He replied, "He is—he groaned, he bled, he died for me, and I hope, through him, my sins are forgiven. Hope, did I say? I *know*, through him my sins are forgiven! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Come, Lord---come—come—come" —and he fell asleep.

The following tribute to his worth appeared in the Nat. Gaz. of Philadelphia.

"Dr. JAMES M. STAUGHTON, whose lamented death has been noticed in the papers of this city, was well known to many of its inhabitants. He was the only son of the late Rev. Dr. Staughton, whose pulpit fame is in the recollection of thousands. He was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in the year 1800, but received his education, both literary and medical, in the city of Philadelphia. He was laborious in the acquisition of knowledge, and while a student gave strong indications of future eminence. Before he received the degree of M. D., he gave lectures on natural philosophy, in a female seminary conducted by his father, that did him much credit. While a pupil in the Philadelphia Alms House, he acquired much of that practical tact which commended him subsequently to public notice as a physician and surgeon; and in his devotion to his duties in that institution, he well nigh lost his life by the epidemic typhus fever. As a student he commanded universal respect; for he was kind, courteous and conciliating. He was highly esteemed for his integrity and manly deportment, qualities which marked his character to the close of life. With more than usual credit he passed the examination for the doctorate, and received his diploma from the University of Pennsylvania, in the year 1821. Not long after this he removed to the city of Washington, for the purpose of pursuing his profession, and there assisted in forming the Columbian Medical College, in which he held the professorship of chemistry, and afterwards that of surgery. He was deputed by the College to visit Europe, for the purpose of collecting apparatus and books, and was absent on that errand about two years. This visit was partly, also, for his own personal advantage—for he availed himself of all the great scientific benefits that were to be derived from an acquaintance with Sir Humphrey Davy, Dupuytren, Sir Astley Cooper, and the other eminent men who have given celebrity to the foreign schools. On his return to this country, he entered with new vigor on the discharge of his professional and professorial functions. So obvious was his attention to, and success in the former, that the Hon. Judge M'Lane, of the Supreme Court, who was, and continued to be warmly attached to him, prevailed on him to consent to change his location for the city of Cincinnati: and as a proof of his fidelity as a college functionary, he received, unasked, a decided testimonial of approbation from the institution. Previous to his removal, he was united in wedlock to the amiable lady who is now his widow, and who mourns a loss that none can estimate who did not fully know his worth. Dr. S. had not long been a resident of Cincinnati, without gaining much of the public favor. His engaging manners soon rendered him as deservedly popular as was his worthy father in Philadelphia, in the most successful period of his ministerial labors. He took an active part in the Lyceum and Mechanics' Institute of Cincinnati, where he gave some of the most interesting experimental lectures that were ever delivered in those institutions. As a professor of surgery in the Medical College of Ohio, he acquired a larger share of popular regard than is ordinarily enjoyed; and his attention to pupils and others from remote places, endeared him to those who had the happiness to share in his kindness. His devotion to the patients in the Commercial Hospital and Lunatic Asylum of Ohio, will never be forgotten by those who live to bear them in remembrance; and never were gratuitous services more faithfully and successfully bestowed, than were his in this establishment. He has left a chasm in the Medical College of Ohio that will not easily be filled; for he was not only an able professor, but a promoter of peace and concord among his colleagues. His death has caused a gloom in the profession, and in the social circle, that many years will not wholly efface. But alas! there is a chasm more extensive, and a gloom more heart-rending. His amiable widow and his two little ones are desolate; the husband is not, and the children are fatherless. May God temper the wind to the shorn lambs, and while speaking in judgment, be nigh * bless with his tender mercies."

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